THE IMMORTAL GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS

VOL. 2

Famous Numbers from

H.M.S. PINAFORE
THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE
THE SORCERER

THE IMMORTAL OPERAS OF GILBERT and SULLIVAN

Containing

The Stories of the Plays and the Words
and Music of Famous Numbers
from each Opera

WITH AN APPRECIATION BY
SIR HENRY LYTTON

VOLUME TWO

Published by Arrangement with Chappell & Co., Ltd. and J. B. Cramer & Co., Ltd.

by

THE "NEWS CHRONICLE" PUBLICATIONS DEPT.

"CHRONICLE HOUSE," FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THE IMMORTAL GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS

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H.M.S. PINAFORE

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H.M.S. PINAFORE;

OR,

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

This dainty little play was first produced at the Opera Comique on May 25, 1878. Although more than fifty years have passed since that now far distant first performance, H.M.S. PINAFORE, of the simple plot and light and tuneful music, still holds a secure place in the affections of audiences everywhere.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AND ORIGINAL CAST

The Rt. Hon. SIR JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B. (First Lord of the Admiralty)	MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Junr.
CAPTAIN CORCORAN (Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore)	MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON
RALPH RACKSTRAW (Able Seaman)	MR. POWER
DICK DEADEYE (Able Seaman)	MR. R. TEMPLE
BILL BOBSTAY (Boatswain's Mate)	MR. CLIFTON
BOB BECKET (Carpenter's Mate)	MR. DYMOTT
TOM TUCKER (Midshipmite)	MR. FITZALTAMONT
SERGEANT OF MARINES	MR. TALBOT
JOSEPHINE (the Captain's Daughter)	MISS E. HOWSON
HEBE (Sir Joseph's First Cousin)	MISS JESSIE BOND
MRS. CRIPPS (Little Buttercup) (A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman)	MISS EVERARD

First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins, his Aunts, Sailors, Marines, etc.

THE curtain rises on the quarter deck of H.M.S. Pinafore, one of the wooden walls of England. She is riding at anchor off Portsmouth, and her decks swarm with seamen all busily engaged in tasks about the ship. Sailorlike they are singing as they work.

Presently Little Buttercup, a Portsmouth bum-boat woman, comes aboard, and receives a welcome befitting one who, in the words of the boatswain, is " the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all Spithead." Buttercup is delighted with her reception but her attention is soon distracted by the arrival, at brief intervals, of two other members of the ship's company, the unpopular and misshapen Dick Deadeye, and Ralph Rackstraw. The handsome young Ralph is in love with his Captain's daughter and his days are spent brooding, and in pondering over a truth bluntly expressed by the unsympathetic Dick that " Captains' daughters don't marry foremast hands." Dick and he have little in common and it is as well for the peace of Pinafore that her Captain now comes on deck.

Captain Corcoran is everything that his gallant crew could desire. He can handle a ship with the best man afloat, yet strange to relate he " hardly ever swears a big, big D—." That the crew appreciate this unusual combination of qualities is evident from the zest with which they return his morning greeting. Cheering him lustily they go about their lawful occasions.

The Captain is a little worried about his pretty daughter Josephine. He is expecting a visit from Sir Joseph Porter, First Lord of the Admiralty, who has done him the honour of asking Josephine's hand in marriage. Sir Joseph, he knows, expects a definite acceptance of his offer, and the girl is being difficult about it. He has a few words with Buttercup and is about to take the motherly soul into his confidence when Josephine herself comes on deck, and the bum-boat woman leaves father and daughter together.

Corcoran reproaches his daughter for her failure to appreciate the great honour Sir Joseph is doing her, and is horrified when Josephine confesses that she has already given her heart to a humble sailor. He is much relieved, however, when she adds that, being her father's daughter, pride will forbid any surrender to such unworthy passion. Corcoran sends her off to her cabin to think the matter over and, by way of an antidote, gives her a portrait of Sir Joseph. As she disappears from view the ship's company assembles to welcome Sir Joseph, who comes aboard accompanied by his cousin Hebe and an escort of female relatives.

The First Lord loses no time in setting everyone at their ease, and relates to all and sundry how by conscientious effort he has risen from humble beginnings to his present exalted office. He compliments Captain Corcoran on his crew, and his eye being attracted by Ralph Rackstraw, orders the Captain to present him. Knowing nothing of Ralph's feelings for Josephine, Sir Joseph is graciously pleased to converse with him at some length and is unfortunate enough to impress upon Ralph the view that " a British sailor is any man's equal."

The love-sick sailor is much heartened by this sentiment of Sir Joseph's, and when he is once more left alone with his messmates, Ralph announces his intention of speaking to Josephine without delay. Dick Deadeye takes a gloomy view of this proposal, but the crew will have none of his objections and go about their business, leaving Ralph alone on deck.

Hardly have they gone than Josephine appears from her cabin. She is much disturbed on seeing Ralph, and that splendid seaman, with Sir Joseph's words still ringing in his ears, promptly puts his fortunes to the test. Josephine listens to his plea but family pride prevails, and scorning his offer she retires to her cabin. Desperate, Ralph hails his shipmates and when they arrive, accompanied by Sir Joseph's cousin Hebe and other relatives, he announces his intention of taking leave of life. He is about to shoot himself with a pistol, thoughtfully provided by the boatswain, when Josephine returns, and taking in the situation at a glance, confesses her love in time to avert the tragedy.

Great are the rejoicings, and in spite of the gloomy warnings and forebodings of Dick Deadeye, plans are made for a secret wedding ashore under cover of the night.

H.M.S. "PINAFORE"

or

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

Written by
W. S. GILBERT

Composed by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

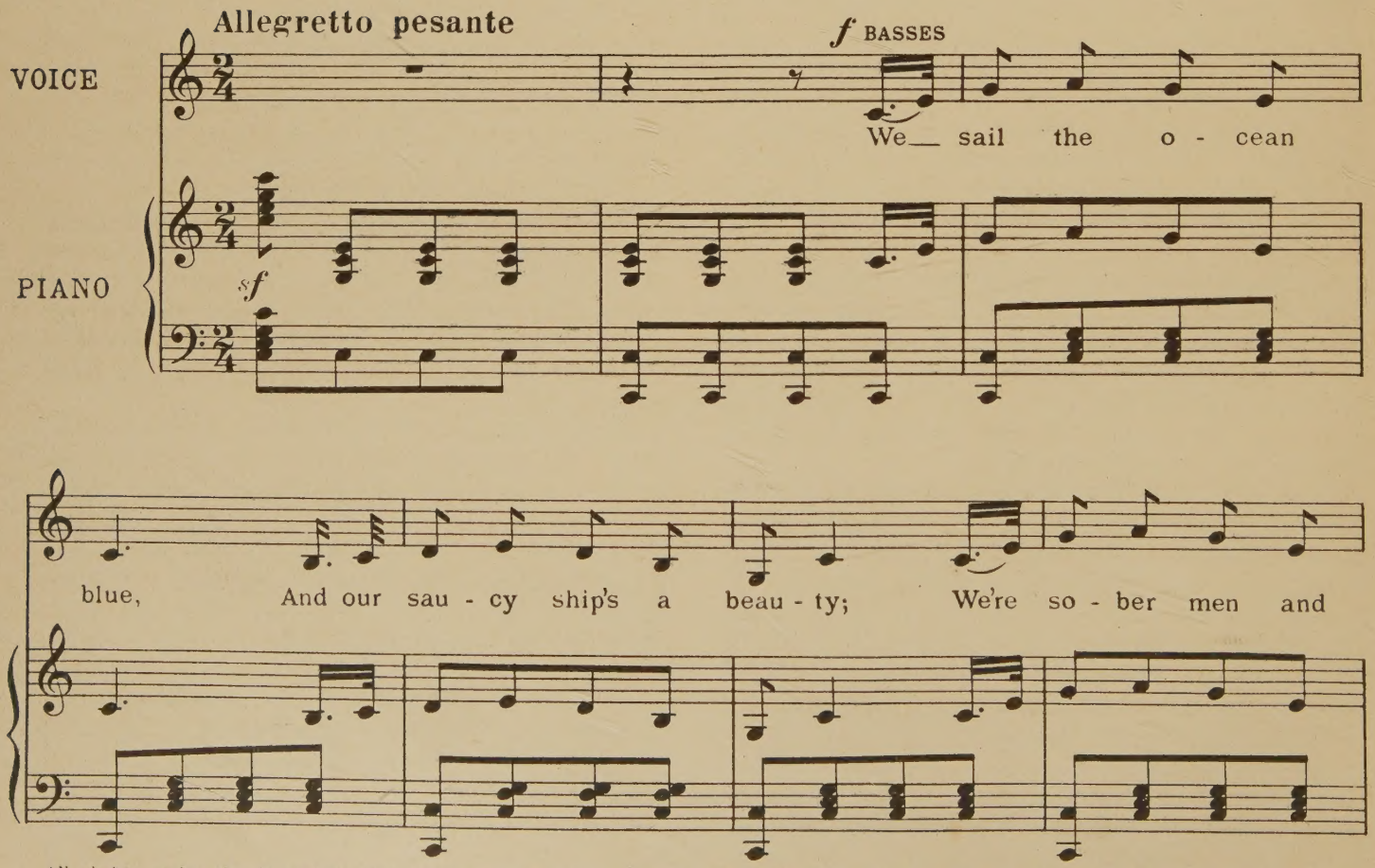
Act I

Scene:- *Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore*

As the curtain rises, sailors, led by the Boatswain, are discovered busily engaged in the pursuit of their routine duties. As might be expected from the crew of such a happy ship as Pinafore, they clean the brasswork and splice their ropes to the tune of a rollicking chorus.

WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE

Sung by the CHORUS



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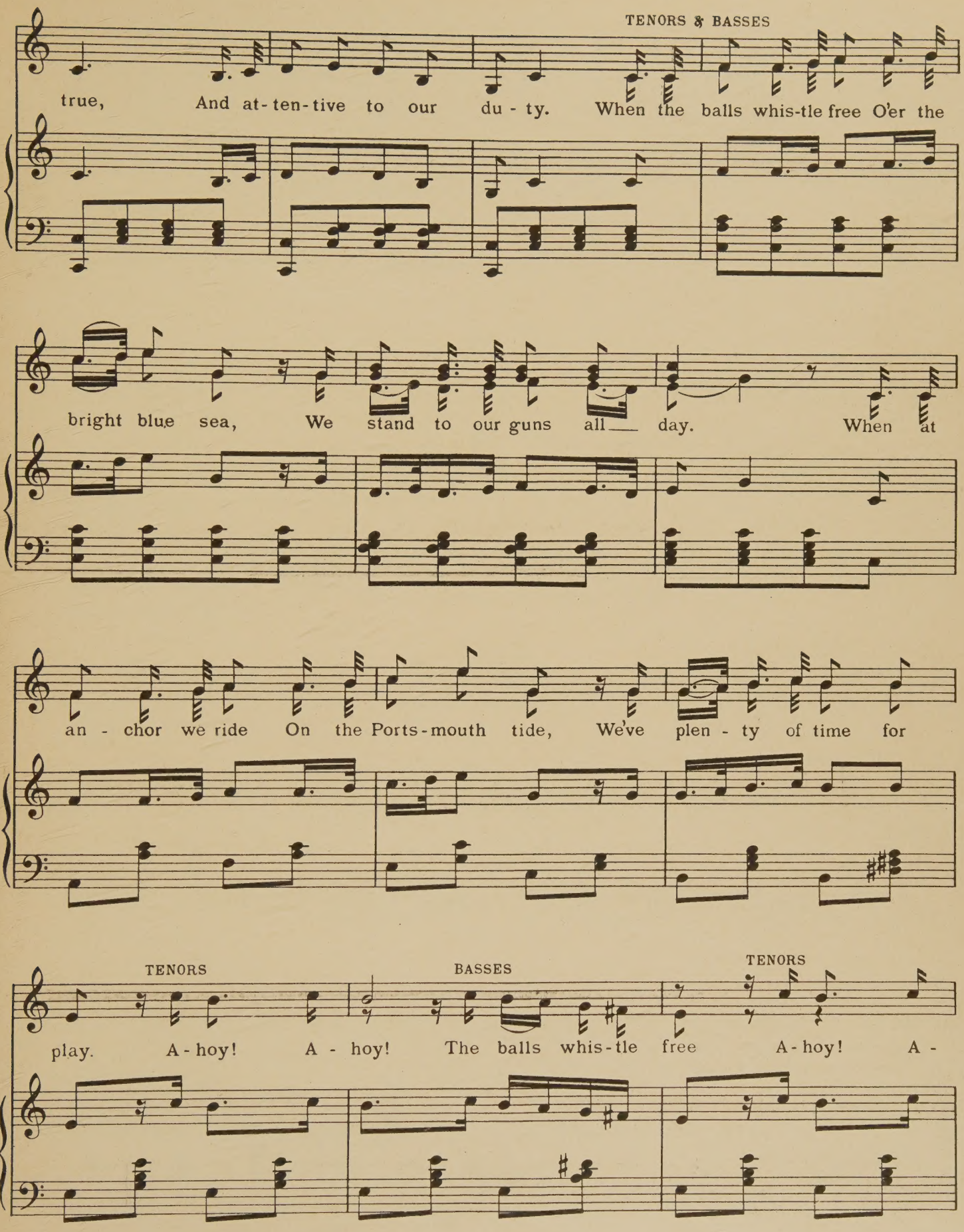
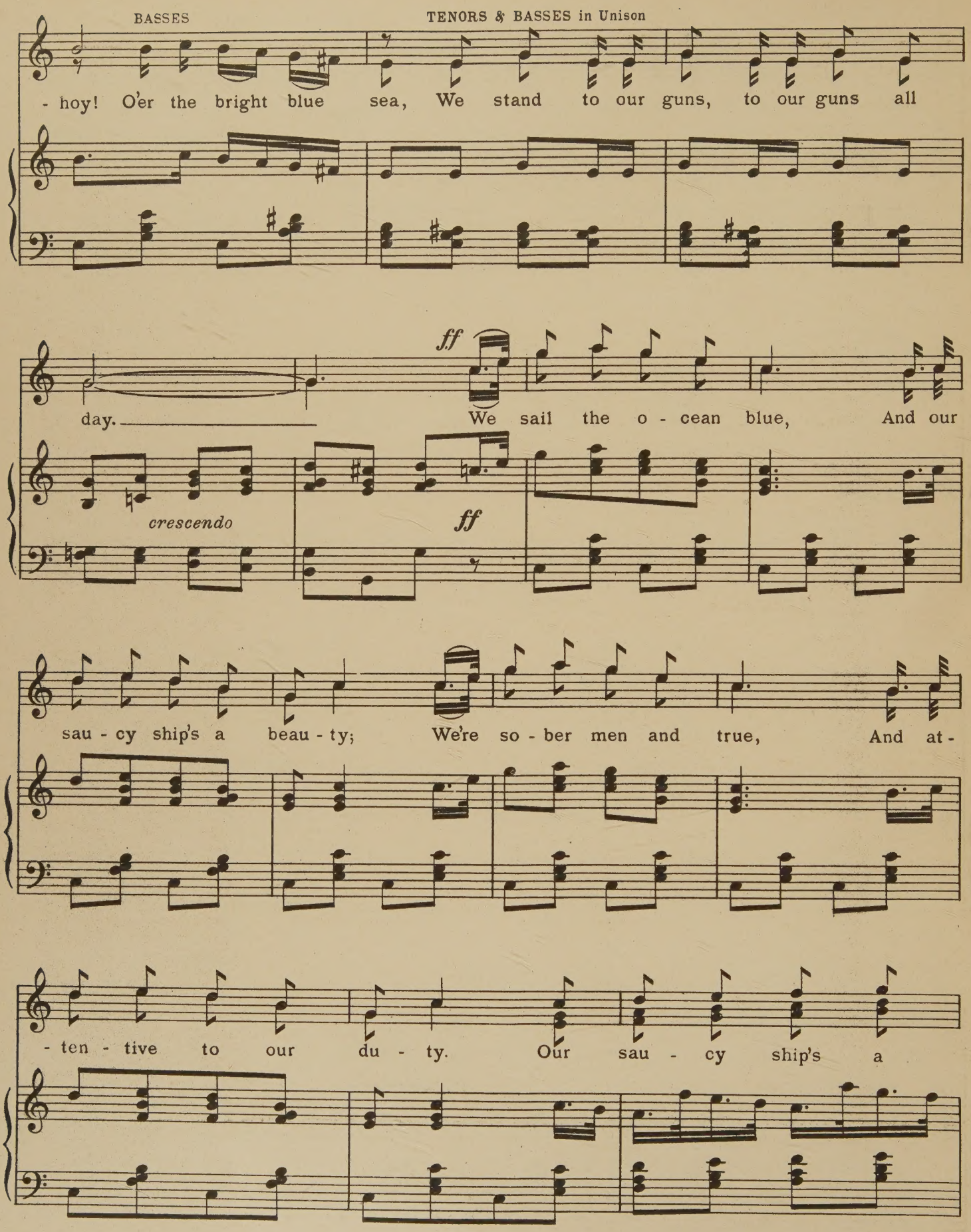
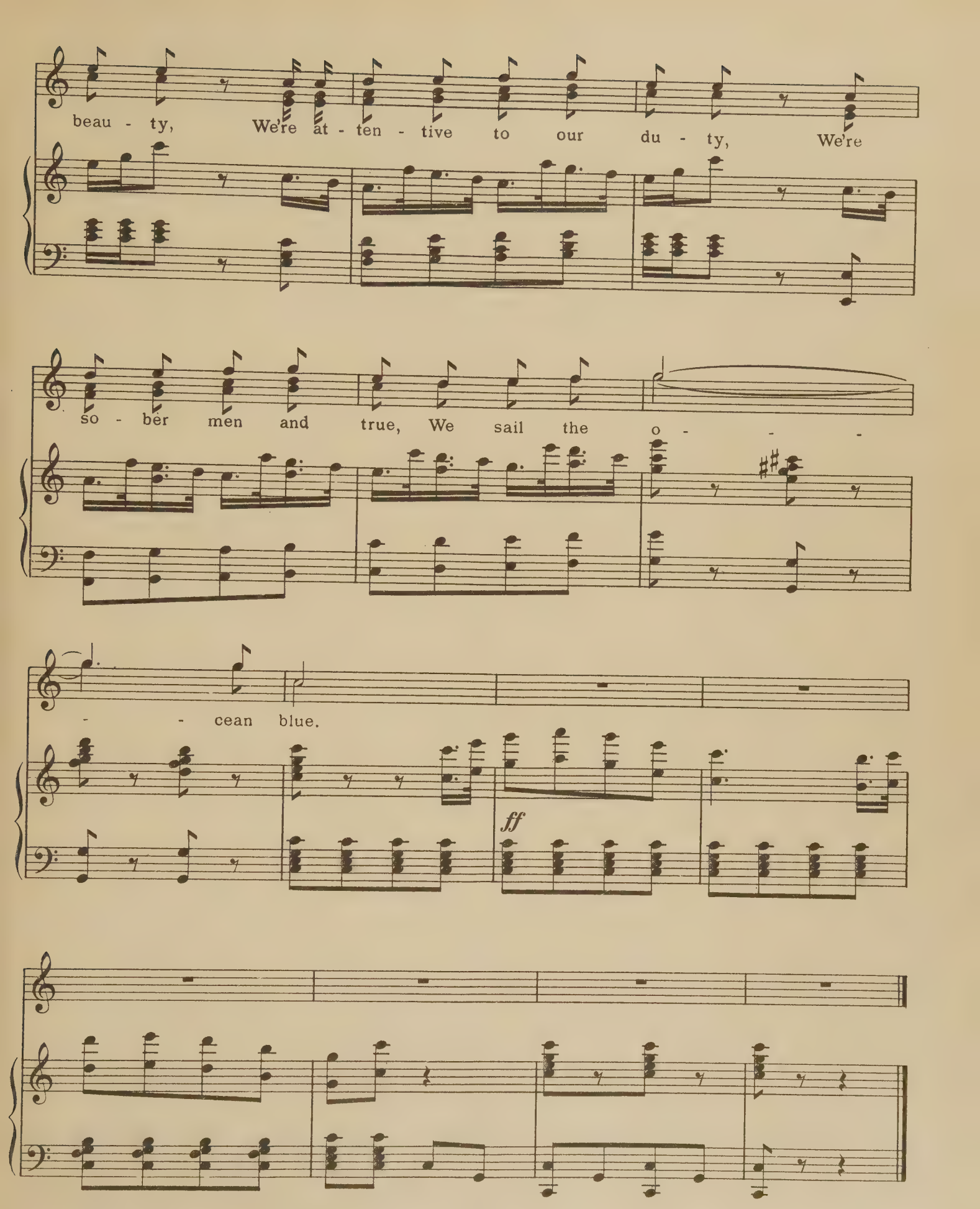

TENORS & BASSES
true, And at-ten-tive to our du-ty. When the balls whis-tle free O'er the
bright blue sea, We stand to our guns all day. When at
an-chor we ride On the Ports-mouth tide, We've plen-ty of time for
TENORS
BASSES
TENORS
play. A-hoy! A-hoy! The balls whis-tle free A-hoy! A-


BASSES
TENORS & BASSES in Unison
- hoy! O'er the bright blue sea, We stand to our guns, to our guns all
ff
day. We sail the o - cean blue, And our
crescendo
ff
sau - cy ship's a beau - ty; We're so - ber men and true, And at -
- ten - tive to our du - ty. Our sau - cy ship's a

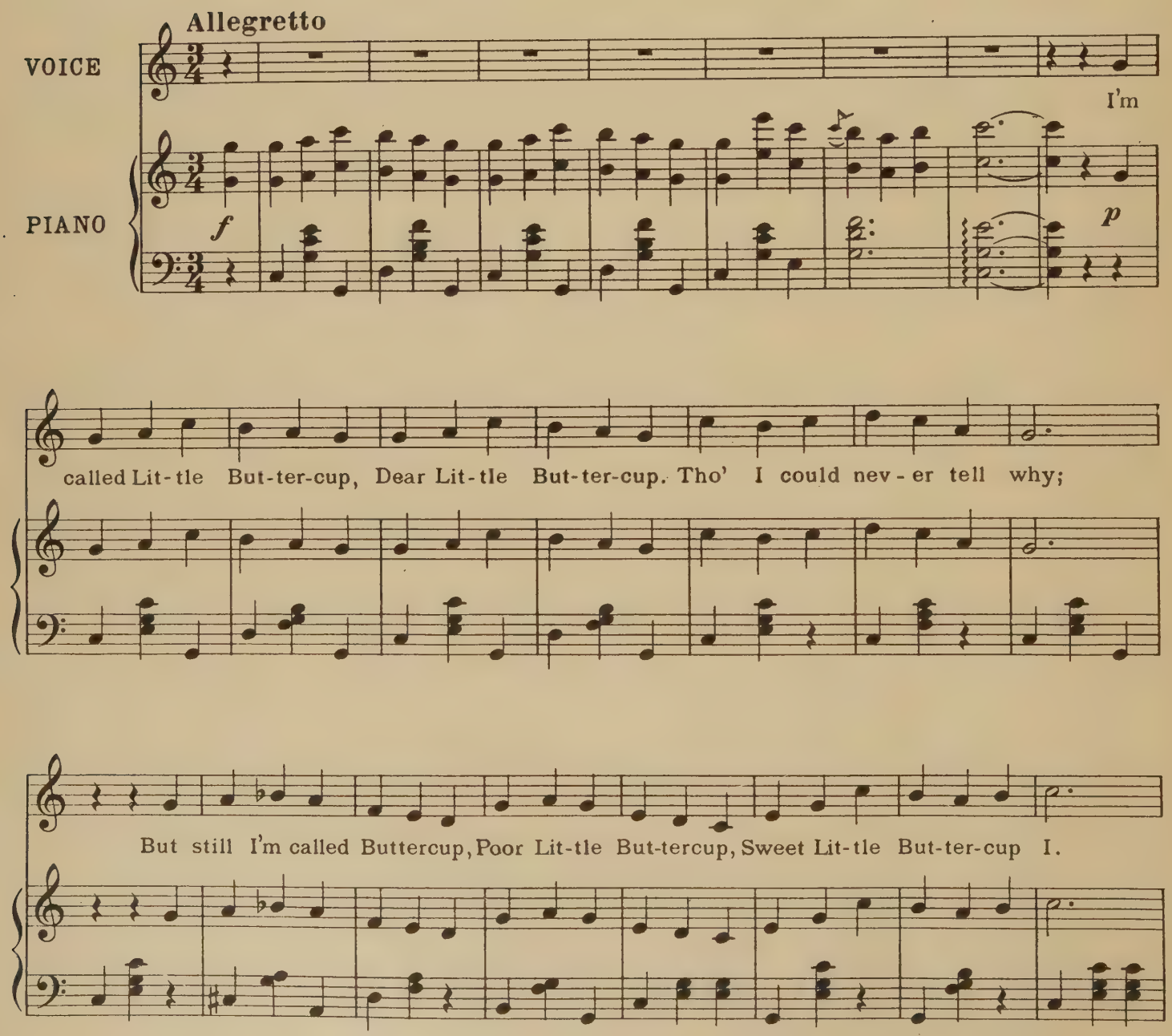

beau - ty, We're at - ten - tive to our du - ty, We're
so - ber men and true, We sail the o - - -
- - cean blue.
ff

Presently, to the delight of the crew, a visitor comes aboard in the person of Mrs. Cripps, a Portsmouth bum-boat woman. Known to them all as Little Buttercup, she has brought a basket fully stocked with everything beloved of sailormen, from snuff and tobaccy to peppermint drops.

Buttercup. Hail, men o'wars' men..... You've got your pay— spare all you can afford to welcome Little Buttercup on board.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP

Sung by Mrs. CRIPPS



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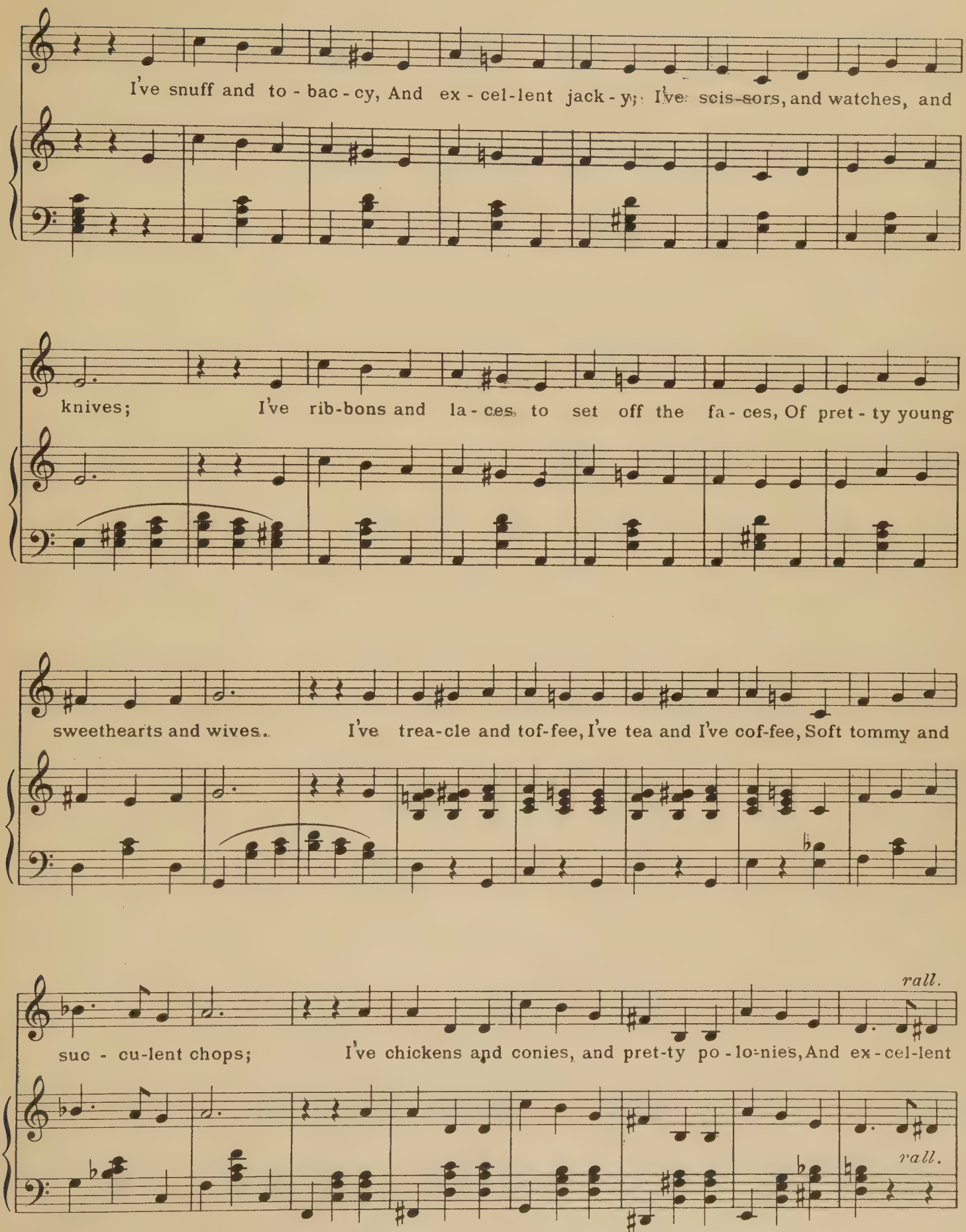
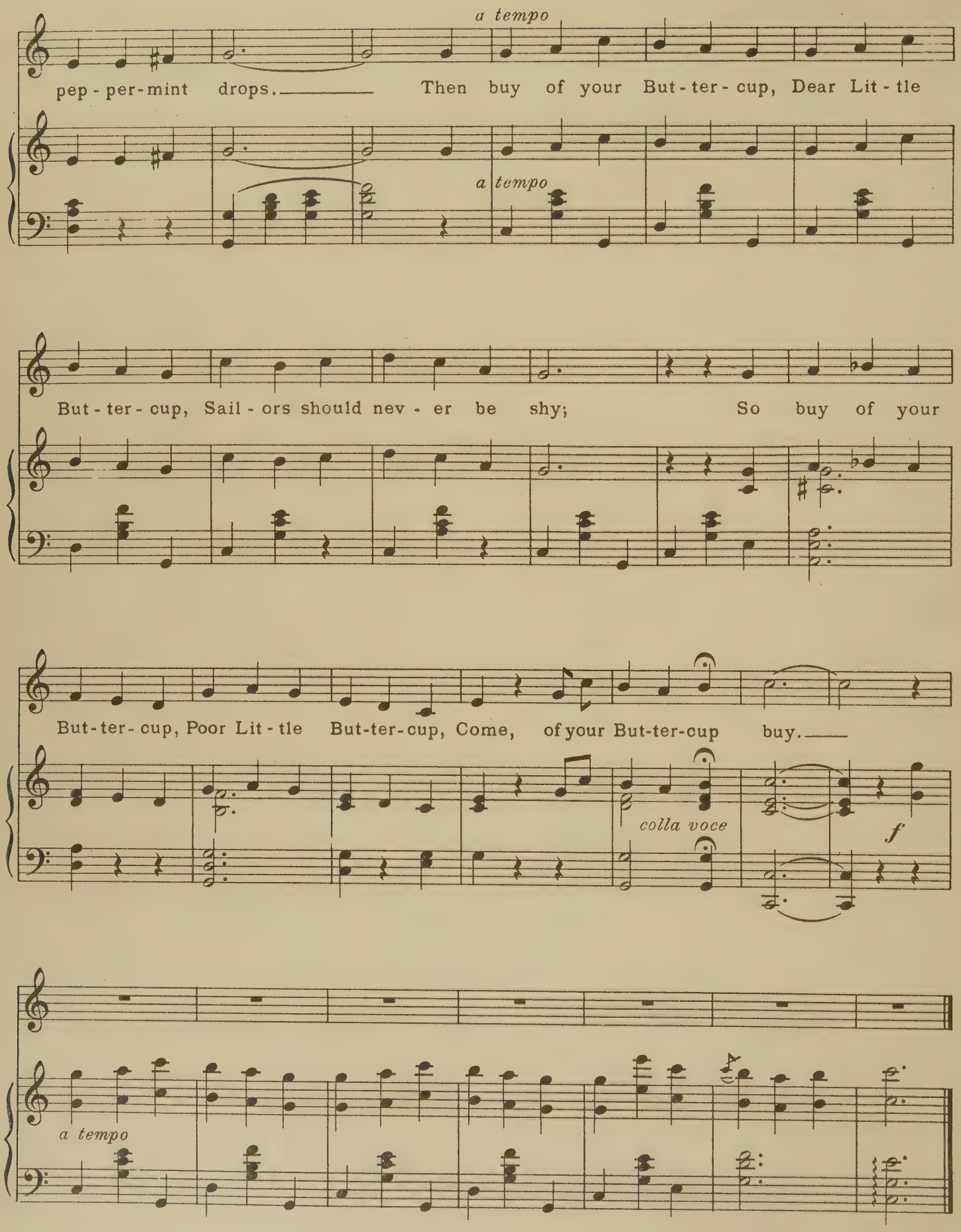

I've snuff and to - bac - cy, And ex - cel-lent jack - y; I've scis-sors, and watches, and
knives; I've rib-bons and la - ces to set off the fa - ces, Of pret - ty young
sweethearts and wives. I've trea-cle and tof-fee, I've tea and I've cof-fee, Soft tommy and
rall.
suc - cu-lent chops; I've chickens and conies, and pret-ty po - lo-nies, And ex - cel-lent
rall.


a tempo
pep - per - mint drops. Then buy of your But - ter - cup, Dear Lit - tle
a tempo
But - ter - cup, Sail - ors should nev - er be shy; So buy of your
But - ter - cup, Poor Lit - tle But - ter - cup, Come, of your But - ter - cup buy.
colla voce
f
a tempo

Honest Ralph Rackstraw, a comely youth and "the smartest lad in all the fleet" has had the misfortune to fall in love with his Captain's daughter. His downcast mien attracts the attention of Buttercup who, woman-like, insists on knowing all about him. From Ralph's own lips she learns of his pitiful plight.

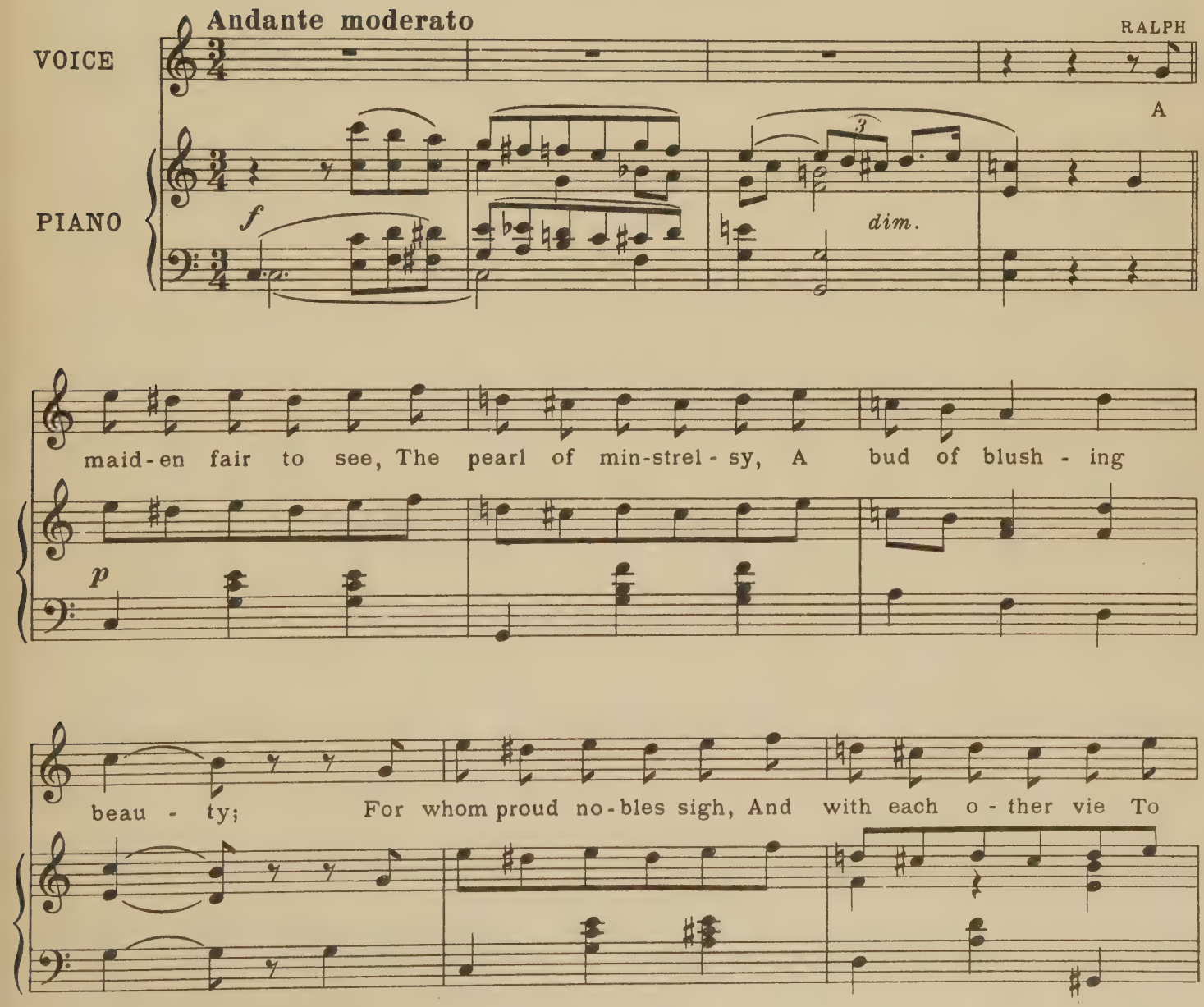
Ralph. I love — and love, alas, above my station!

Buttercup. *(Aside)* He loves— and loves a lass above his station.

All. *(Aside)* Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station.

A MAIDEN FAIR TO SEE,

Sung by RALPH (with Chorus)



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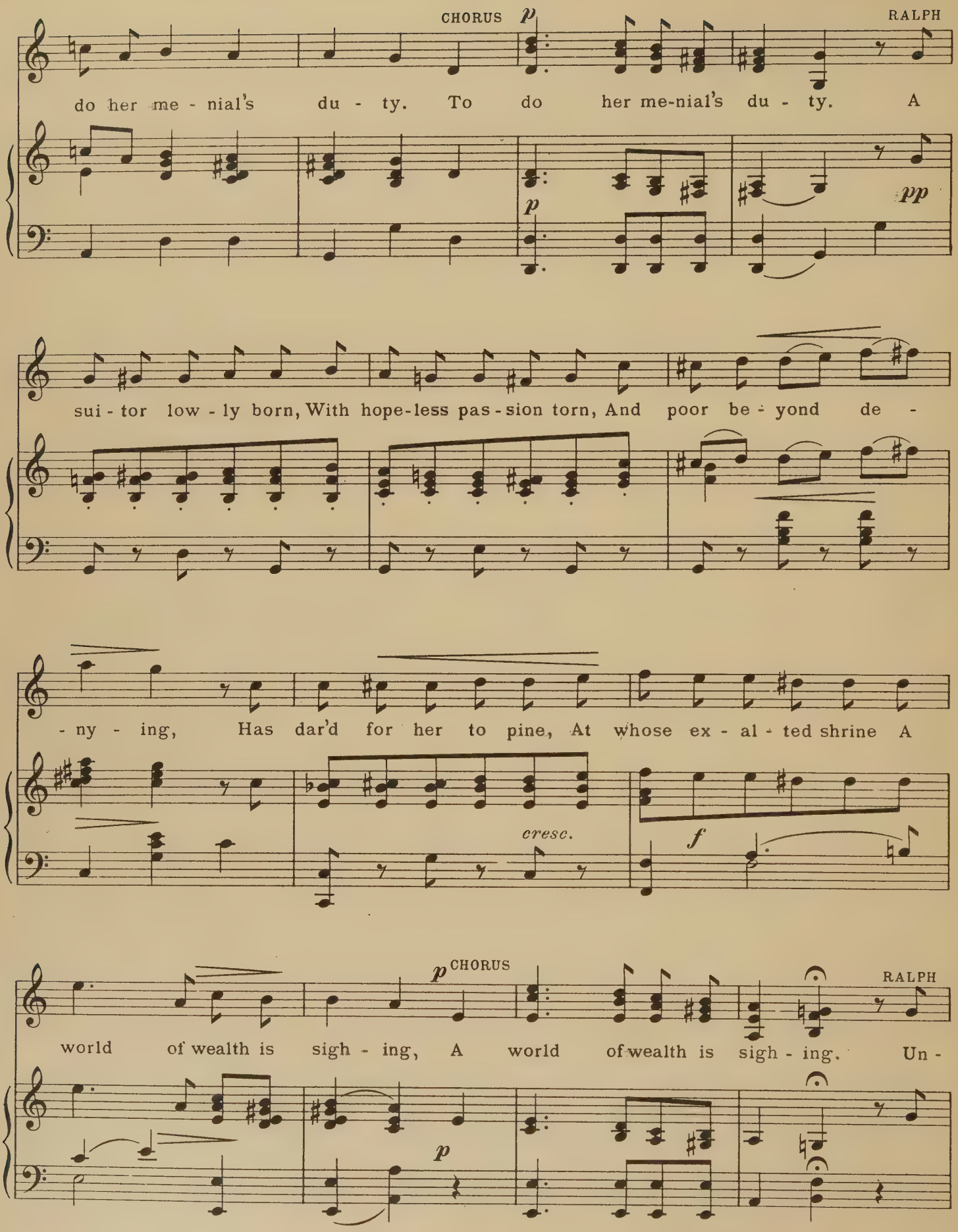
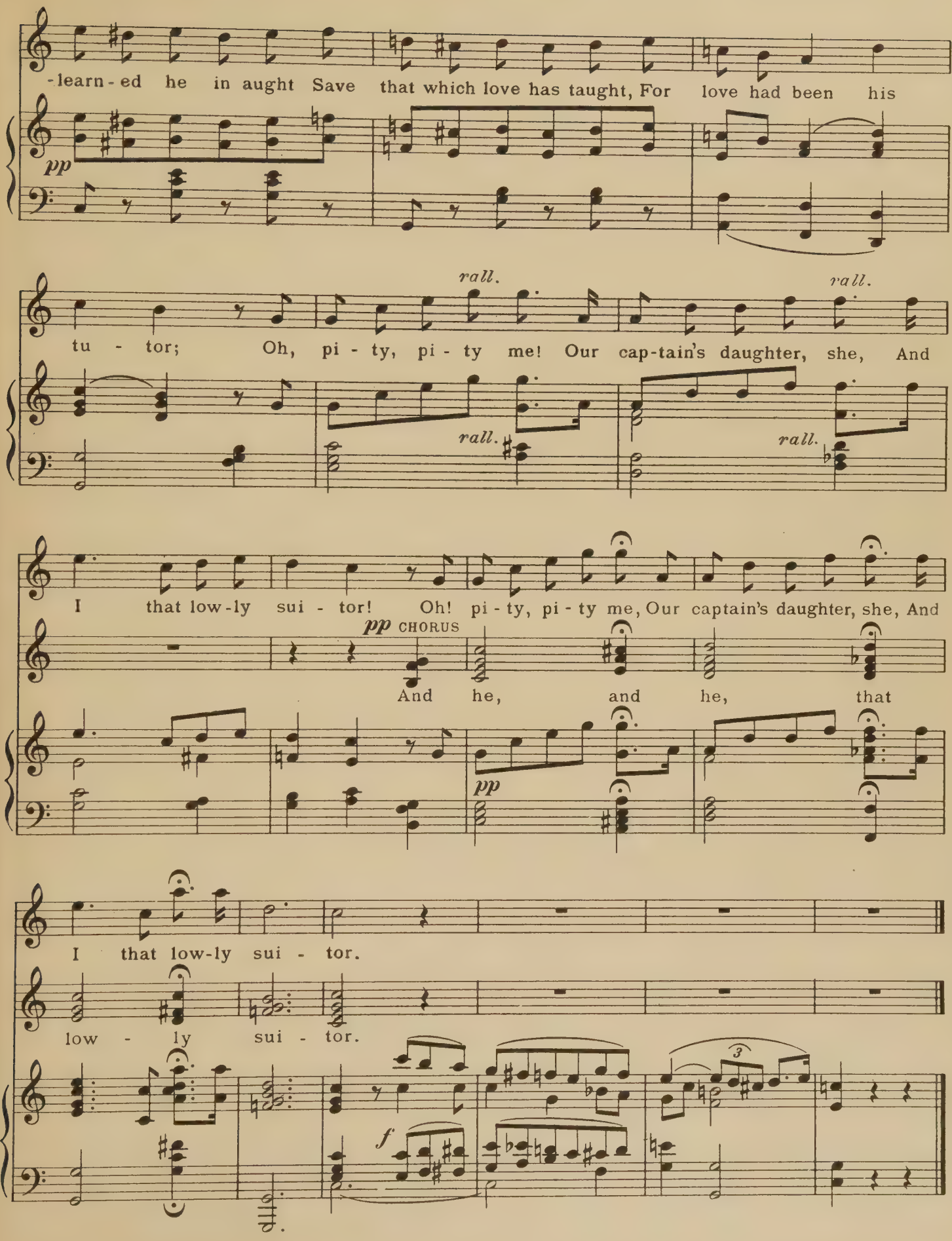

CHORUS
p
RALPH
do her me - nial's du - ty. To do her me-nial's du - ty. A
p
pp
sui - tor low - ly born, With hope-less pas - sion torn, And poor be - yond de -
- ny - ing, Has dar'd for her to pine, At whose ex - al - ted shrine A
cresc.
f
CHORUS
p
RALPH
world of wealth is sigh - ing, A world of wealth is sigh - ing. Un -
p


-learn-ed he in aught Save that which love has taught, For love had been his
pp
rall.
rall.
tu - tor; Oh, pi - ty, pi - ty me! Our cap-tain's daughter, she, And
rall.
rall.
I that low-ly sui - tor! Oh! pi - ty, pi - ty me, Our captain's daughter, she, And
pp CHORUS
And he, and he, that
pp
I that low-ly sui - tor.
low - ly sui - tor.
3
f

Captain Corcoran is an officer in a thousand. The relations existing between himself and his crew are quite exceptionally cordial, and as he comes on deck his men hasten to greet him.

Captain My gallant crew, good-morning.

All *(saluting)* Sir, good-morning!

Captain I hope you're all quite well.

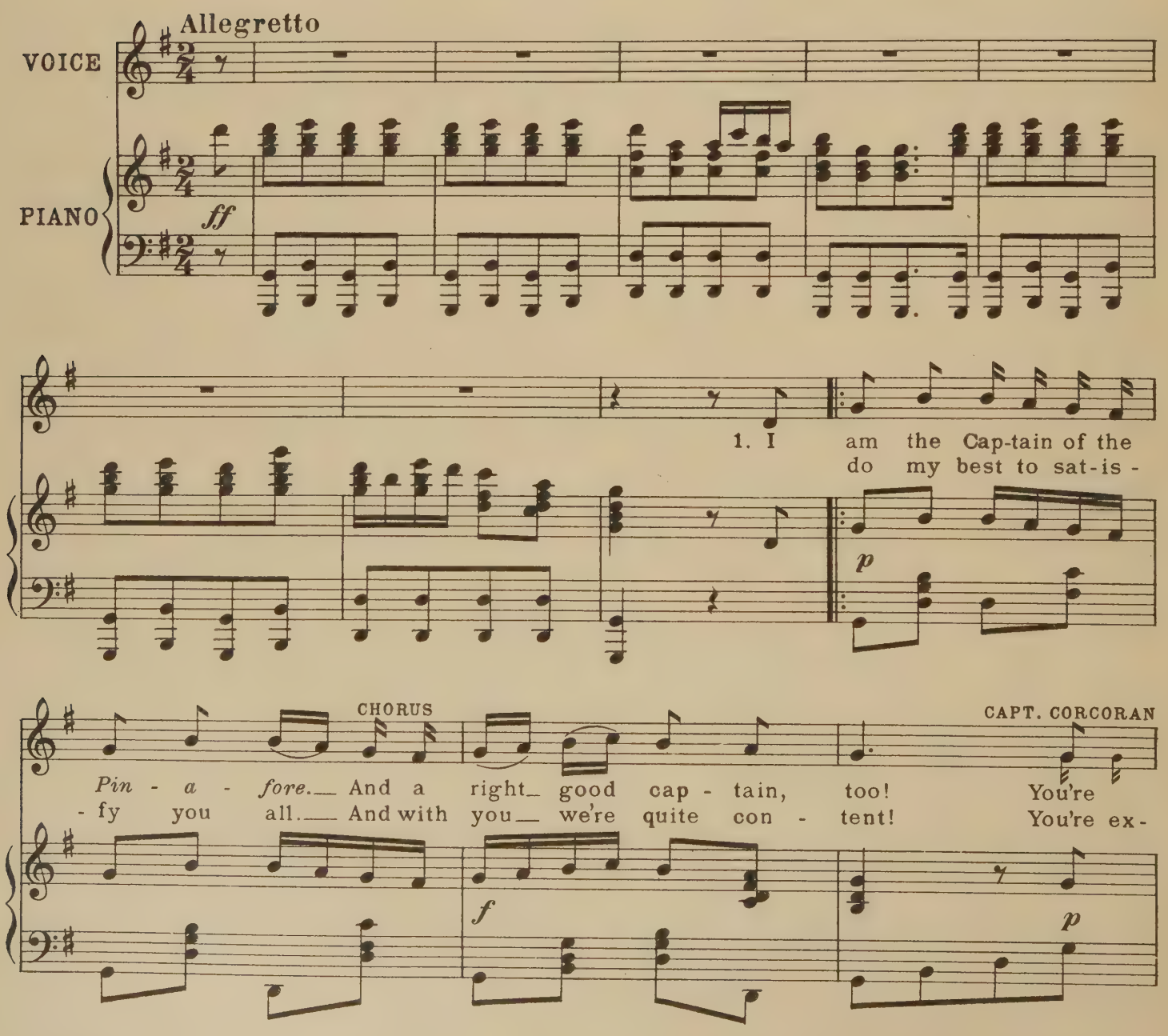
All *(as before)* Quite well; and you, sir?

Captain I am in reasonable health, and happy to meet you all once more.

All *(as before)* You do us proud, sir!

I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THE PINAFORE

Sung by CAPTAIN CORCORAN with CHORUS of men


Allegretto
VOICE
PIANO
ff
1. I am the Cap-tain of the
do my best to sat-is -
p
CHORUS
CAPT. CORCORAN
Pin - a - fore. And a right good cap - tain, too! You're
- fy you all. And with you we're quite con - tent! You're ex -
f
p

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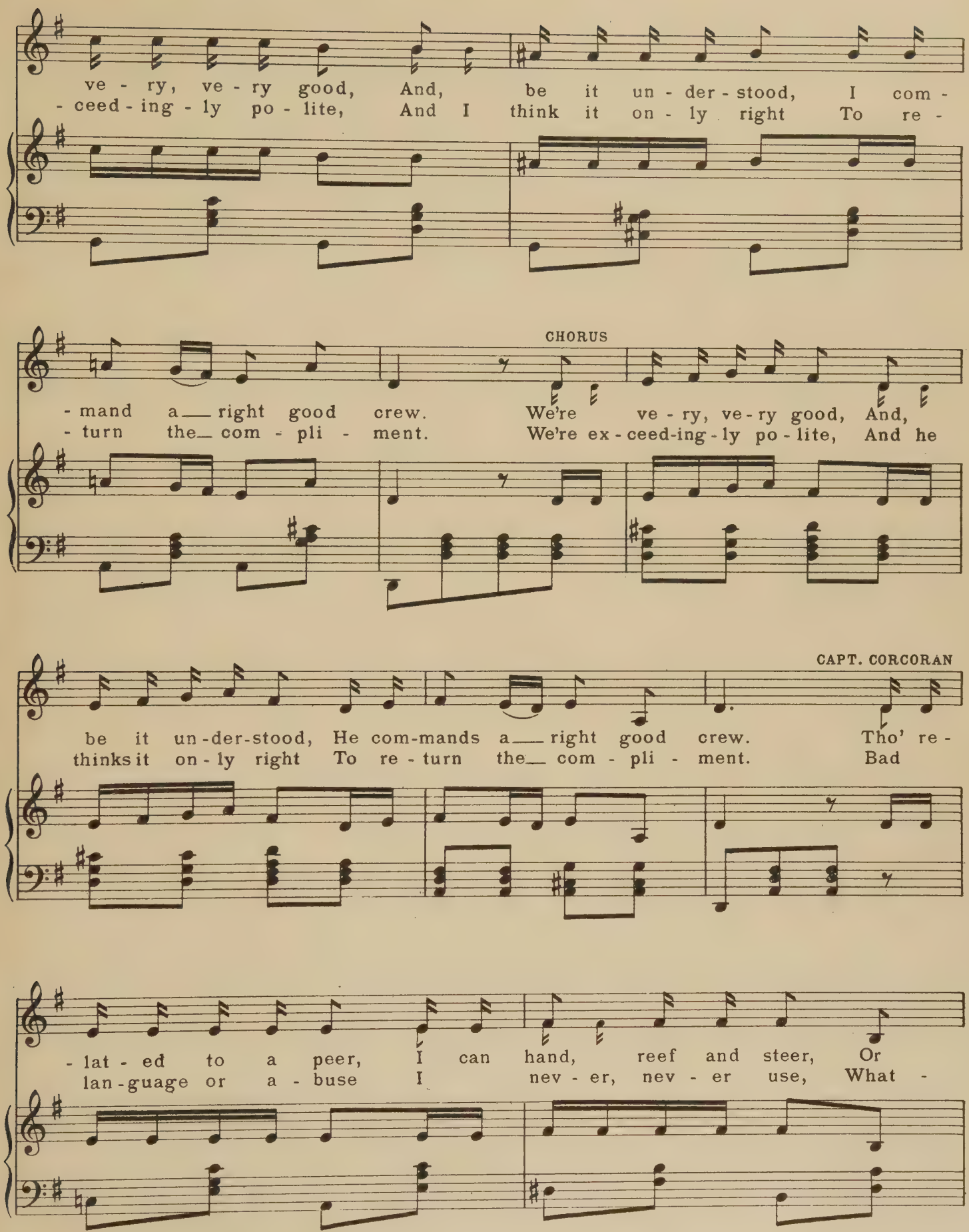
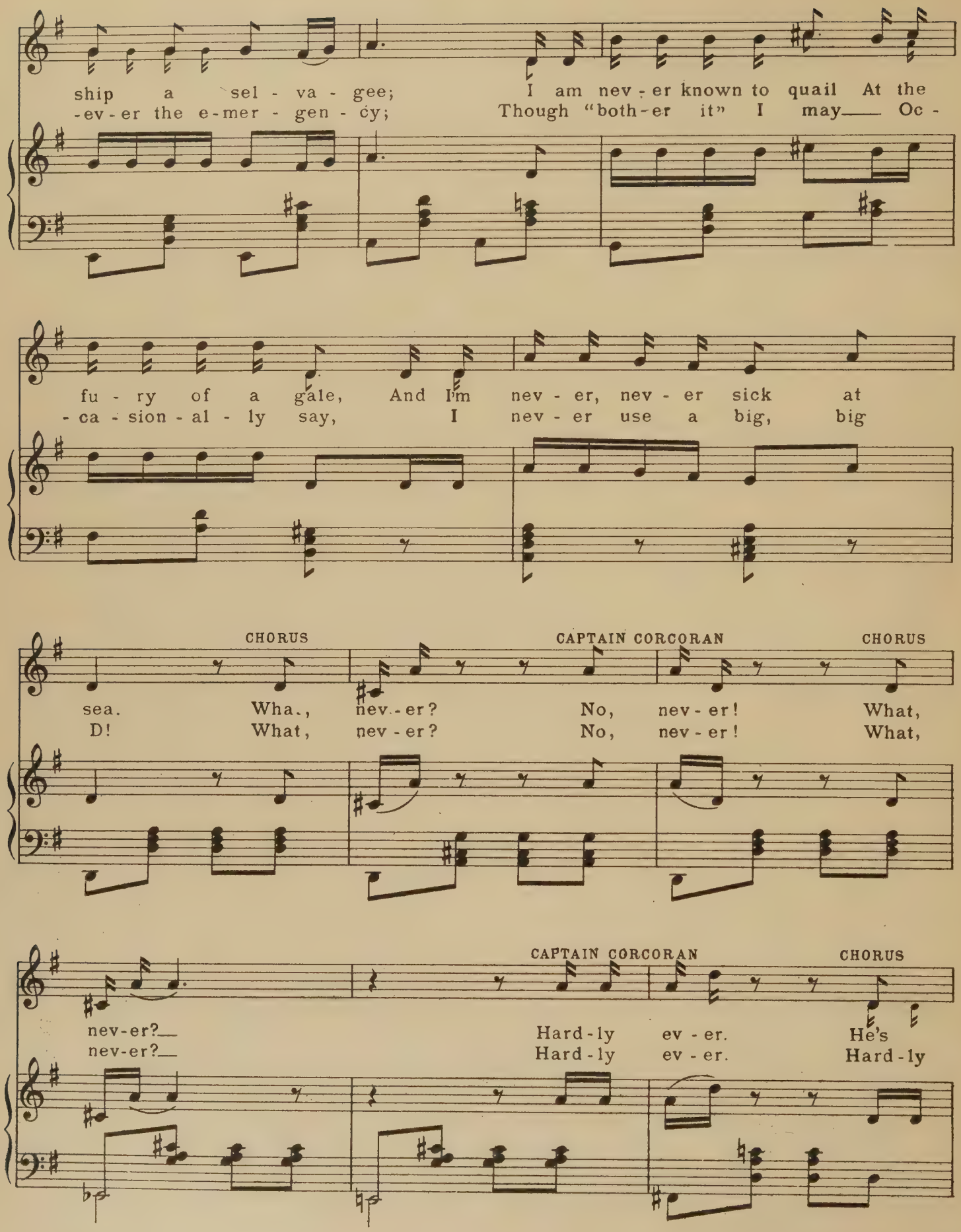
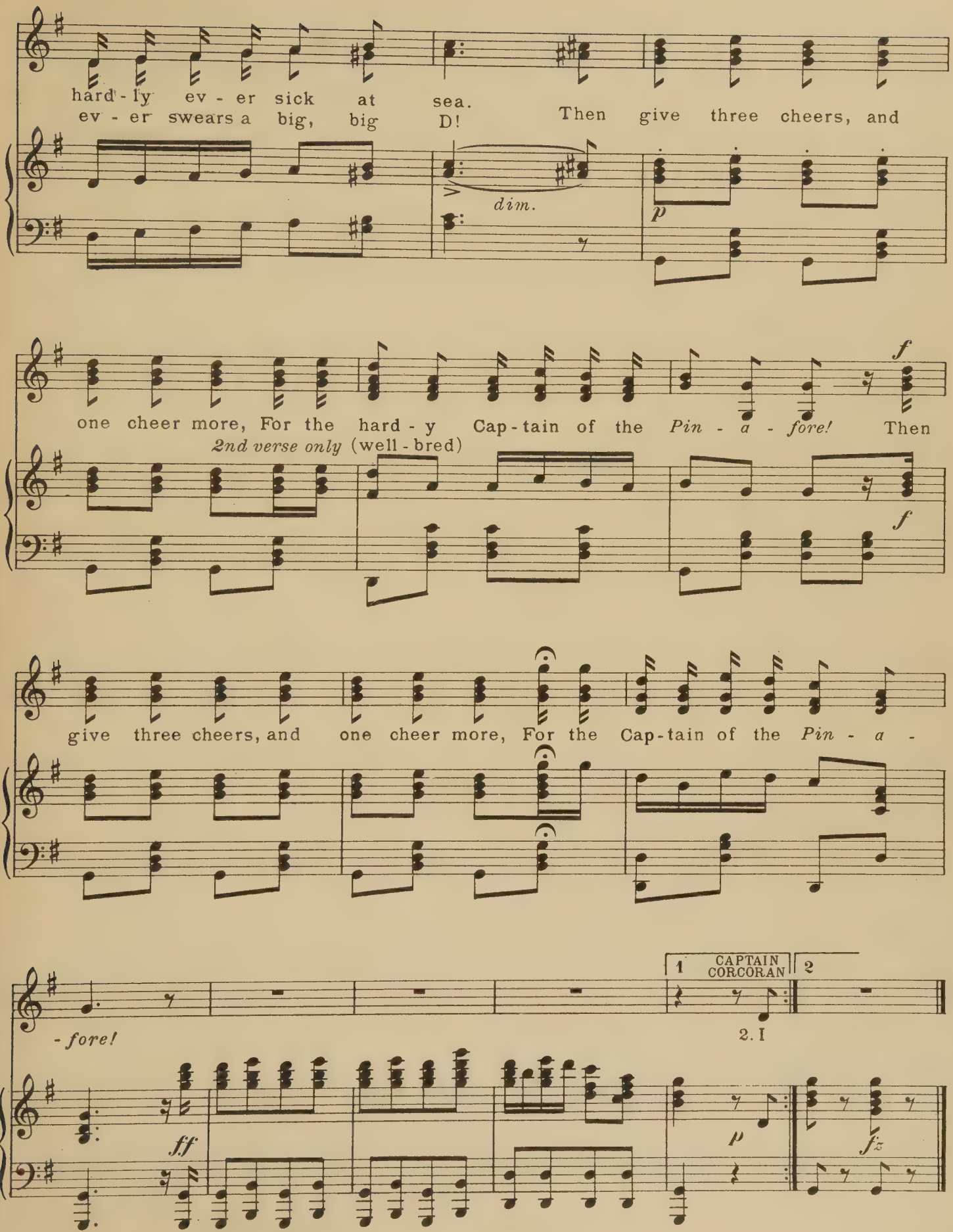

ve - ry, ve - ry good, And, be it un - der - stood, I com -
- ceed - ing - ly po - lite, And I think it on - ly right To re -
CHORUS
- mand a right good crew. We're ve - ry, ve - ry good, And,
- turn the com - pli - ment. We're ex - ceed-ing - ly po - lite, And he
CAPT. CORCORAN
be it un - der-stood, He com-mands a right good crew. Tho' re -
thinks it on - ly right To re - turn the com - pli - ment. Bad
- lat - ed to a peer, I can hand, reef and steer, Or
lan - guage or a - buse I nev - er, nev - er use, What -

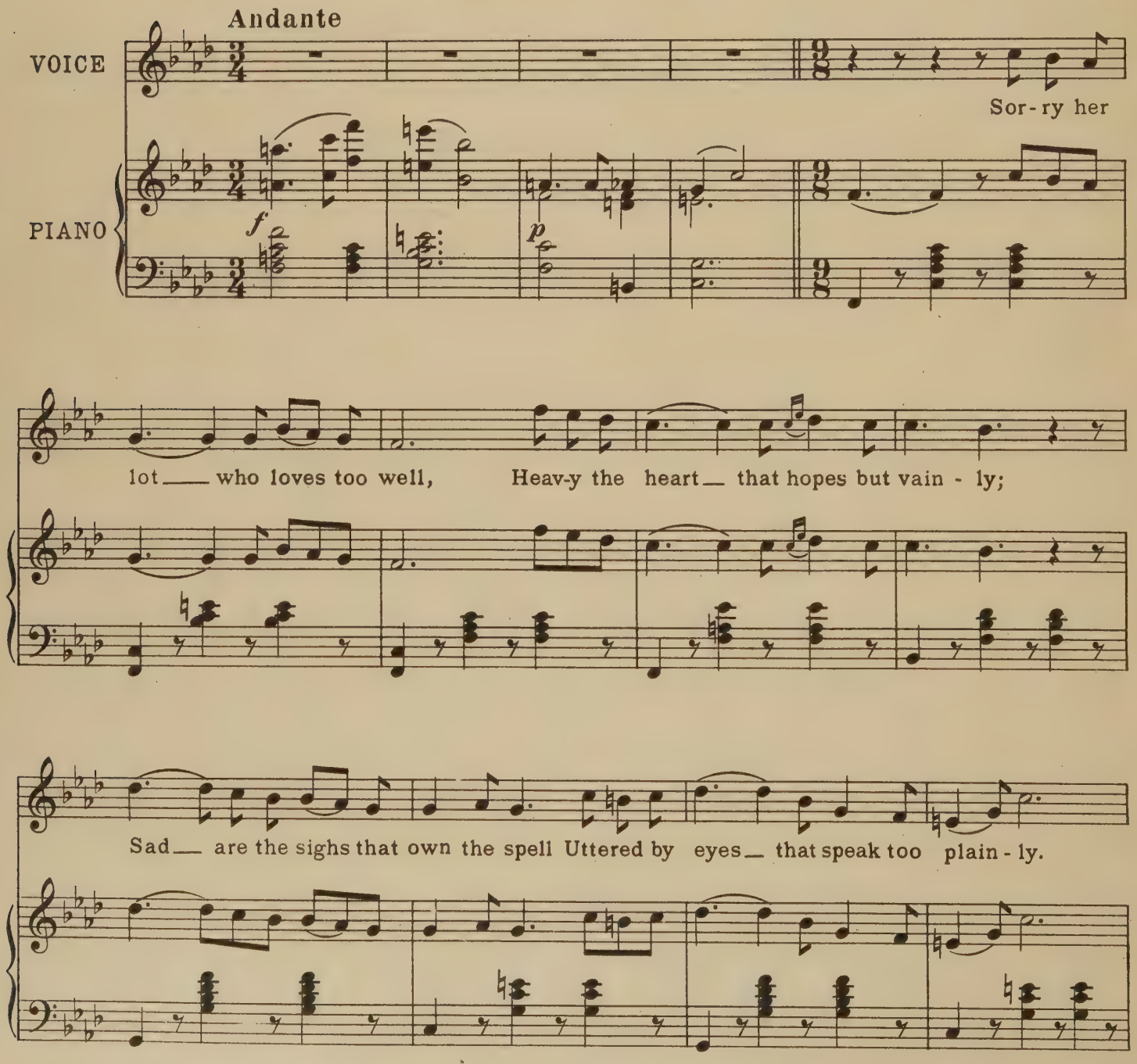

ship a sel - va - gee;
-ev-er the e-mer - gen - cy;
I am nev - er known to quail At the
Though "both-er it" I may Oc -
fu - ry of a gale, And I'm nev - er, nev - er sick at
-ca - sion - al - ly say, I nev - er use a big, big
CHORUS
CAPTAIN CORCORAN
CHORUS
sea. Wha., nev.-er? No, nev - er! What,
D! What, nev - er? No, nev - er! What,
CAPTAIN CORCORAN
CHORUS
nev-er?
nev-er?
Hard-ly ev - er. He's
Hard-ly ev - er. Hard-ly


hard - ly ev - er sick at sea.
ev - er swears a big, big D!
Then give three cheers, and
dim.
p
one cheer more, For the hard - y Cap - tain of the Pin - a - fore!
Then
2nd verse only (well - bred)
f
f
give three cheers, and one cheer more, For the Cap - tain of the Pin - a -
1
CAPTAIN CORCORAN
2
- fore!
2. I
ff
p
fz

Ralph Rackstraw is not the only sorrowful one aboard the saucy Pinafore. His beloved Josephine, all unknown to him, reciprocates his passion, but she also is weighed down by the belief that the difference in their stations is too great. Moreover, she is faced with the probability that at no distant date she will be forced into a marriage with the elderly Sir Joseph Porter, First Lord of the Admiralty. She comes on deck in a pensive mood and sings a sad little song of love.

SORRY HER LOT WHO LOVES TOO WELL

Sung by JOSEPHINE


Andante
VOICE
PIANO
f
p
Sor-ry her
lot who loves too well, Heav-y the heart that hopes but vain - ly;
Sad are the sighs that own the spell Uttered by eyes that speak too plain - ly.

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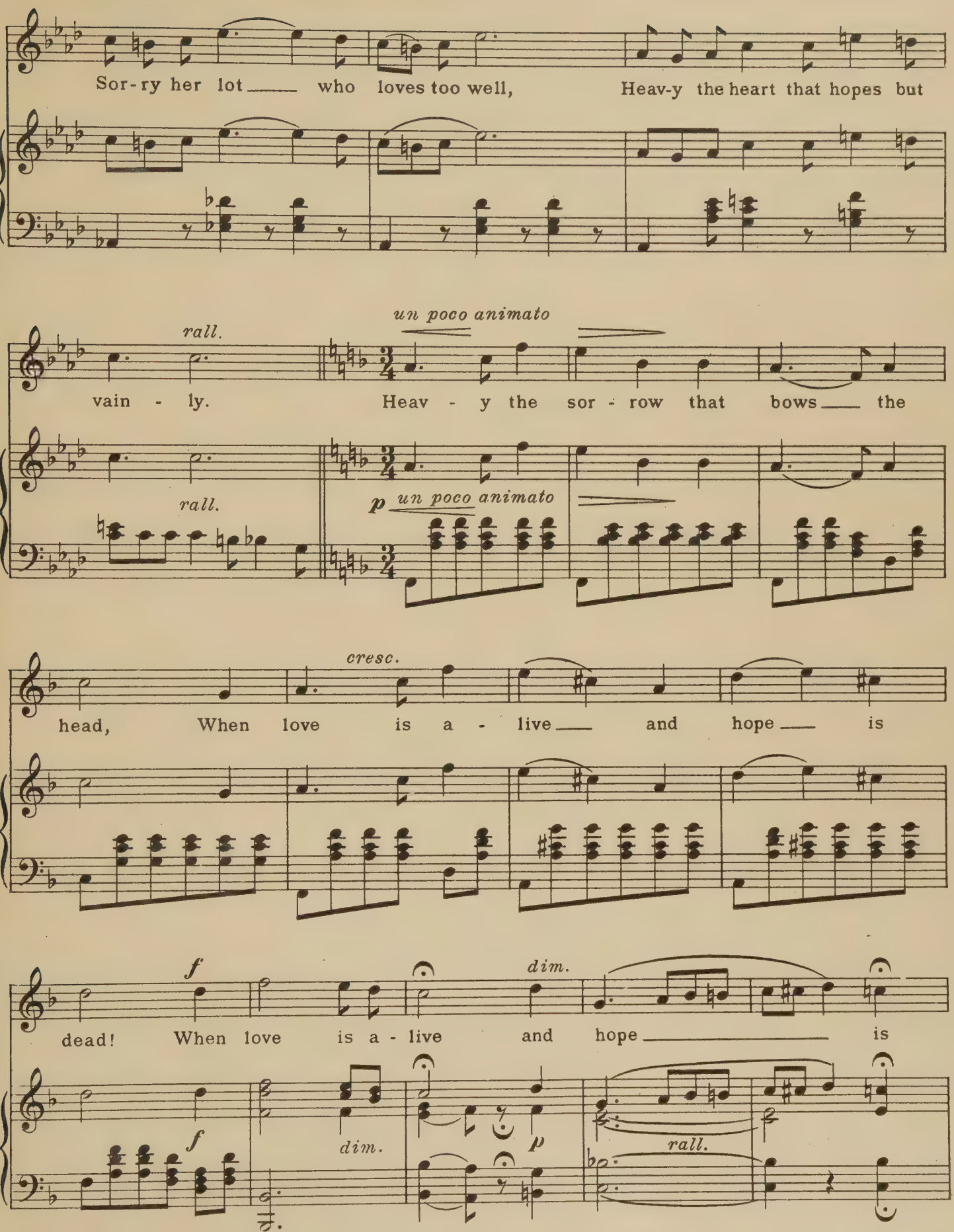
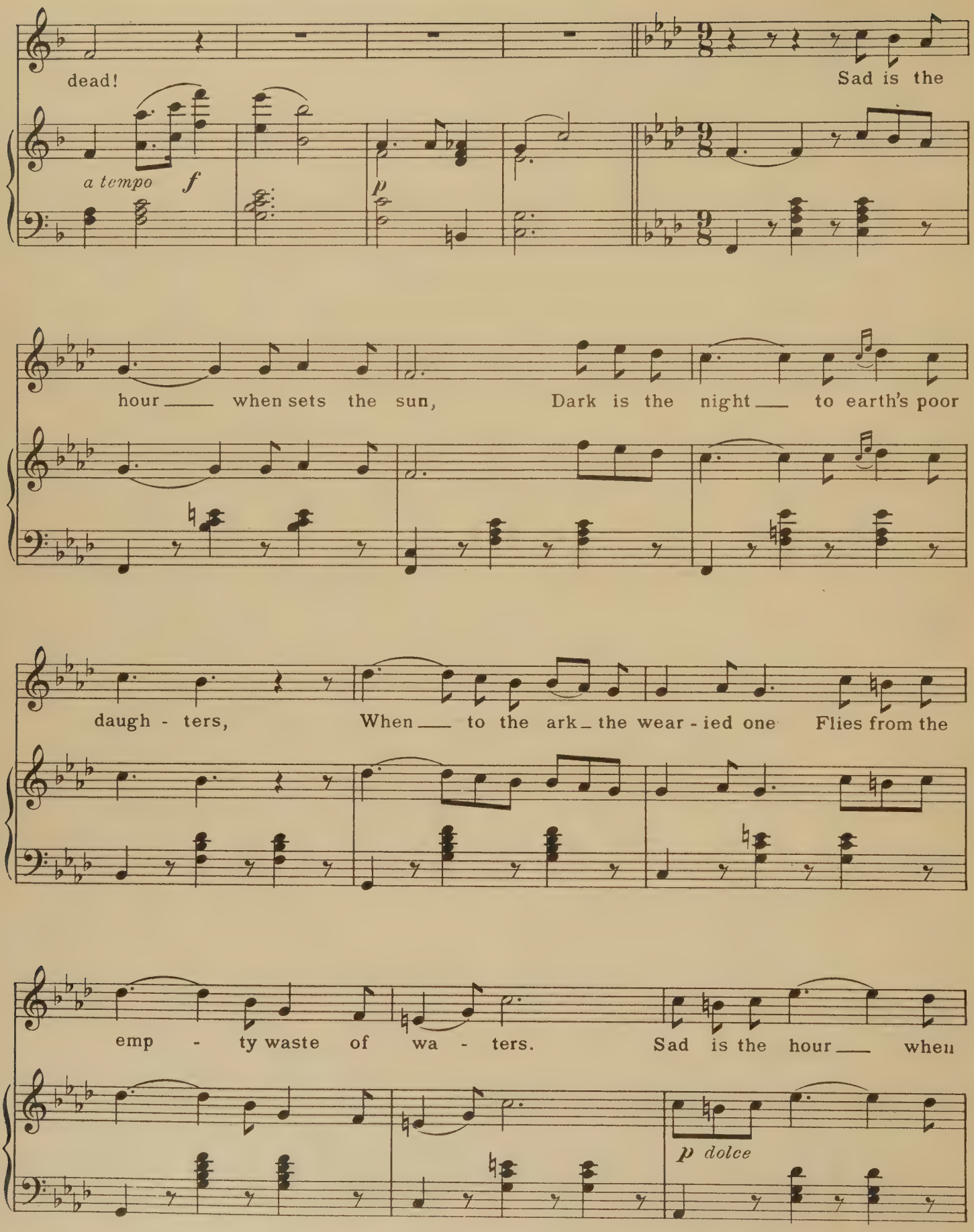
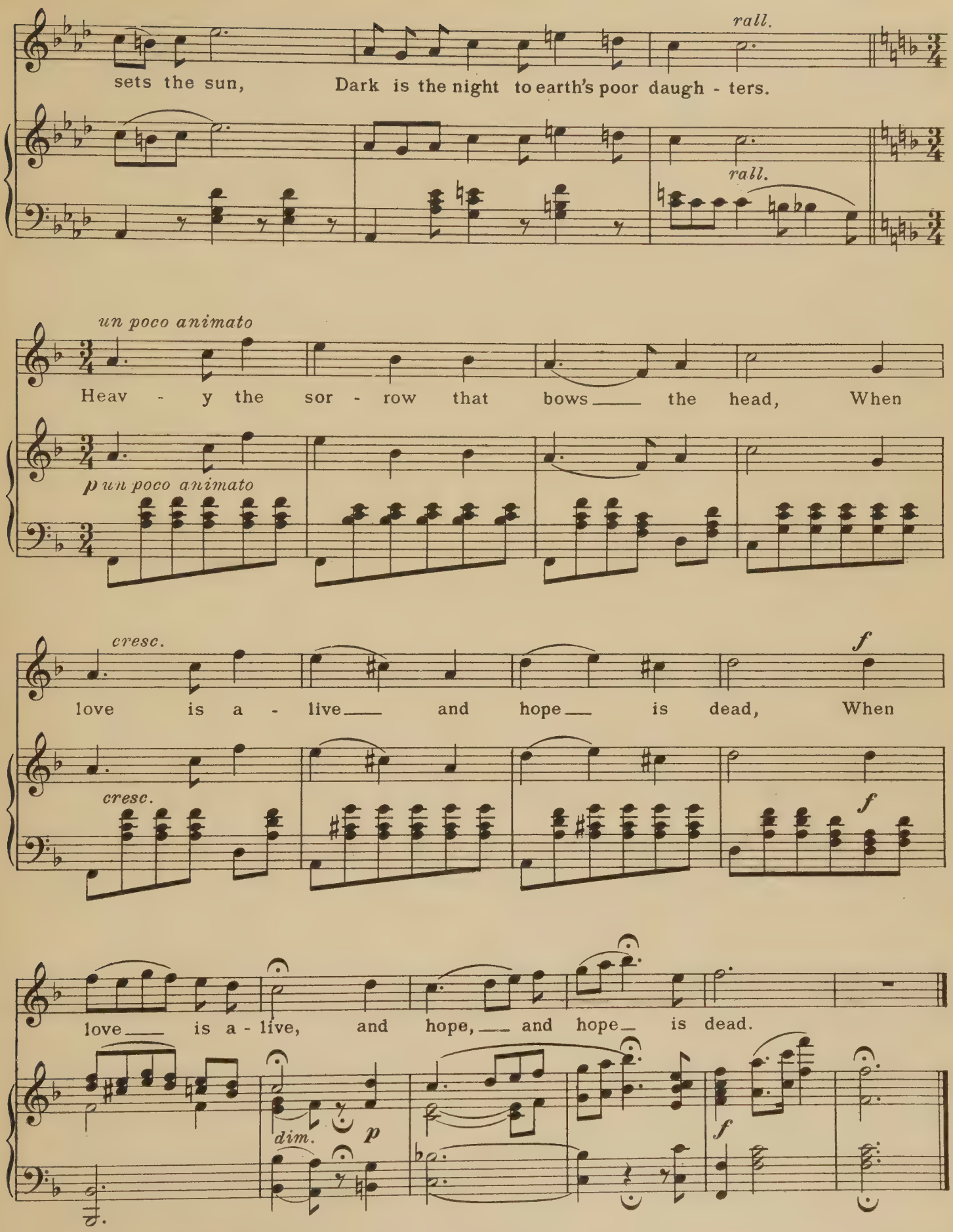

Sor-ry her lot who loves too well, Heav-y the heart that hopes but
rall.
vain - ly.
un poco animato
Heav - y the sor - row that bows the
rall.
p un poco animato
cresc.
head, When love is a - live and hope is
f
dead! When love is a - live and hope is
dim.
f
dim.
p
rall.

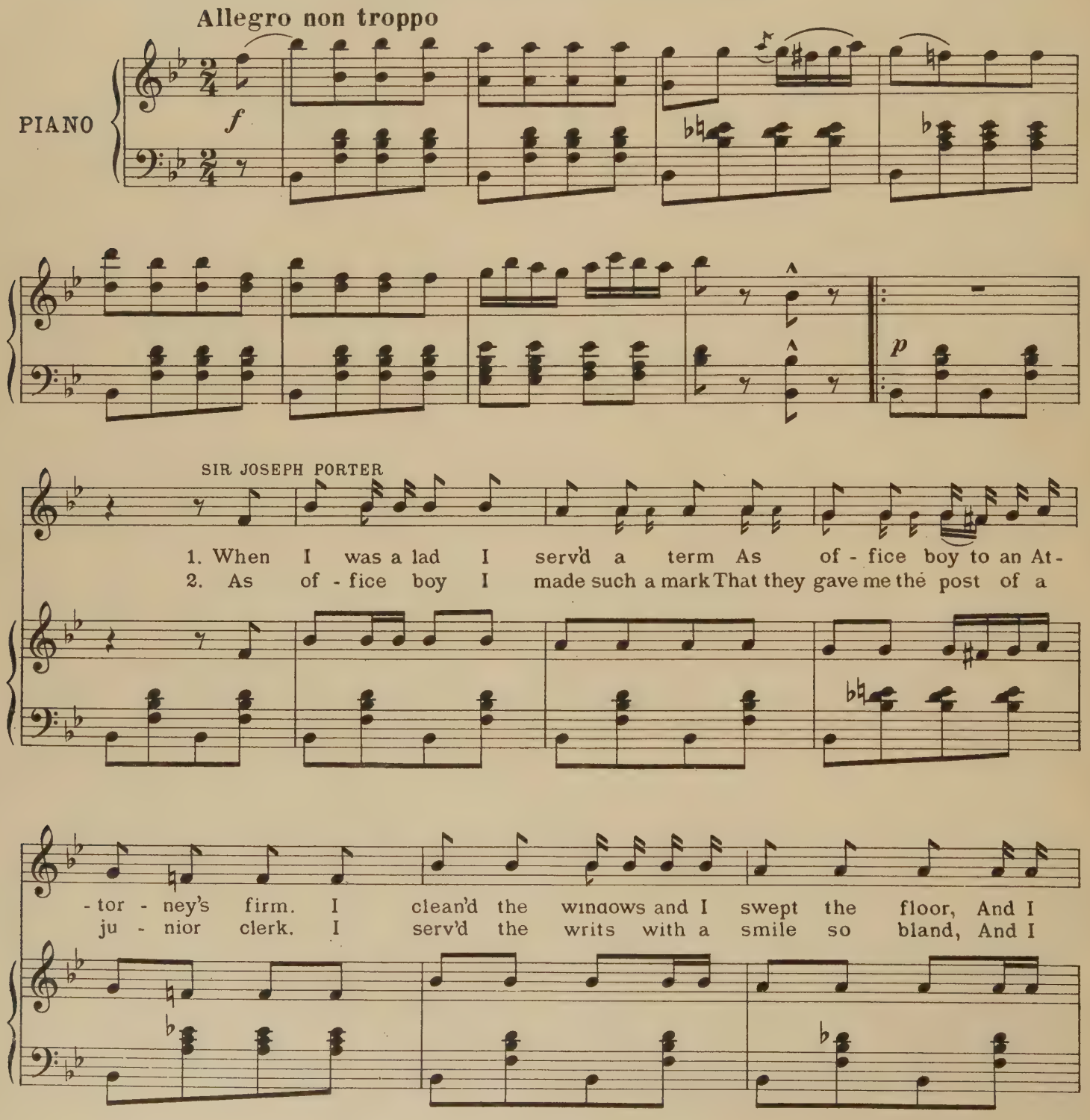

dead!
Sad is the
a tempo
f
p
hour when sets the sun, Dark is the night to earth's poor
daugh - ters, When to the ark the wear - ied one Flies from the
emp - ty waste of wa - ters. Sad is the hour when
p dolce


rall.
sets the sun, Dark is the night to earth's poor daugh - ters.
rall.
un poco animato
Heav - y the sor - row that bows the head, When
p un poco animato
cresc.
f
love is a - live and hope is dead, When
cresc.
f
love is a - live, and hope, and hope is dead.
dim.
p
f

In due course Sir Joseph Porter comes on board. As is his custom, he is supported by a strong force of female relatives, and this large family party is heartily welcomed by the hospitable sailors of Pinafore. Sir Joseph, who is not much given to hiding lights under bushels, loses no time in disclosing to the delighted sailors, the secret of his success in life.

I AM THE RULER OF THE QUEEN'S NAVEE

Sung by SIR JOSEPH PORTER with CHORUS


Allegro non troppo
PIANO
f
p
SIR JOSEPH PORTER
1. When I was a lad I serv'd a term As of - fice boy to an At - tor - ney's firm. I clean'd the windows and I swept the floor, And I
2. As of - fice boy I made such a mark That they gave me the post of a ju - nior clerk. I serv'd the writs with a smile so bland, And I

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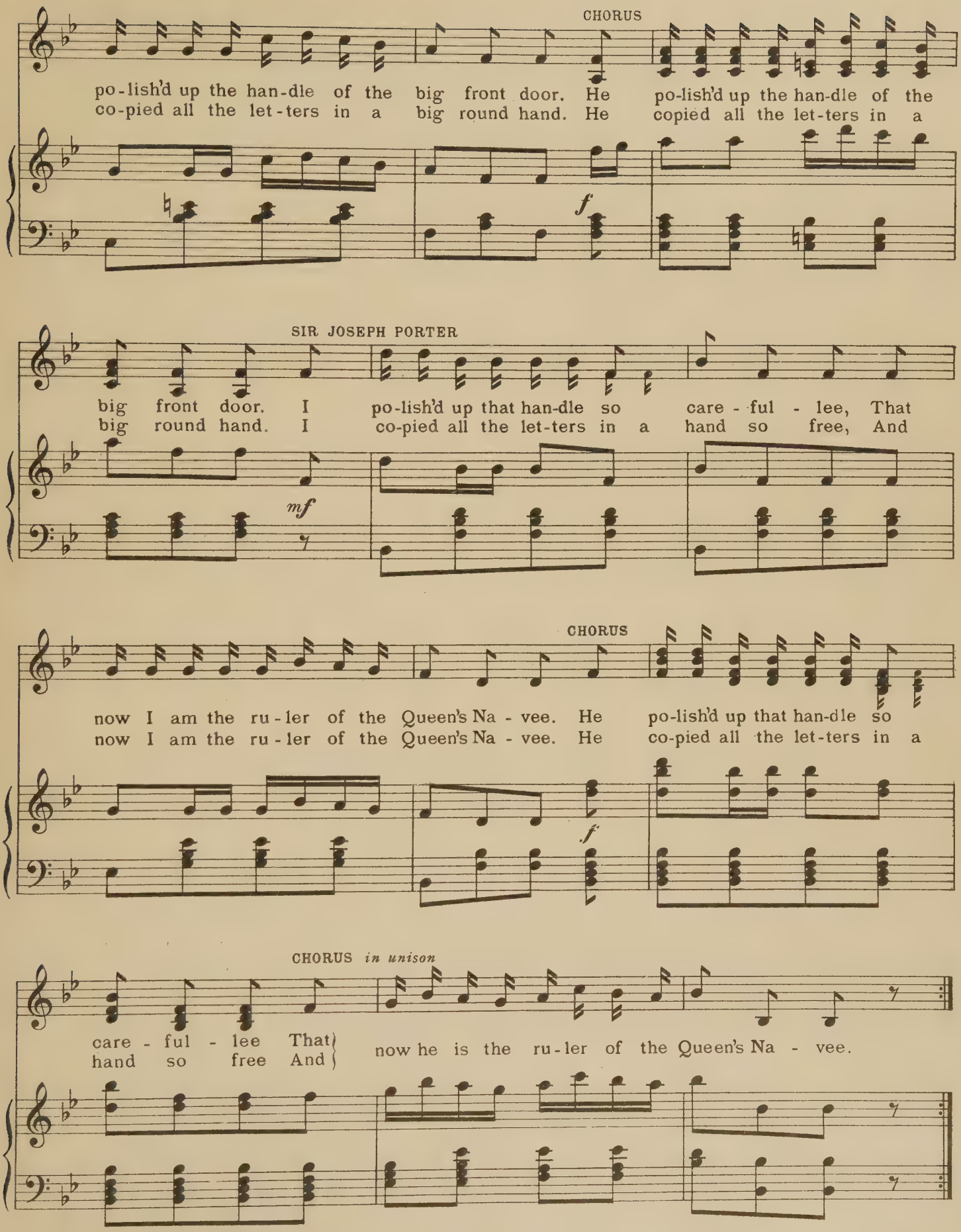
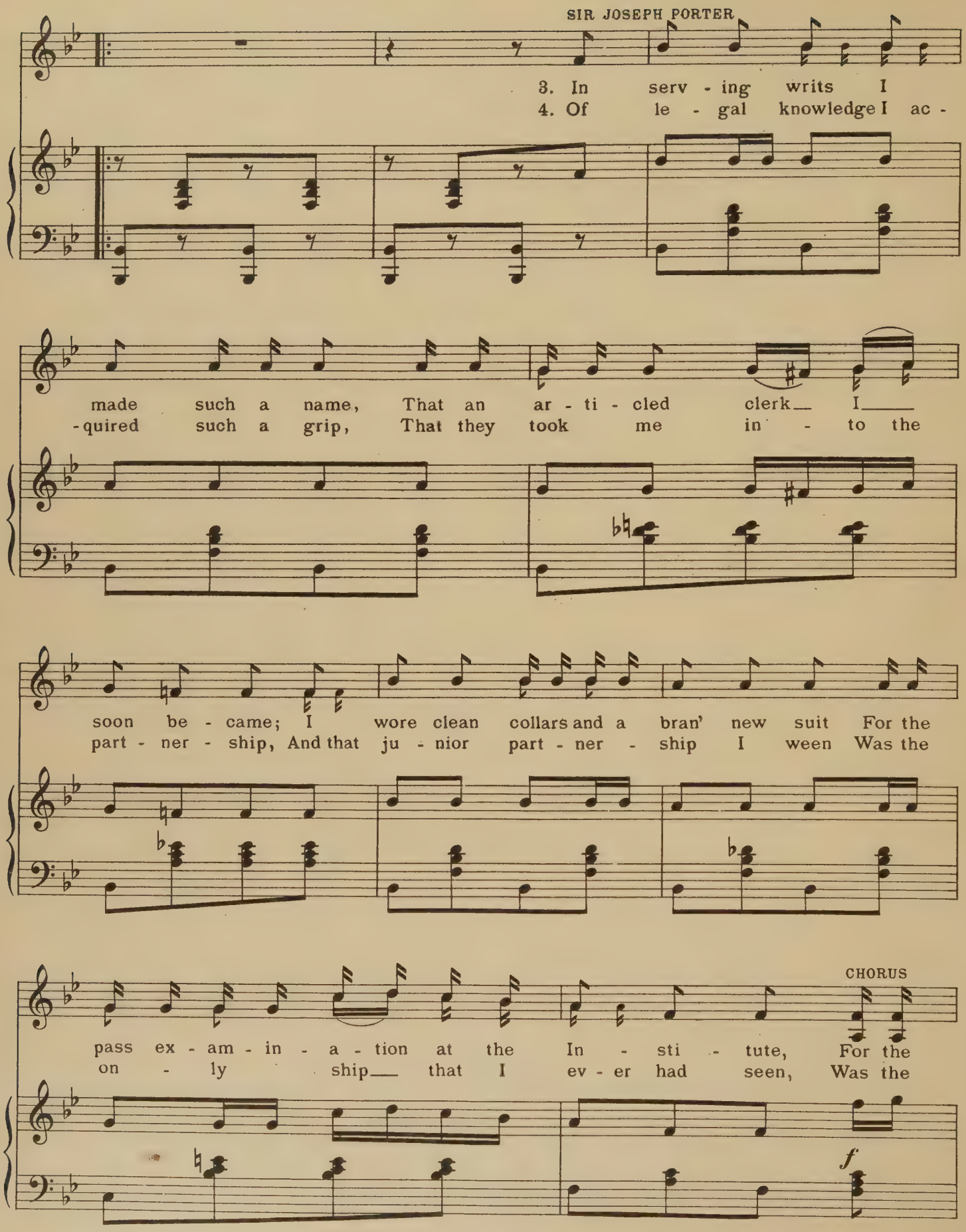
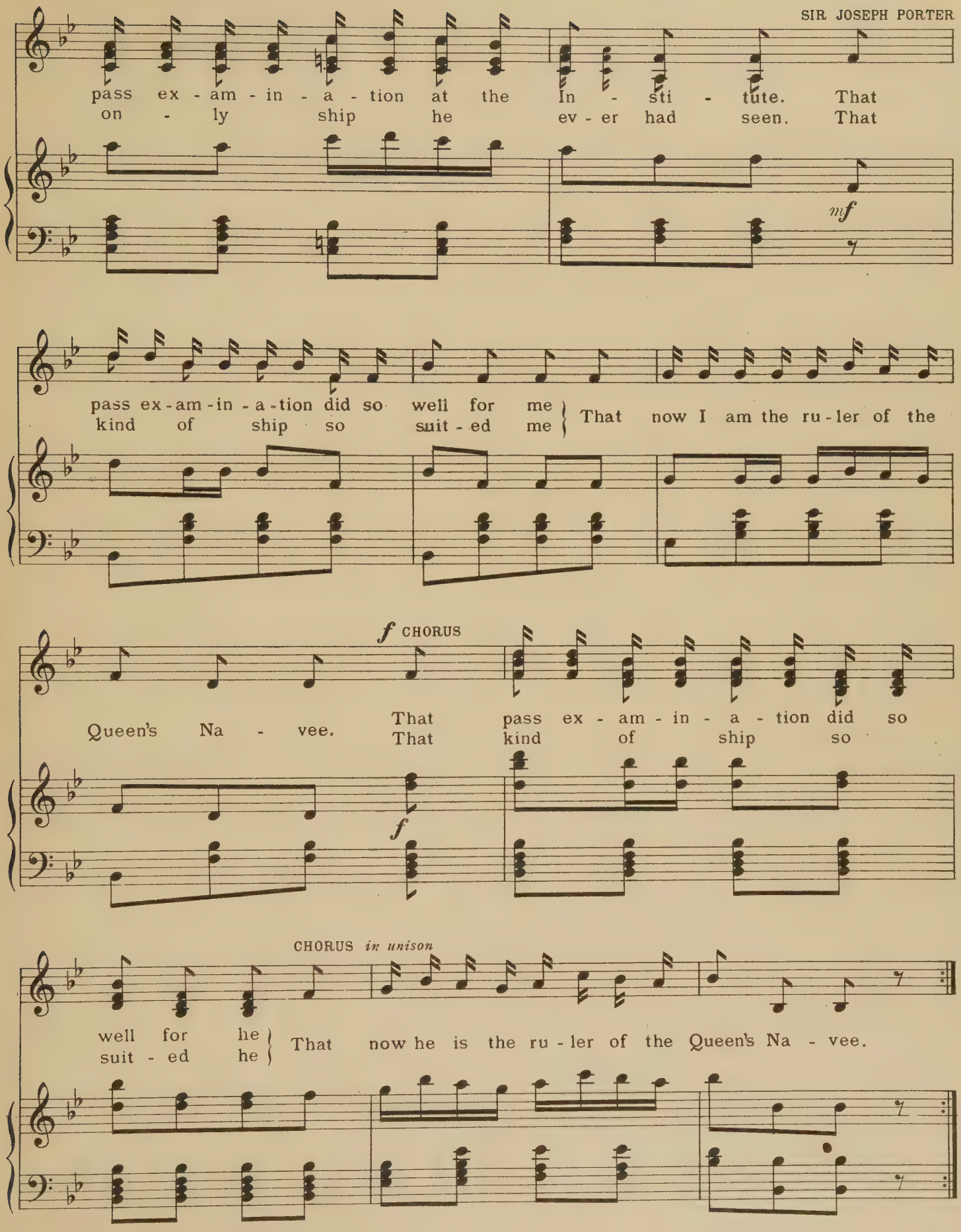
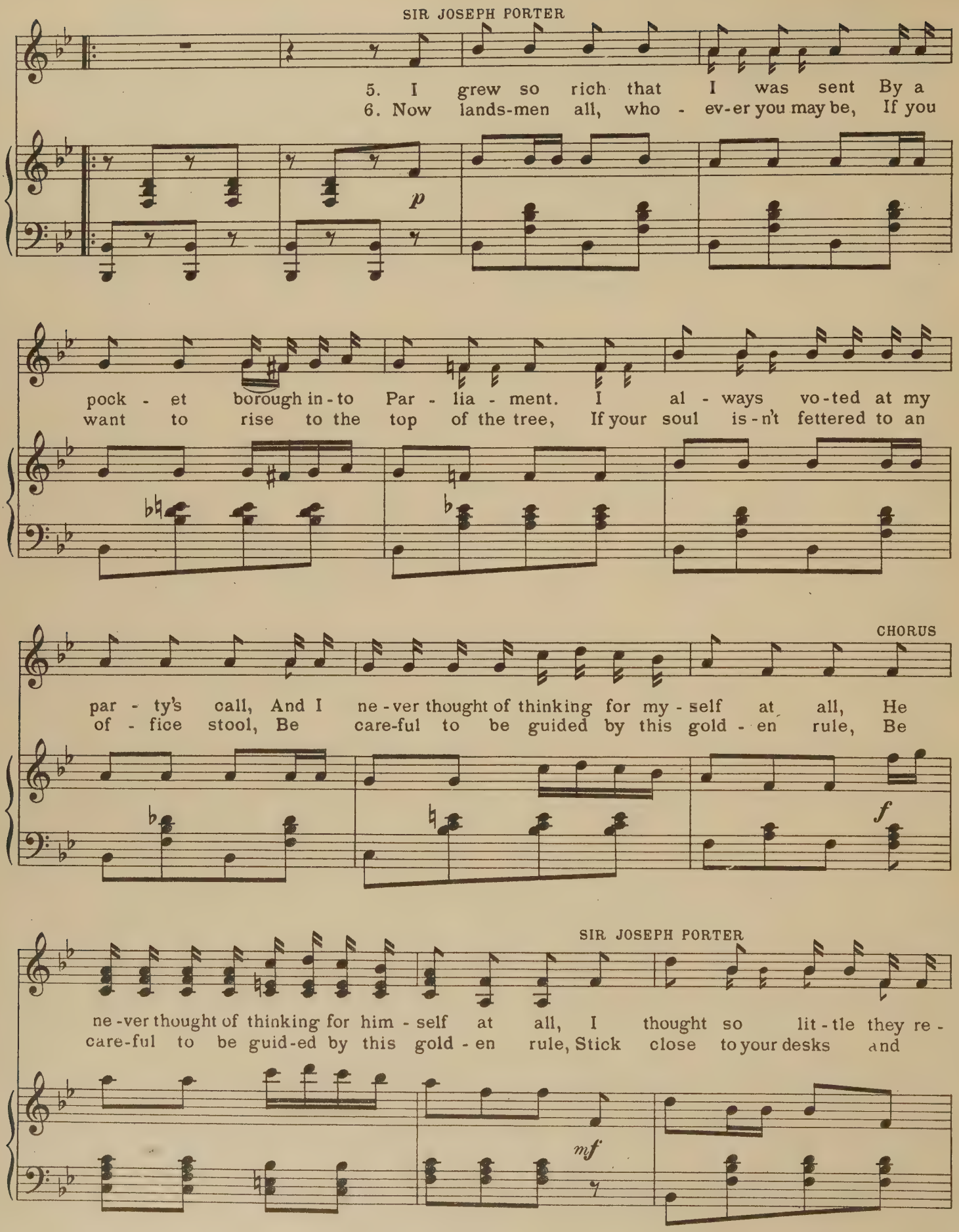
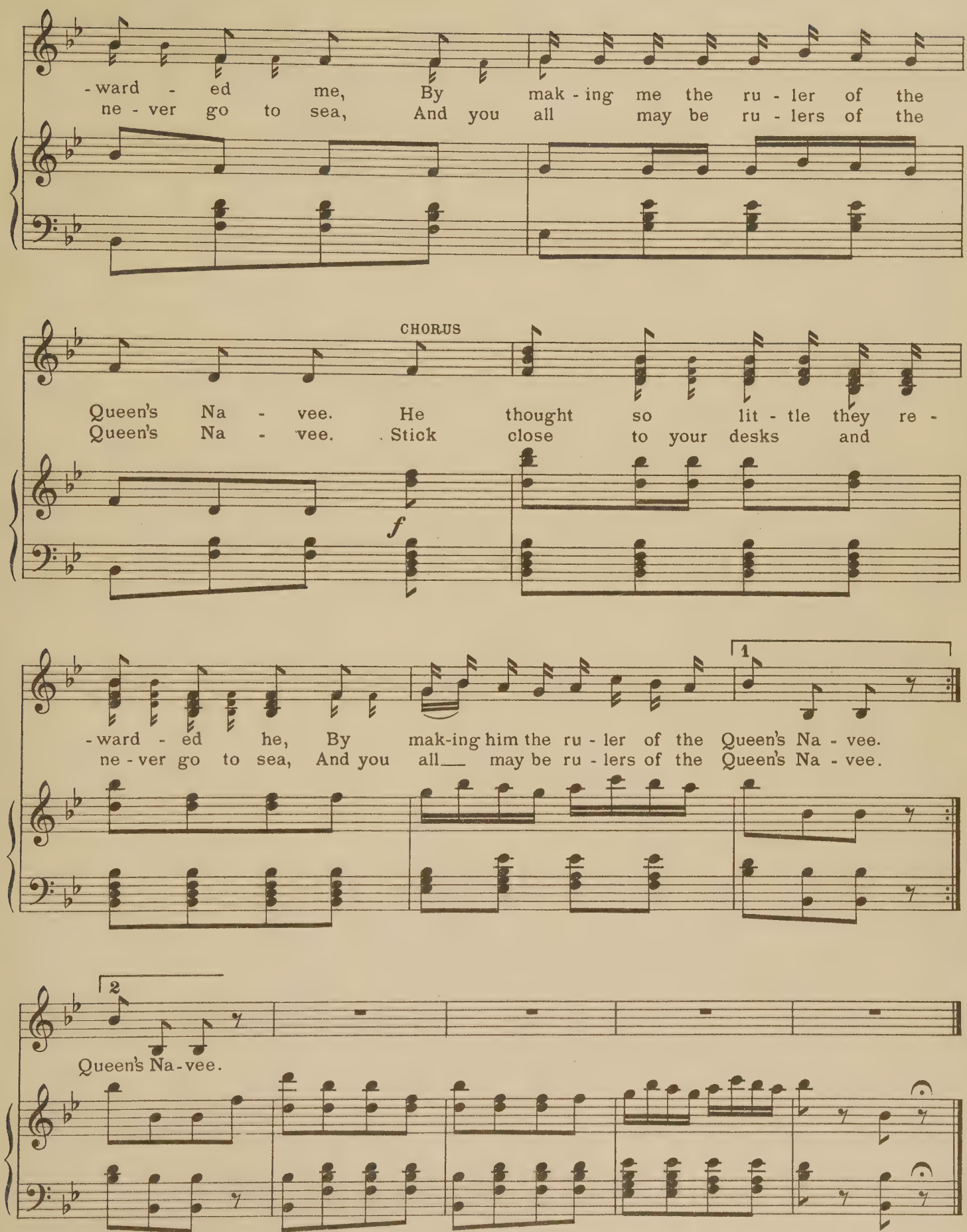

CHORUS
po-lish'd up the han-dle of the big front door. He po-lish'd up the han-dle of the
co-pied all the let-ters in a big round hand. He copied all the let-ters in a
f
SIR JOSEPH PORTER
big front door. I po-lish'd up that han-dle so care - ful - lee, That
big round hand. I co-pied all the let-ters in a hand so free, And
mf
CHORUS
now I am the ru-ler of the Queen's Na - vee. He po-lish'd up that han-dle so
now I am the ru-ler of the Queen's Na - vee. He co-pied all the let-ters in a
f
CHORUS in unison
care - ful - lee That
hand so free And
now he is the ru-ler of the Queen's Na - vee.


SIR JOSEPH PORTER
3. In serv - ing writs I made such a name, That an ar - ti - cled clerk I soon be - came; I wore clean collars and a bran' new suit For the pass ex - am - in - a - tion at the In - sti - tute, For the
4. Of le - gal knowledge I ac - -quired such a grip, That they took me in - to the part - ner - ship, And that ju - nior part - ner - ship I ween Was the on - ly ship that I ev - er had seen, Was the
CHORUS
f


SIR JOSEPH PORTER
pass ex - am - in - a - tion at the In - sti - tute. That
on - ly ship he ev - er had seen. That
mf
pass ex - am - in - a - tion did so well for me
kind of ship so suit - ed me
That now I am the ru - ler of the
f CHORUS
Queen's Na - vee.
That pass ex - am - in - a - tion did so
That kind of ship so
f
CHORUS in unison
well for he
suit - ed he
That now he is the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.

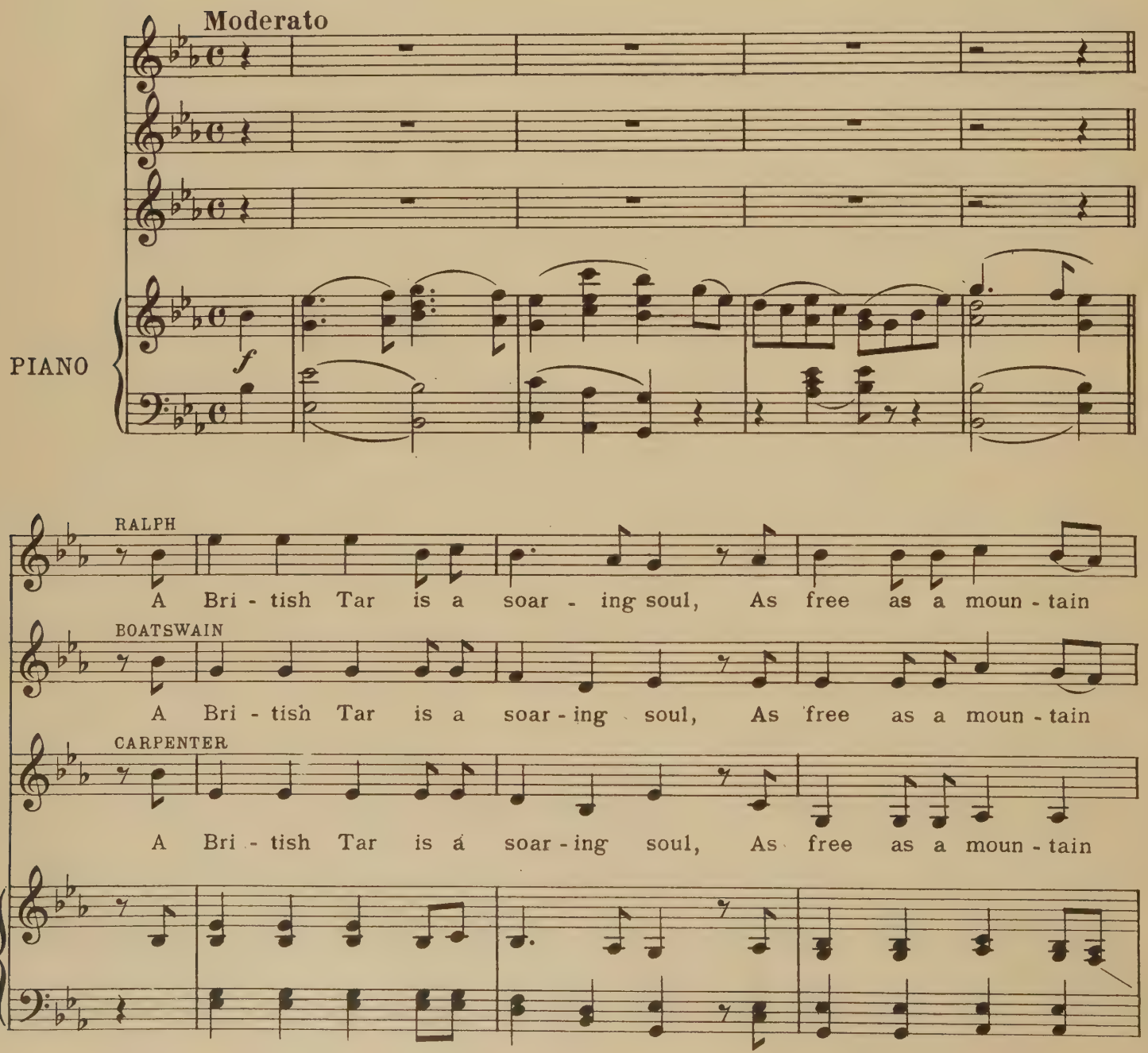

SIR JOSEPH PORTER
5. I grew so rich that I was sent By a
6. Now lands-men all, who - ev-er you may be, If you
p
pock - et borough in - to Par - lia - ment. I al - ways vo - ted at my
want to rise to the top of the tree, If your soul is - n't fettered to an
CHORUS
par - ty's call, And I ne - ver thought of thinking for my - self at all, He
of - fice stool, Be care-ful to be guided by this gold - en rule, Be
f
SIR JOSEPH PORTER
ne - ver thought of thinking for him - self at all, I thought so lit - tle they re -
care-ful to be guid-ed by this gold - en rule, Stick close to your desks and
mf


-ward - ed me, By mak - ing me the ru - ler of the
ne - ver go to sea, And you all may be ru - lers of the
CHORUS
Queen's Na - vee. He thought so lit - tle they re -
Queen's Na - vee. Stick close to your desks and
f
-ward - ed he, By mak-ing him the ru - ler of the Queen's Na - vee.
ne - ver go to sea, And you all___ may be ru - lers of the Queen's Na - vee.
1
2
Queen's Na-vee.

Sir Joseph is much taken with Ralph Rackstraw, and presents him with the MS. of a song he has composed for use in the Royal Navy. The song is "designed to encourage independence of thought and action in the lower branches of the service, and to teach the principle that a British sailor is any man's equal". When a little later, Ralph, much encouraged by the clause about equality, decides to declare himself to Josephine and is promptly discouraged by Dick Deadeye, the Boatswain proposes that they sing Sir Joseph's song in the hope that it will bring Deadeye to a proper state of mind.

A BRITISH TAR

Sung by RALPH, BOATSWAIN'S MATE and CARPENTER'S MATE with Chorus


Moderato
PIANO
f
RALPH
A Bri - tish Tar is a soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain
BOATSWAIN
A Bri - tish Tar is a soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain
CARPENTER
A Bri - tish Tar is a soar - ing soul, As free as a moun - tain

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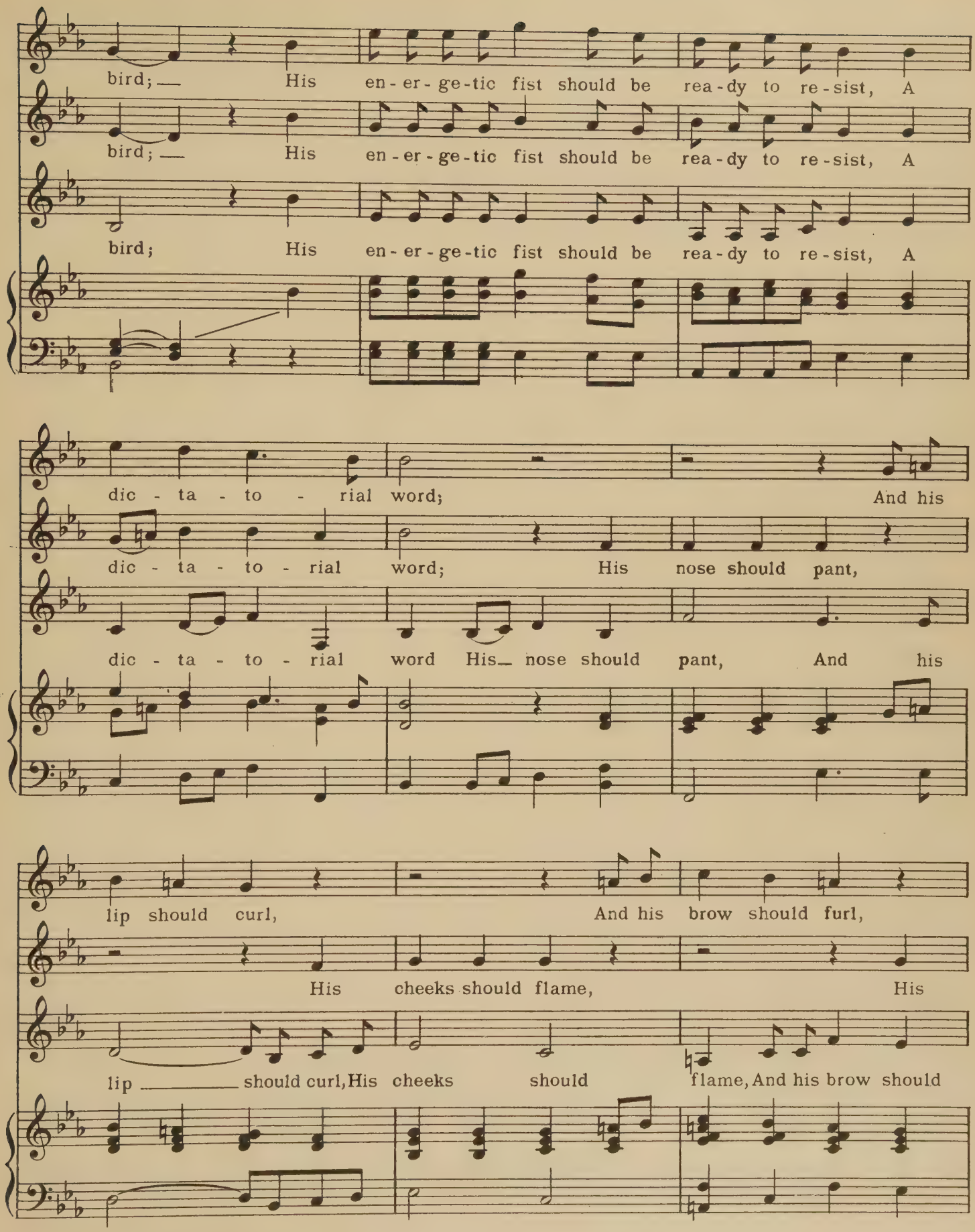
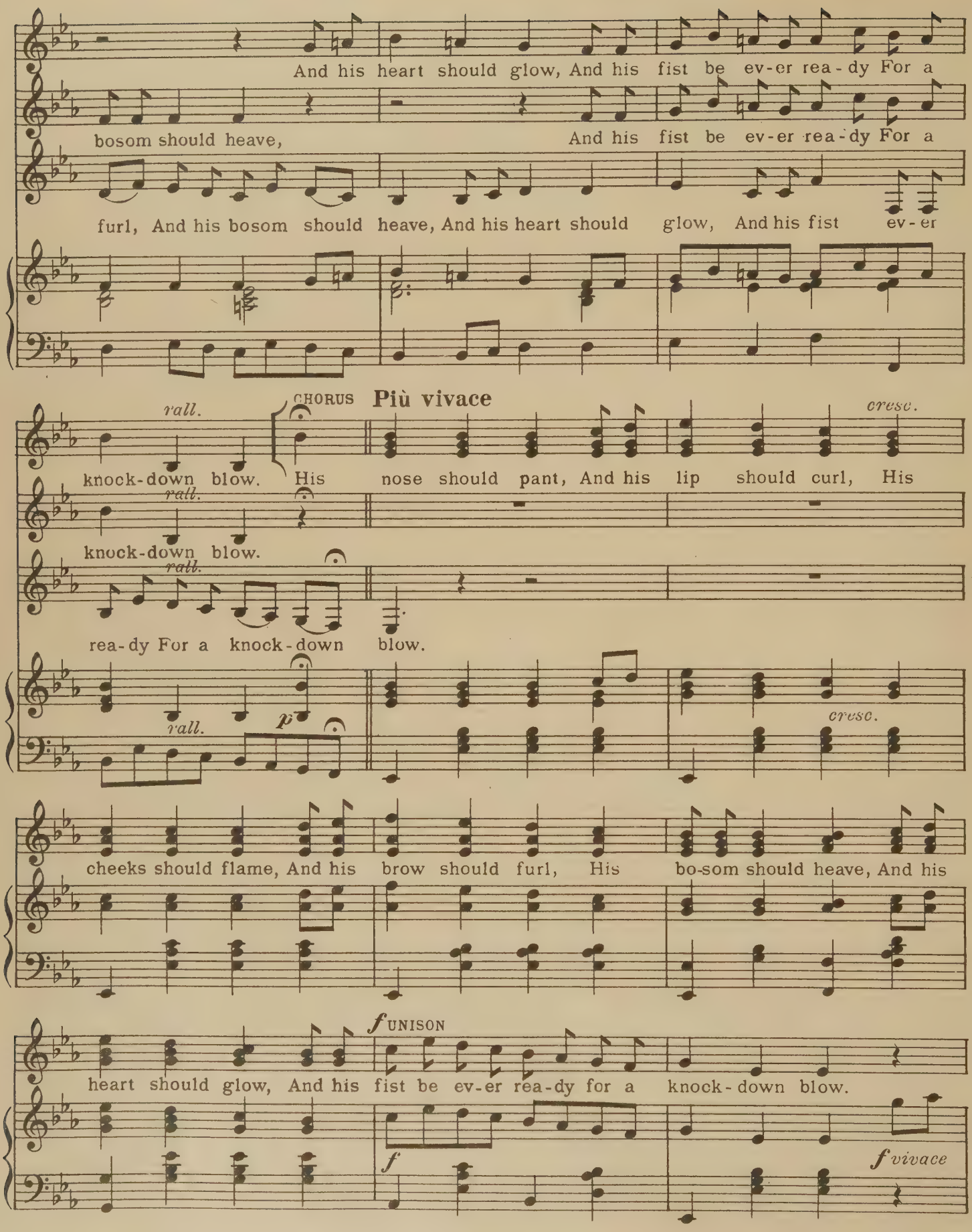
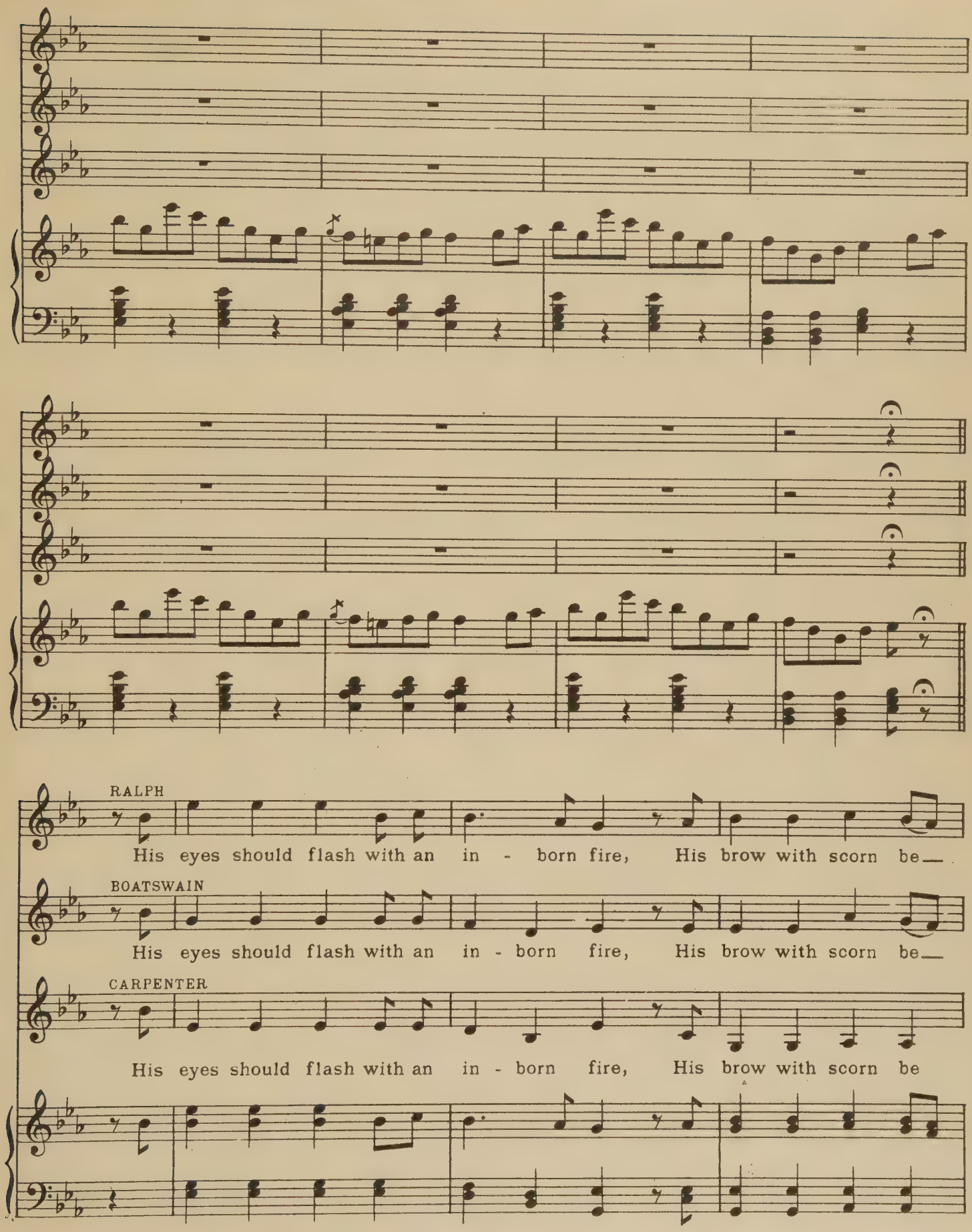
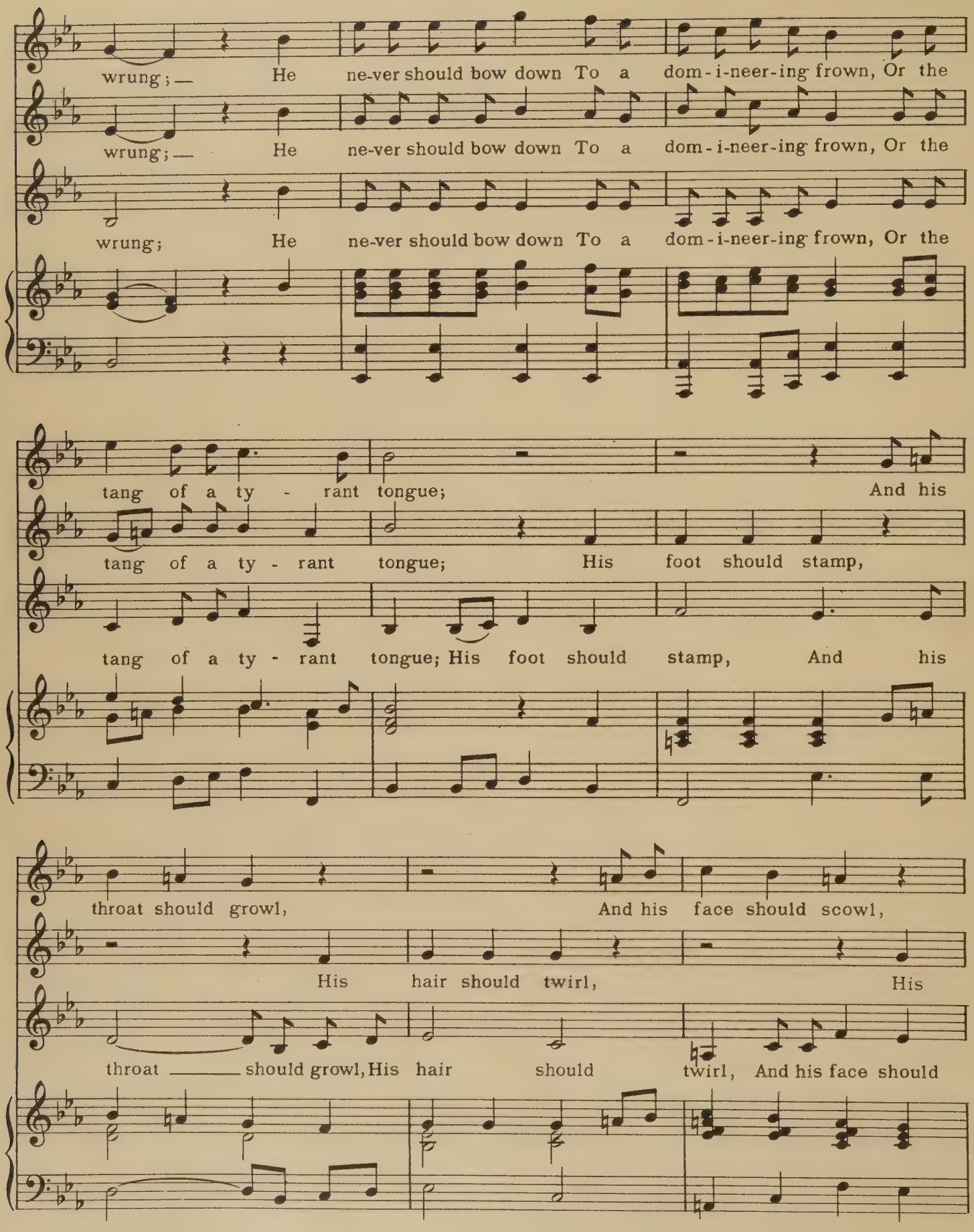
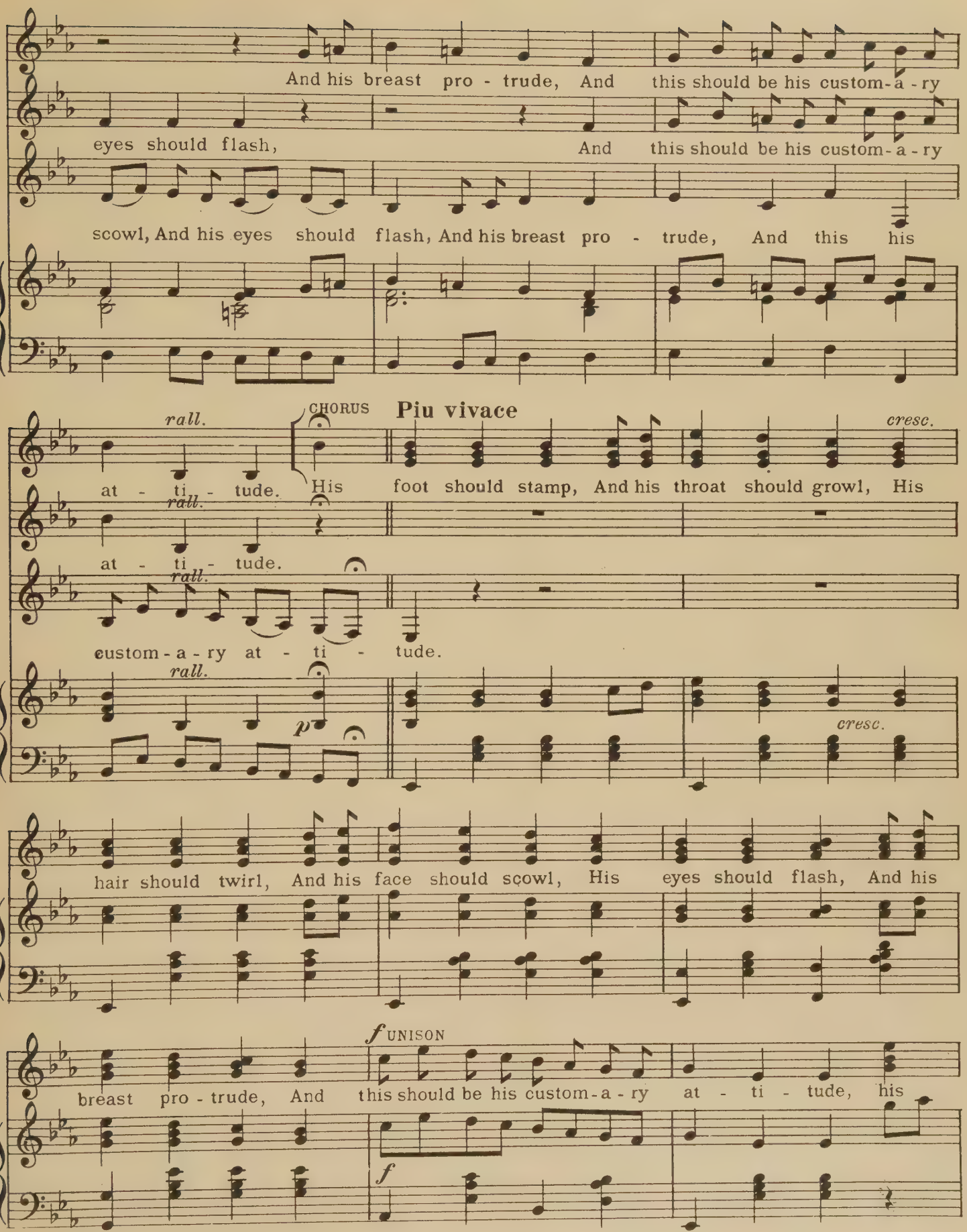
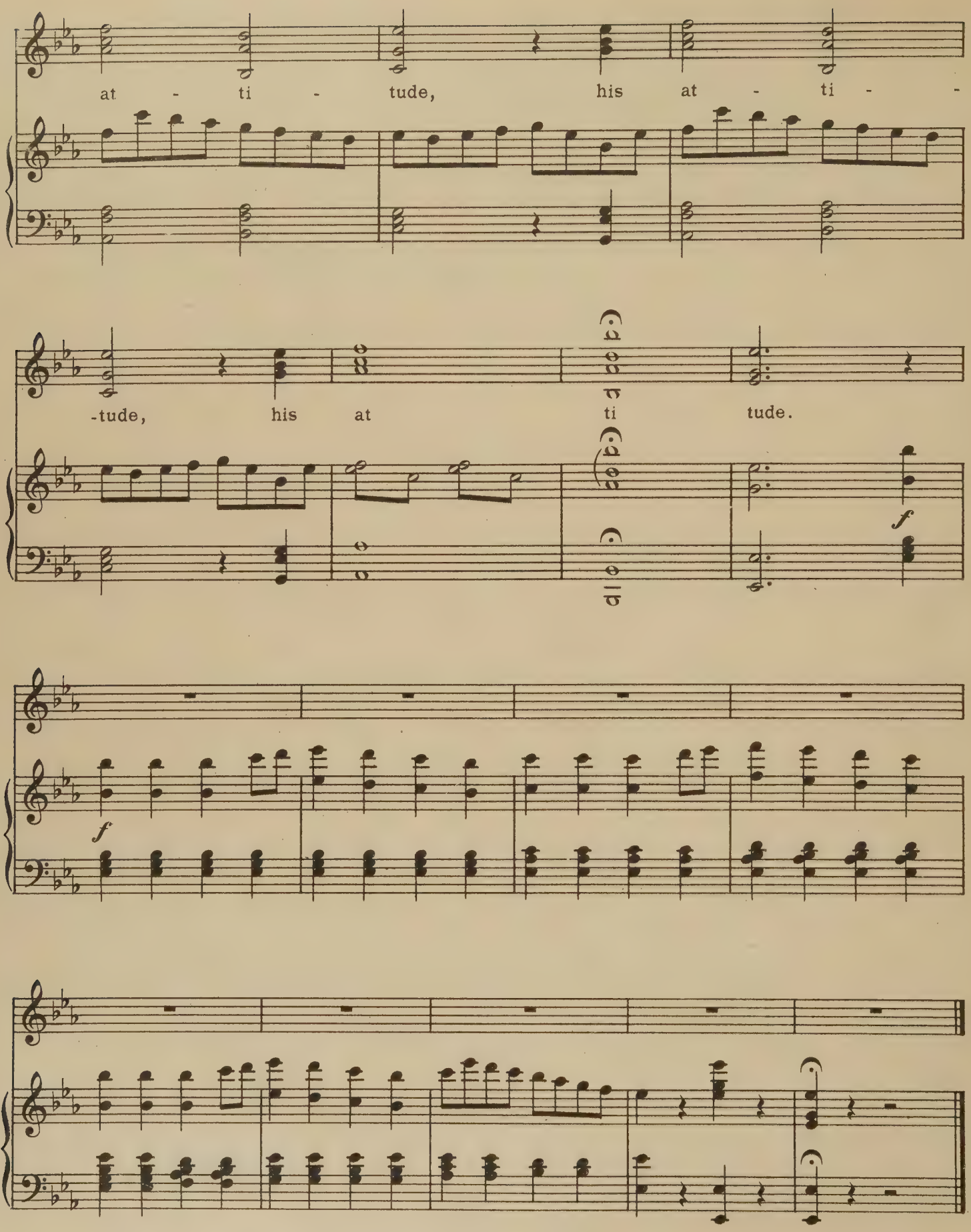

bird; His en-er-ge-tic fist should be rea-dy to re-sist, A
bird; His en-er-ge-tic fist should be rea-dy to re-sist, A
bird; His en-er-ge-tic fist should be rea-dy to re-sist, A
dic-ta-to-rial word; And his
dic-ta-to-rial word; His nose should pant,
dic-ta-to-rial word His nose should pant, And his
lip should curl, And his brow should furl,
His cheeks should flame, His
lip should curl, His cheeks should flame, And his brow should


And his heart should glow, And his fist be ev-er rea-dy For a
bosom should heave, And his fist be ev-er rea-dy For a
furl, And his bosom should heave, And his heart should glow, And his fist ev-er
rall.
CHORUS
Più vivace
cresc.
knock-down blow. His nose should pant, And his lip should curl, His
rall.
knock-down blow.
rall.
rea-dy For a knock-down blow.
rall.
p
cresc.
cheeks should flame, And his brow should furl, His bo-som should heave, And his
f UNISON
heart should glow, And his fist be ev-er rea-dy for a knock-down blow.
f
f vivace


RALPH
His eyes should flash with an in - born fire, His brow with scorn be—
BOATSWAIN
His eyes should flash with an in - born fire, His brow with scorn be—
CARPENTER
His eyes should flash with an in - born fire, His brow with scorn be


wrung; — He ne-ver should bow down To a dom-i-neer-ing frown, Or the
wrung; — He ne-ver should bow down To a dom-i-neer-ing frown, Or the
wrung; He ne-ver should bow down To a dom-i-neer-ing frown, Or the
tang of a ty - rant tongue; And his
tang of a ty - rant tongue; His foot should stamp,
tang of a ty - rant tongue; His foot should stamp, And his
throat should growl, And his face should scowl,
His hair should twirl, His
throat ____ should growl, His hair should twirl, And his face should


And his breast pro - trude, And this should be his custom-a - ry
eyes should flash, And this should be his custom-a - ry
scowl, And his eyes should flash, And his breast pro - trude, And this his
rall.
CHORUS
Piu vivace
cresc.
at - ti - tude. His foot should stamp, And his throat should growl, His
rall.
at - ti - tude.
rall.
custom-a - ry at - ti - tude.
rall.
p
cresc.
hair should twirl, And his face should scowl, His eyes should flash, And his
f UNISON
breast pro - trude, And this should be his custom-a - ry at - ti - tude, his
f



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H.M.S. PINAFORE;

OR,

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR: ACT II

NIGHT has fallen and Pinafore is still at her anchorage off Portsmouth. A full moon sails overhead and sheds a silvery light on the quarter-deck.

Captain Corcoran, for whom the day has held nought but worry, is singing to himself, all unconscious that Buttercup, who should have gone ashore at dusk, is a solitary listener. Suddenly he discovers her presence.

Buttercup has a warm regard for the Captain and in the conversation that they have together, it becomes apparent that this regard would be reciprocated but for the difference in their stations. The bum-boat woman, however, knowing more about the Captain's antecedents than he does himself is content to bide her time, and, before she takes her leave, foretells that there is a change in store for him.

Whilst Corcoran is still wondering what Buttercup's warning can mean, Sir Joseph Porter joins him and announces brusquely that he has found Josephine disappointing—that, in fact, she won't do. The Captain counsels a little more patience with the child and reminds the First Lord that, in all probability, she is dazzled by his rank. He advises Sir Joseph to reason with her and, above all, to assure her that, officially, love levels all ranks.

Sir Joseph agrees that there may be something in what the Captain says and when, presently, they encounter Josephine, he pleads his cause once more. With all the eloquence at his command he assures the girl "that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet." Josephine receives this pronouncement with unrestrained satisfaction. When she retires, the guileless pair congratulate each other on the happy outcome of all their plottings, and presently Sir Joseph takes his leave well pleased with the night's work.

RALPH RACKSTRAW. She is the figurehead of my ship of life—the bright beacon that guides me into my port of happiness.

Hardly has he gone than Dick Deadeye accosts the Captain and gives him warning, the simple Captain that he is, of the projected elopment of his daughter with Ralph Rackstraw. The Captain is furious and, producing a cat-o'-nine-tails which he happens to have had handy, makes no secret of what he will do to Rackstraw in the morning. He thanks Dick for his loyalty and, disguising himself with his cloak, awaits the coming of the bridal party.

He does not have long to wait. Presently Ralph, the Boatswain and the crew come stealthily on deck and meet Josephine, attended by Buttercup. Corcoran permits the party to assemble but soon throws off his disguise and demands an explanation, expressing surprise at the presence of his daughter in such company. Ralph replies with some heat and frankly admits that he has dared to love Josephine and that, after all, he is an Englishman, a plea heartily supported by the Boatswain and the others who remind the Captain that Ralph "might have been a Roosian, a French, or Turk or Proosian."

Such arguments carry little weight with Captain Corcoran however, and that gallant officer is so carried away that all unwitting of the approach of Sir Joseph and his female relatives, he finds relief in the use of "a big, big D—."

Sir Joseph, horrified by the Captain's lapse, orders him to his cabin and proceeds to enquire into the cause of the disturbance. He addresses himself to Ralph, and, having no suspicion that he and Ralph are rivals, encourages the fore-mast hand to tell his tale. When the truth is out the First Lord proves himself even more unsympathetic than the Captain and Ralph is condemned to the cells.

As he is led away, Little Buttercup, who all along has known more than she has cared to say, reveals the fact that at an earlier stage of her career she had practised baby-farming and on one occasion had had the misfortune to mix two babies up. One of the babes, Ralph, was of high degree, and the other was him they knew as Captain Corcoran. Actually, according to Buttercup, Ralph was the rightful Captain, and Corcoran the fore-mast hand.

Buttercup's confession, of course, changes everything. Ralph at once assumes the rank of Captain and Corcoran appears as a common sailor. As Josephine has now fallen considerably in the social scale, Sir Joseph, feeling that he can no longer consider her as a suitable bride, hands her over to Ralph and he himself is promptly captured by the faithful cousin Hebe.

Weddings are promised for the morrow and in the midst of the rejoicings Corcoran, who has all along shown affectionate leanings towards Buttercup, makes it certain that there will be "three loving pairs on the same day united."

H.M.S. "PINAFORE"

or

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

Written by
W. S. GILBERT

Composed by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

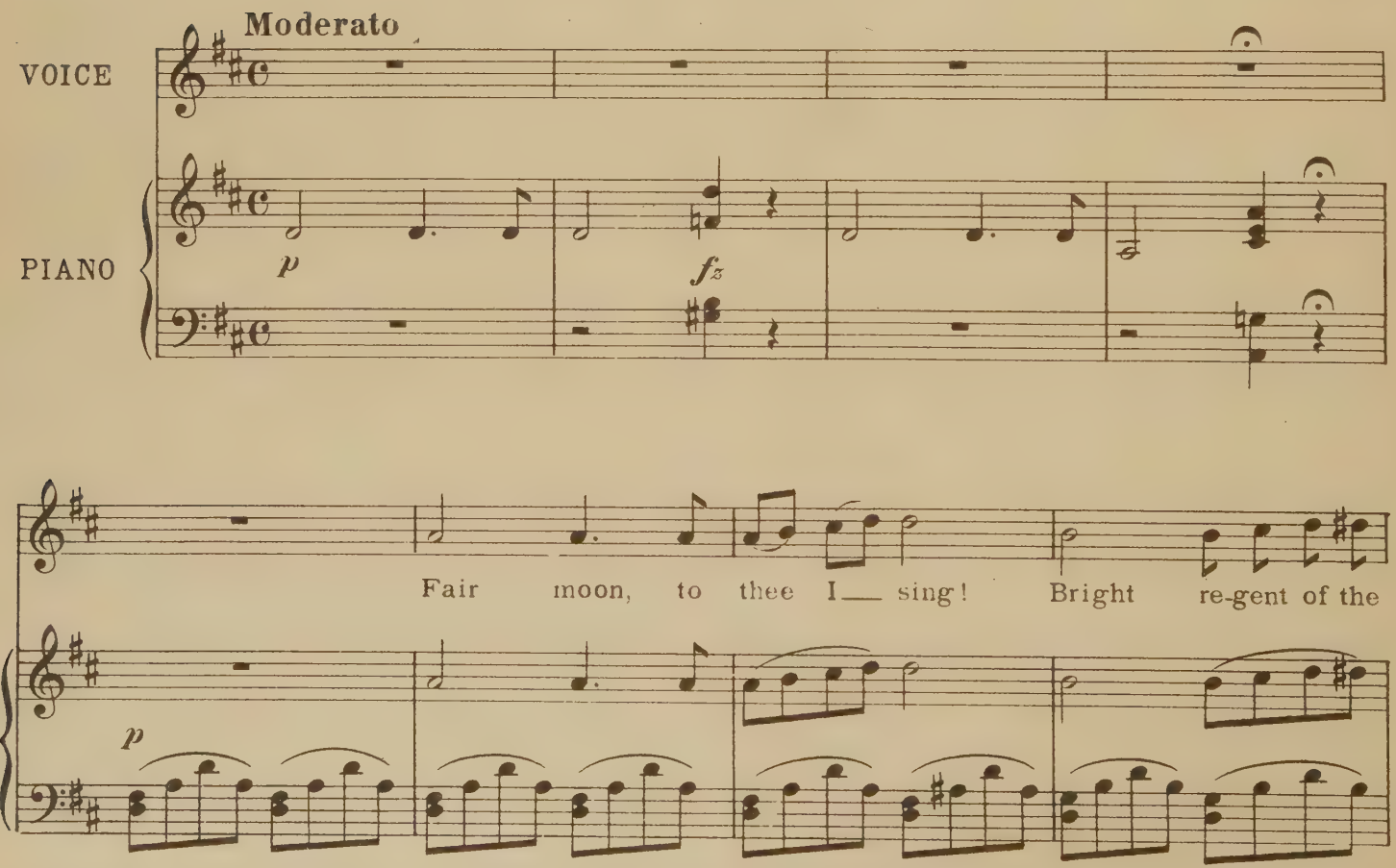
Act II

Scene:– *Quarter-deck of H.M.S. Pinafore*

Night has fallen and Captain Corcoran, worried by the events of the day has sought the peace of the quarter-deck. He believes himself to be alone, having failed to notice that Buttercup, who, of course, should have left the ship at dusk, is sitting but a few feet away and well within earshot. Taking up a guitar, the harassed officer sings to the moon of the troubles that beset him.

FAIR MOON, TO THEE I SING

Sung by CAPTAIN CORCORAN



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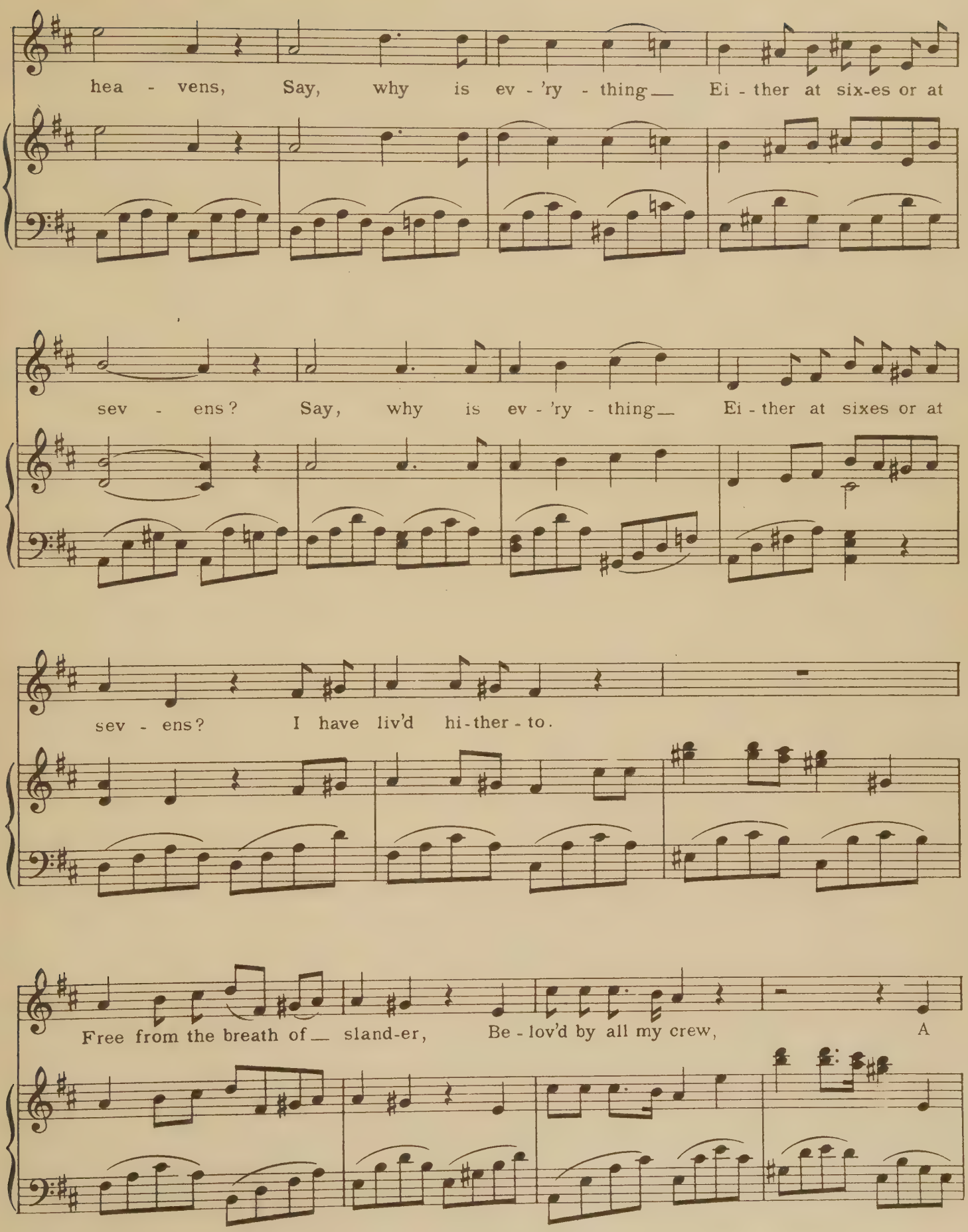
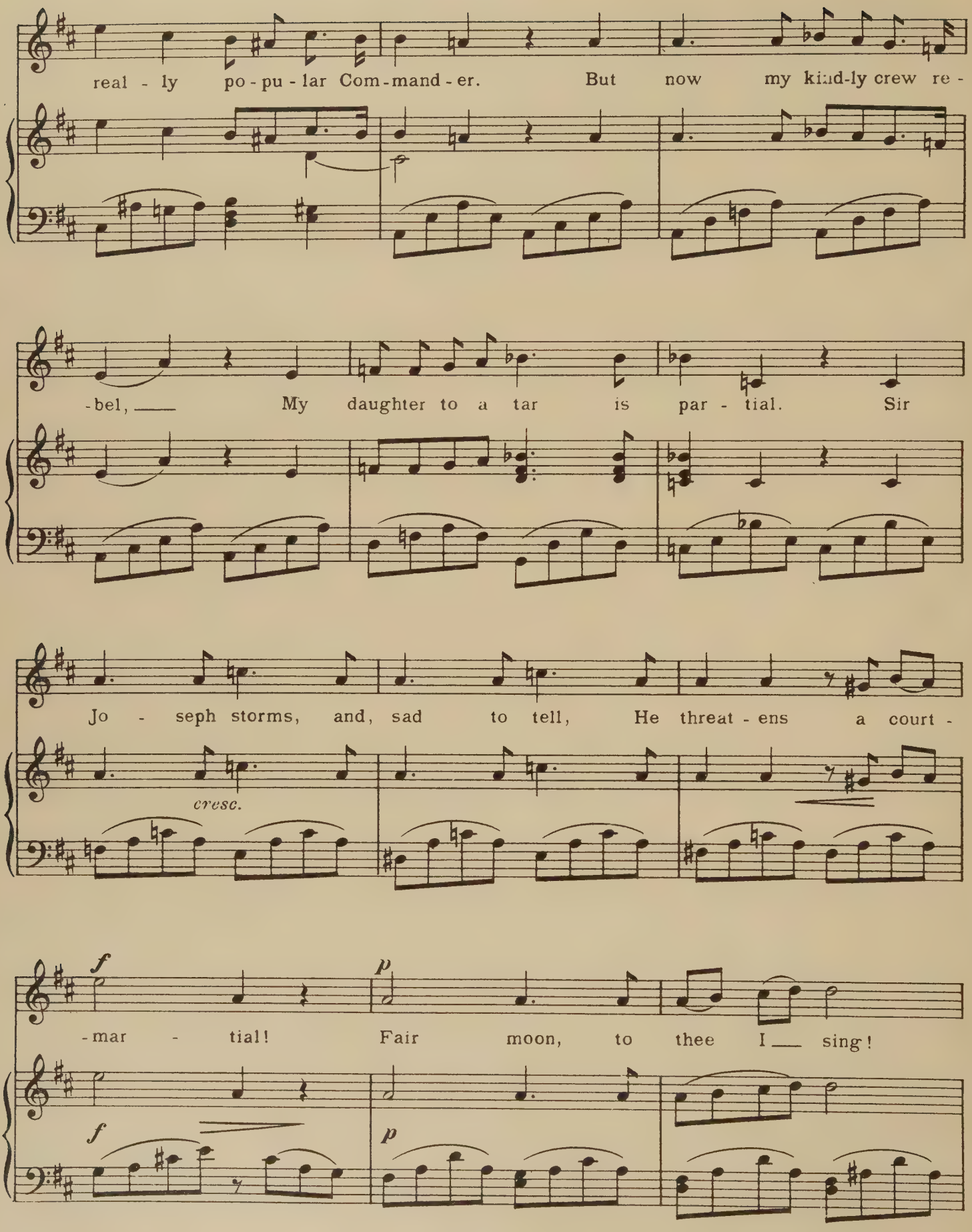
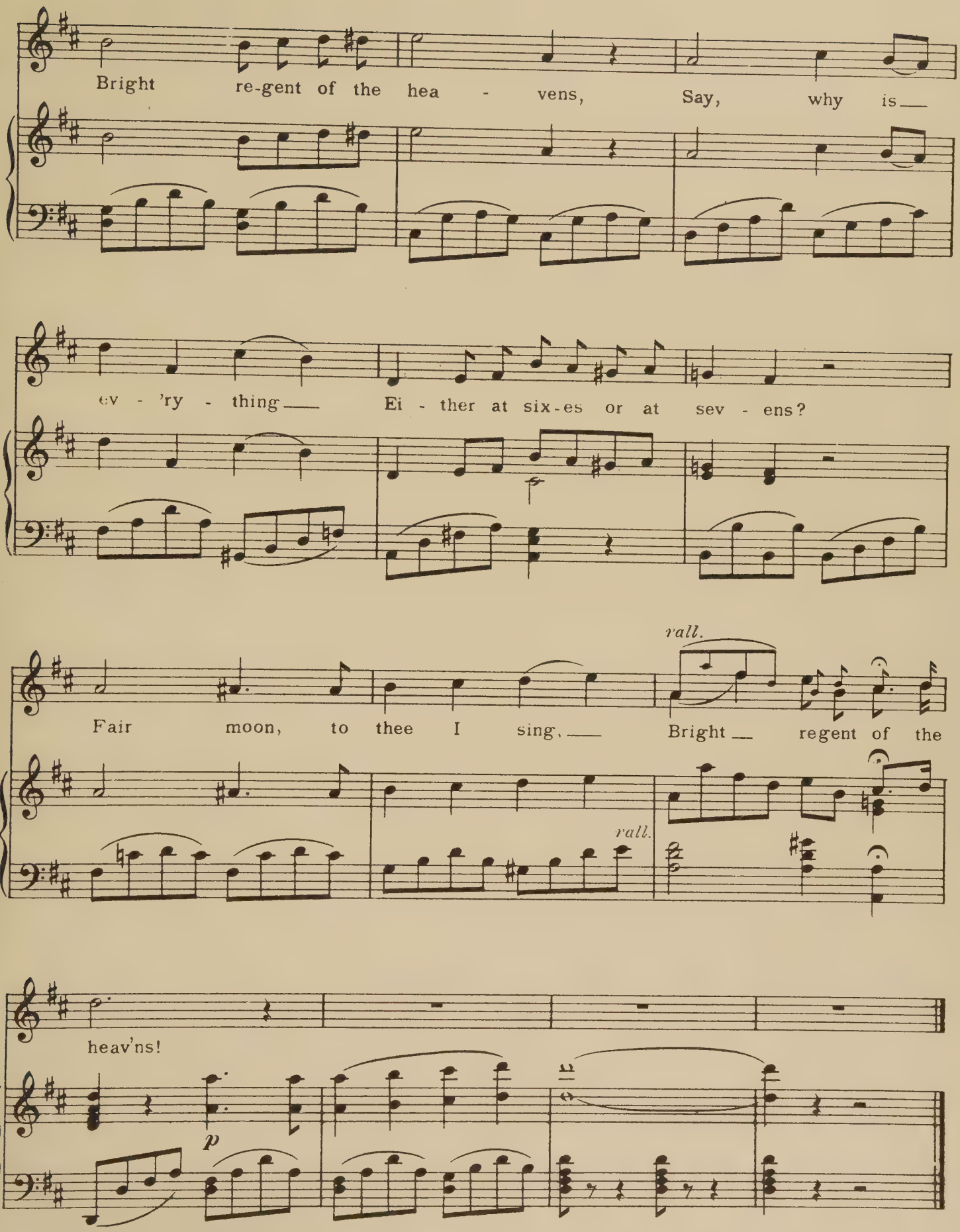

hea - vens, Say, why is ev - 'ry - thing— Ei - ther at six-es or at
sev - ens? Say, why is ev - 'ry - thing— Ei - ther at sixes or at
sev - ens? I have liv'd hi-ther - to.
Free from the breath of— sland-er, Be - lov'd by all my crew, A


real - ly po - pu - lar Com - mand - er. But now my kind-ly crew re -
-bel, My daughter to a tar is par - tial. Sir
Jo - seph storms, and, sad to tell, He threat - ens a court -
cresc.
f
-mar - tial! Fair moon, to thee I sing!
p
f
p


Bright re-gent of the hea - vens, Say, why is
ev - 'ry - thing Ei - ther at six-es or at sev - ens?
rall.
Fair moon, to thee I sing, Bright regent of the
rall.
heav'ns!
p

Sir Joseph Porter makes one final attempt to win the hand of Josephine. On the advice of the Captain, who has suggested that the girl may think herself too humble and altogether unworthy to mate with one of such exalted rank, Sir Joseph takes the line "that married happiness is *not* inconsistent with discrepancy in rank."

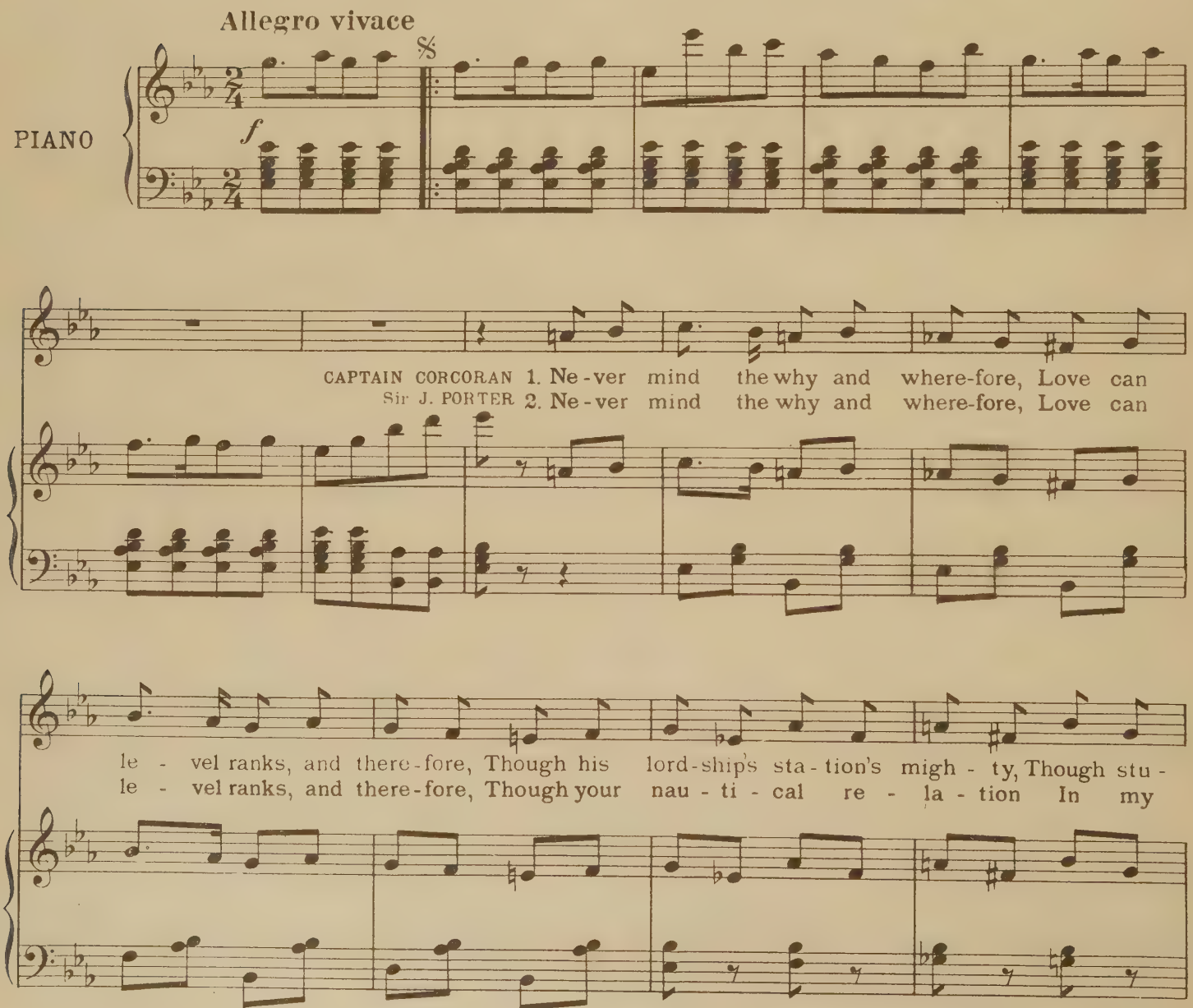
In view of Josephine's preoccupation with the discrepancy in rank which exists between herself and Ralph Rackstraw, Sir Joseph's argument is particularly unfortunate. Having no knowledge that any complications exist, the love-lorn First Lord makes matters worse with each successive utterance.

Sir Joseph. Madam, I desire to convey to you officially my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

Josephine. I thank you, Sir Joseph. I *did* hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. *(Aside)* He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause.

NEVER MIND THE WHY AND WHEREFORE

Sung by JOSEPHINE, CAPTAIN CORCORAN, and SIR JOSEPH PORTER


Allegro vivace
PIANO
f
CAPTAIN CORCORAN 1. Ne-ver mind the why and where-fore, Love can
Sir J. PORTER 2. Ne-ver mind the why and where-fore, Love can
le - vel ranks, and there-fore, Though his lord-ship's sta-tion's migh - ty, Though stu -
le - vel ranks, and there-fore, Though your nau - ti - cal re - la - tion In my

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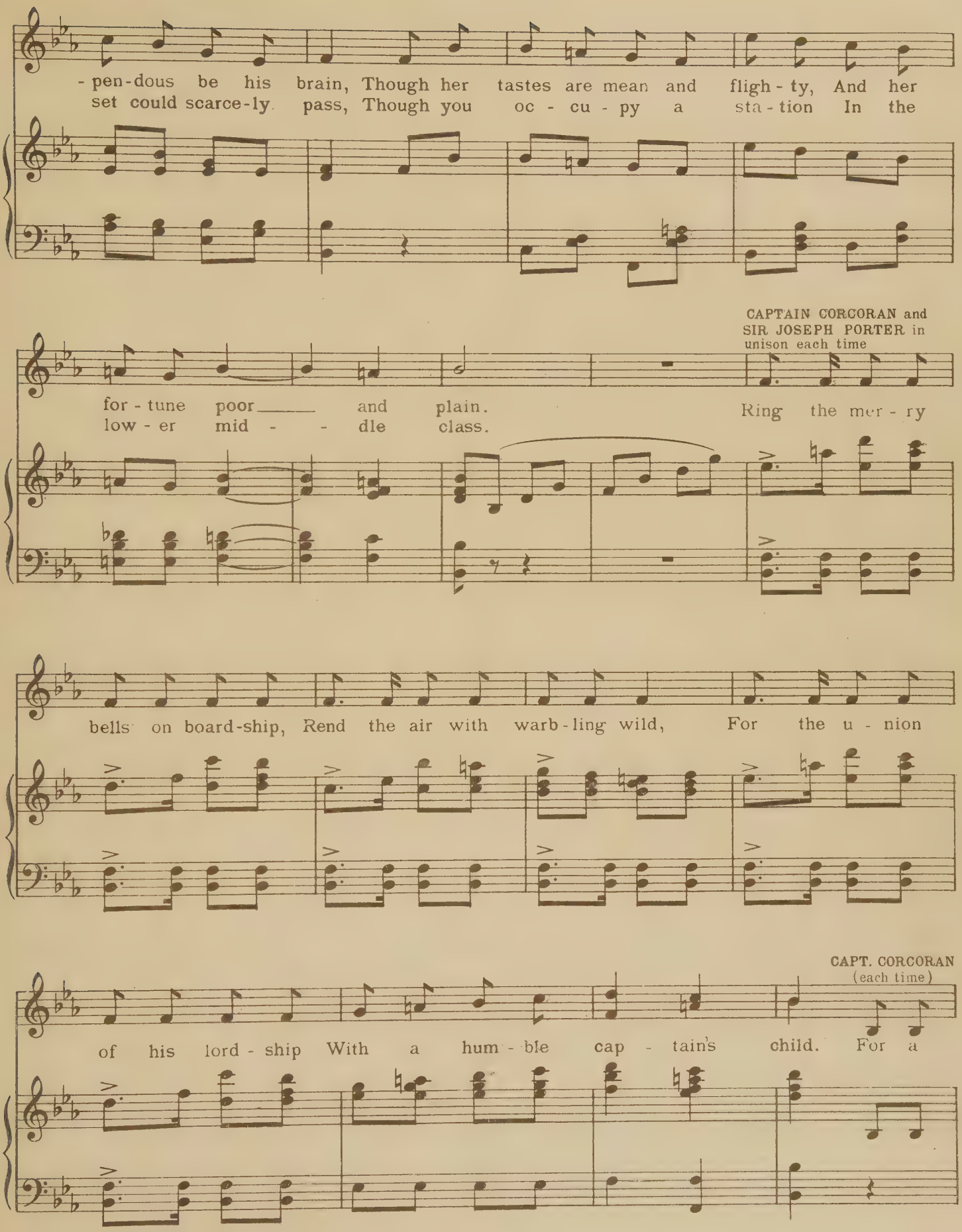
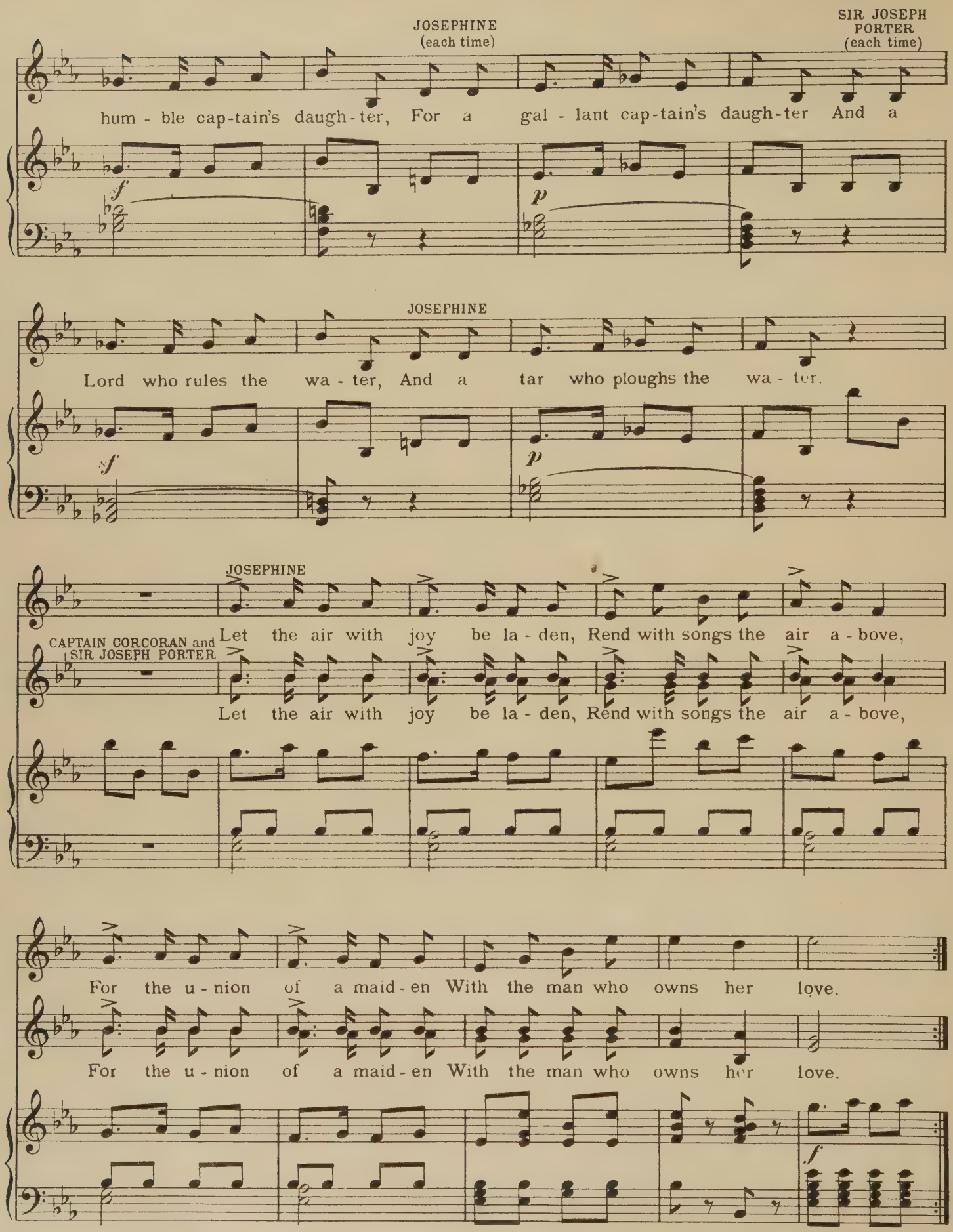
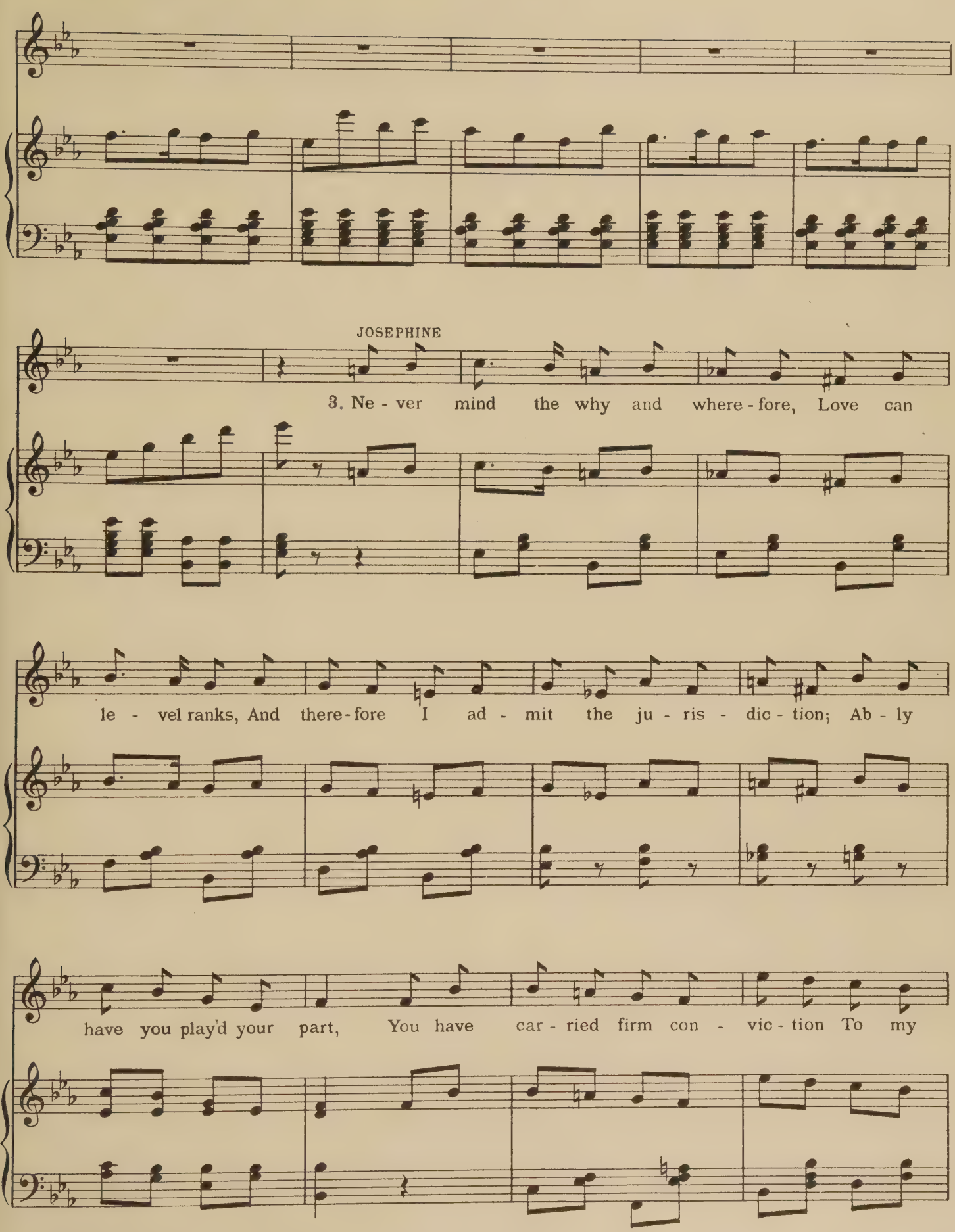
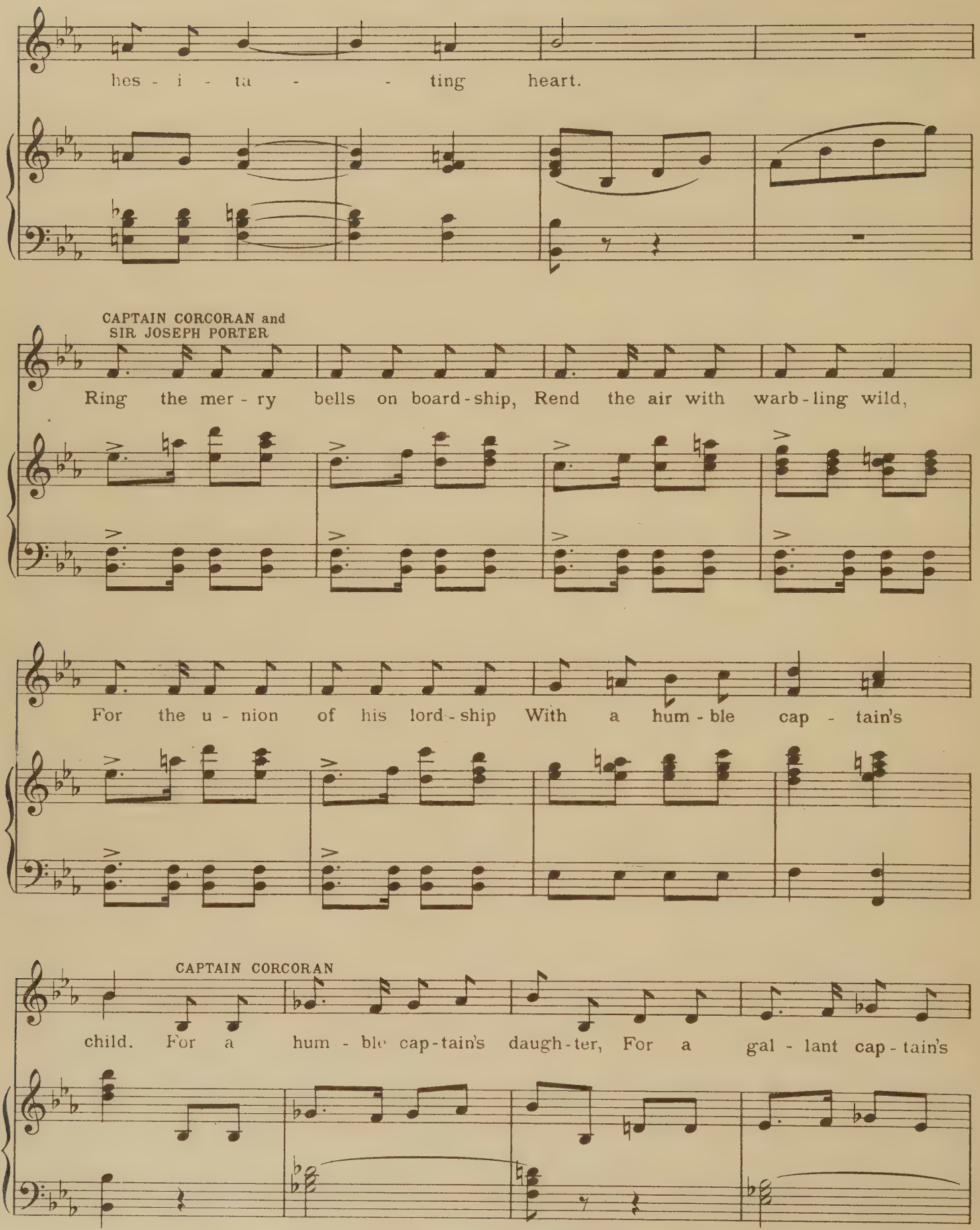
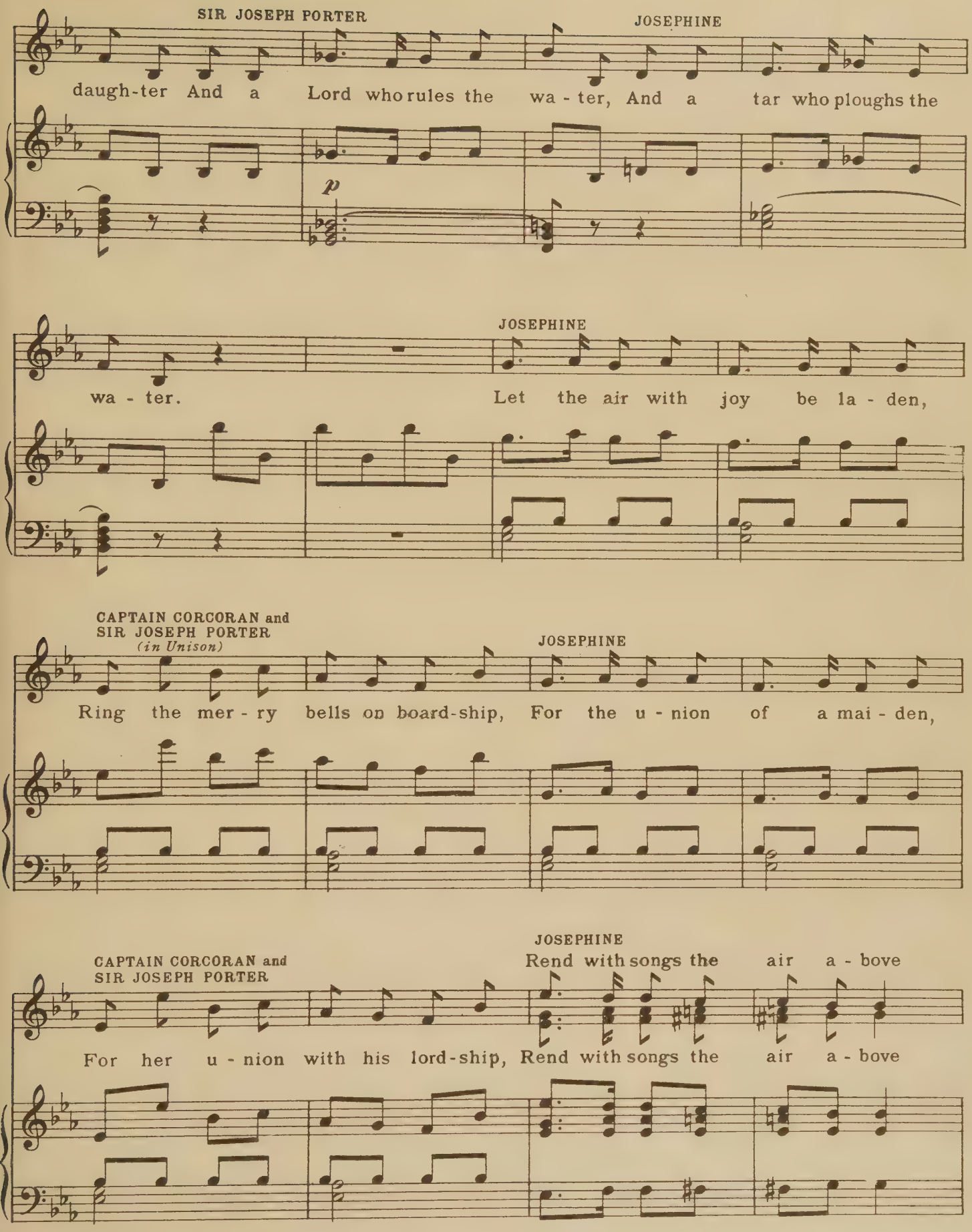
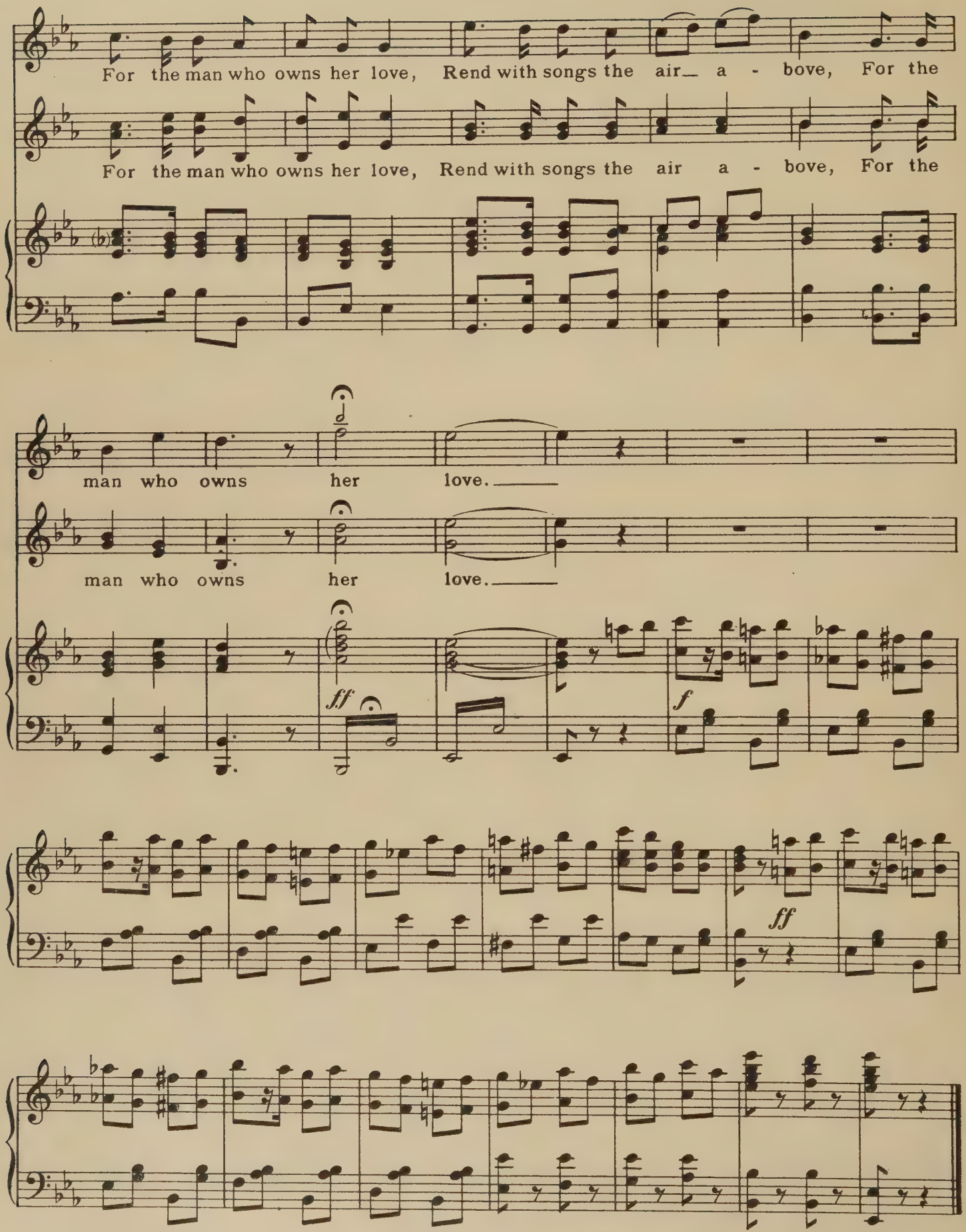

- pen-dous be his brain, Though her tastes are mean and fligh - ty, And her
set could scarce-ly pass, Though you oc - cu - py a sta - tion In the
CAPTAIN CORCORAN and
SIR JOSEPH PORTER in
unison each time
for - tune poor and plain. Ring the mer - ry
low - er mid - - dle class.
bells on board-ship, Rend the air with warb - ling wild, For the u - nion
CAPT. CORCORAN
(each time)
of his lord - ship With a hum - ble cap - tain's child. For a


JOSEPHINE
(each time)
SIR JOSEPH
PORTER
(each time)
hum - ble cap-tain's daugh-ter, For a gal - lant cap-tain's daugh-ter And a
JOSEPHINE
Lord who rules the wa - ter, And a tar who ploughs the wa - ter.
JOSEPHINE
Let the air with joy be la - den, Rend with songs the air a - bove,
CAPTAIN CORCORAN and
SIR JOSEPH PORTER
Let the air with joy be la - den, Rend with songs the air a - bove,
For the u - nion of a maid - en With the man who owns her love.
For the u - nion of a maid - en With the man who owns her love.


JOSEPHINE
3. Ne - ver mind the why and where - fore, Love can
le - vel ranks, And there - fore I ad - mit the ju - ris - dic - tion; Ab - ly
have you play'd your part, You have car - ried firm con - vic - tion To my


hes - i - ta - - ting heart.
CAPTAIN CORCORAN and SIR JOSEPH PORTER
Ring the mer - ry bells on board - ship, Rend the air with warb - ling wild,
For the u - nion of his lord - ship With a hum - ble cap - tain's
CAPTAIN CORCORAN
child. For a hum - ble cap - tain's daugh - ter, For a gal - lant cap - tain's

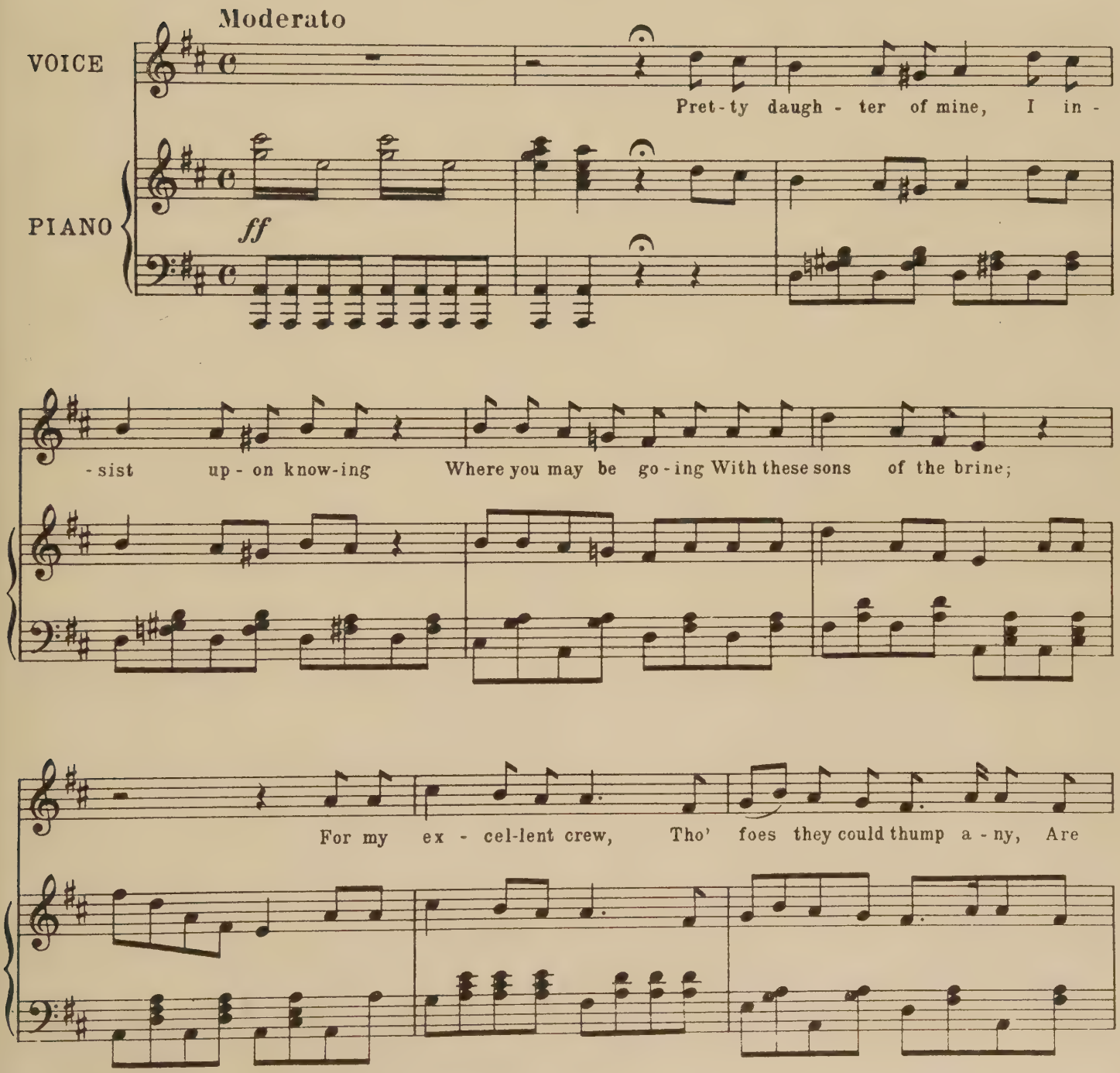

SIR JOSEPH PORTER
JOSEPHINE
daugh-ter And a Lord who rules the wa - ter, And a tar who ploughs the
p
JOSEPHINE
wa - ter. Let the air with joy be la - den,
CAPTAIN CORCORAN and
SIR JOSEPH PORTER
(in Unison)
JOSEPHINE
Ring the mer - ry bells on board-ship, For the u - nion of a mai - den,
JOSEPHINE
CAPTAIN CORCORAN and
SIR JOSEPH PORTER
Rend with songs the air a - bove
For her u - nion with his lord-ship, Rend with songs the air a - bove


For the man who owns her love, Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the
For the man who owns her love, Rend with songs the air a - bove, For the
man who owns her love.
man who owns her love.
ff
f
ff

All is ready for the elopement of Josephine with Ralph. The wedding guests have assembled on deck and are about to set out for the shore. They move with stealth, but fail to notice the figure of Captain Corcoran who, his features hidden by his cloak, has been watching the proceedings. Suddenly he throws off the cloak and to the alarm of the company demands an explanation from his daughter.

HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN

Sung by CAPTAIN CORCORAN, JOSEPHINE, RALPH, BOATSWAIN with CHORUS


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
ff
Pret-ty daugh - ter of mine, I in -
-sist up - on know-ing Where you may be go-ing With these sons of the brine;
For my ex - cel-lent crew, Tho' foes they could thump a - ny, Are

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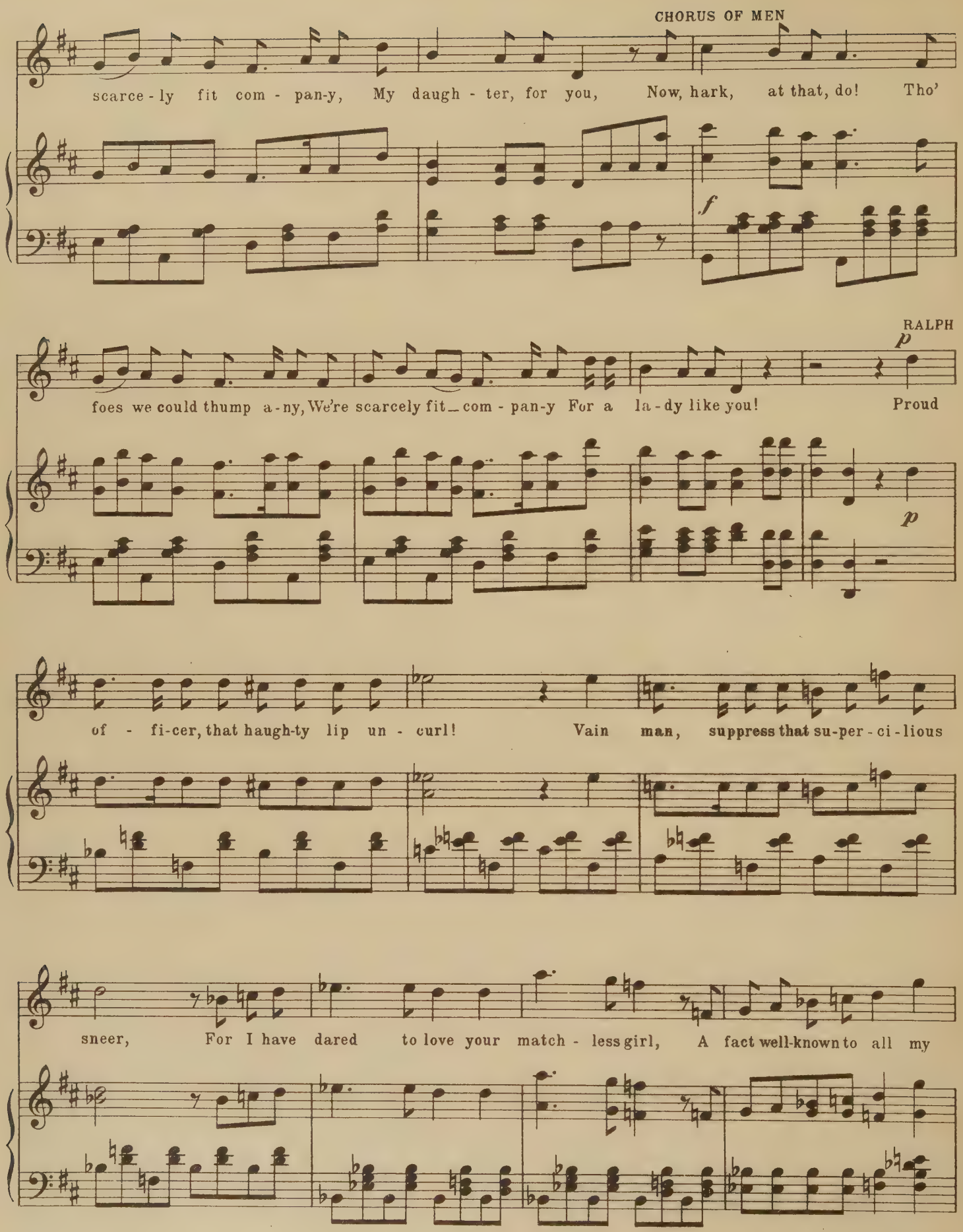
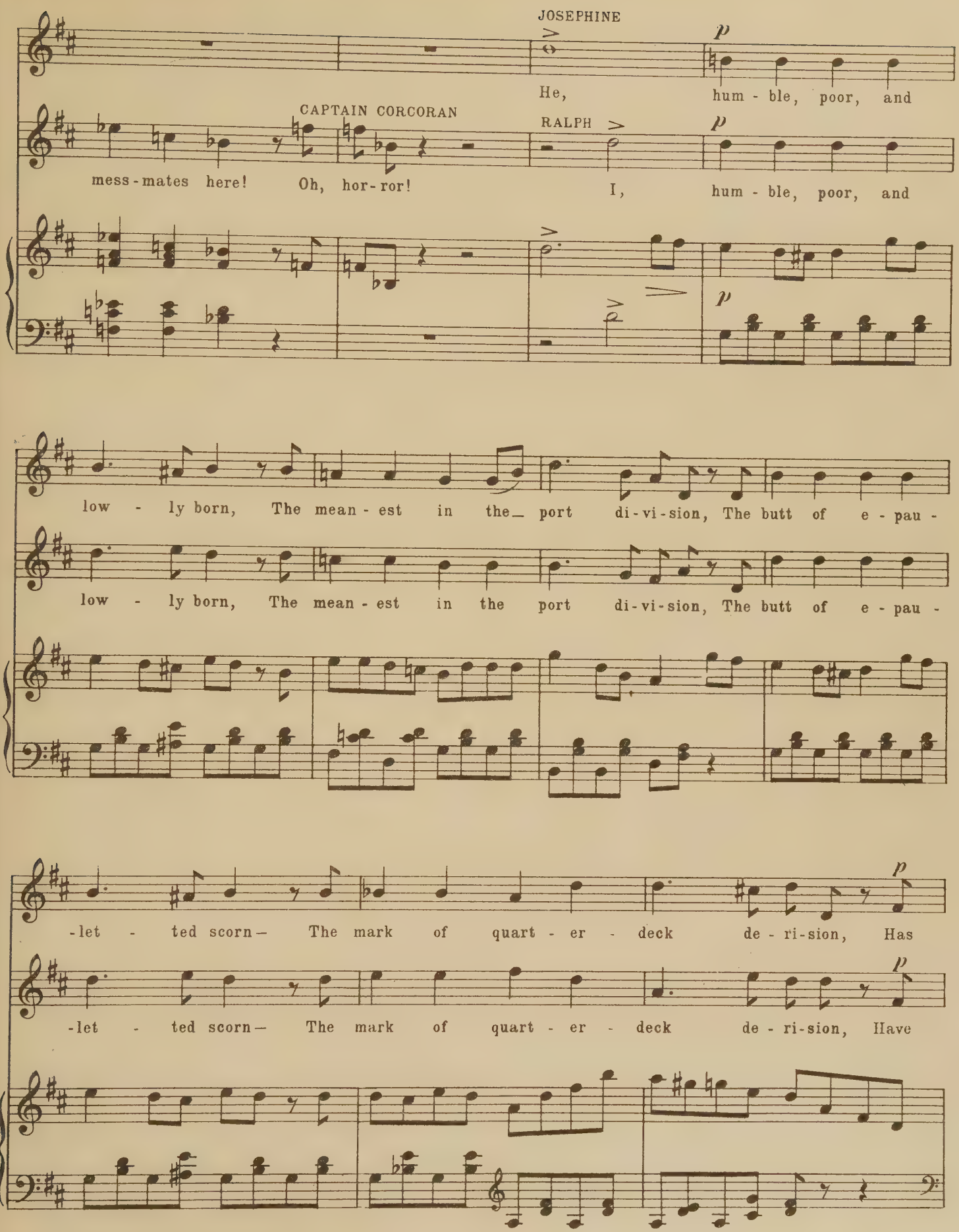
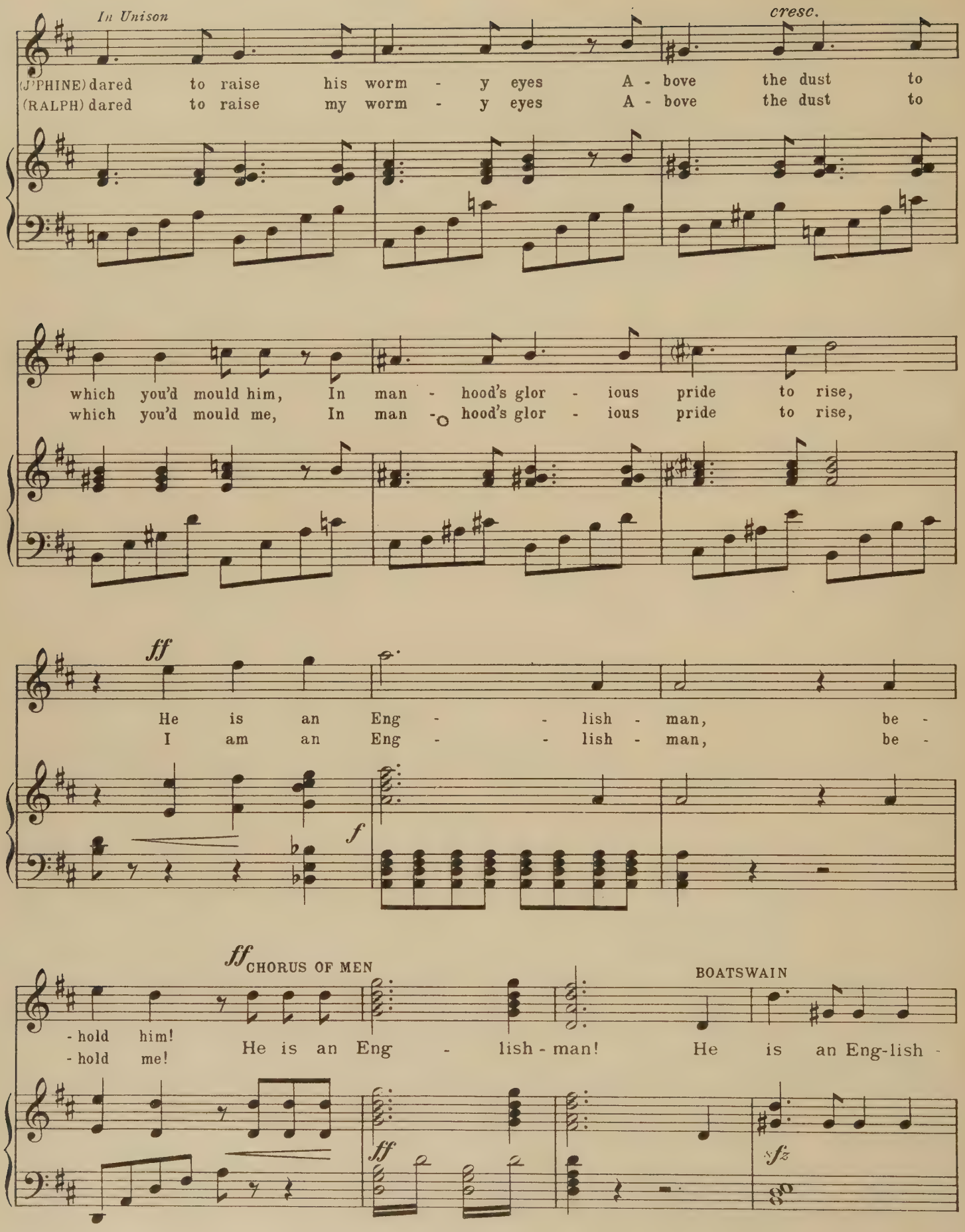
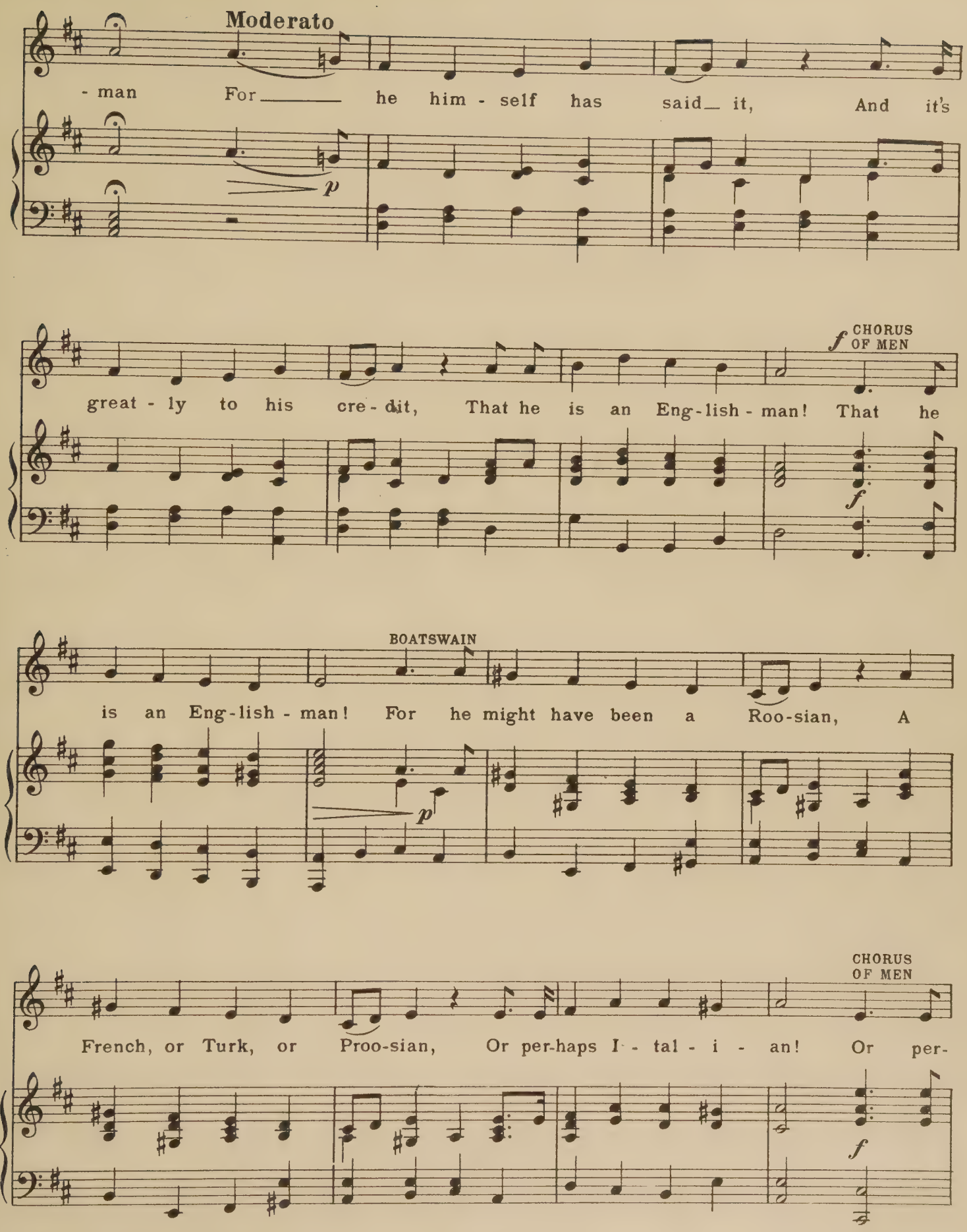
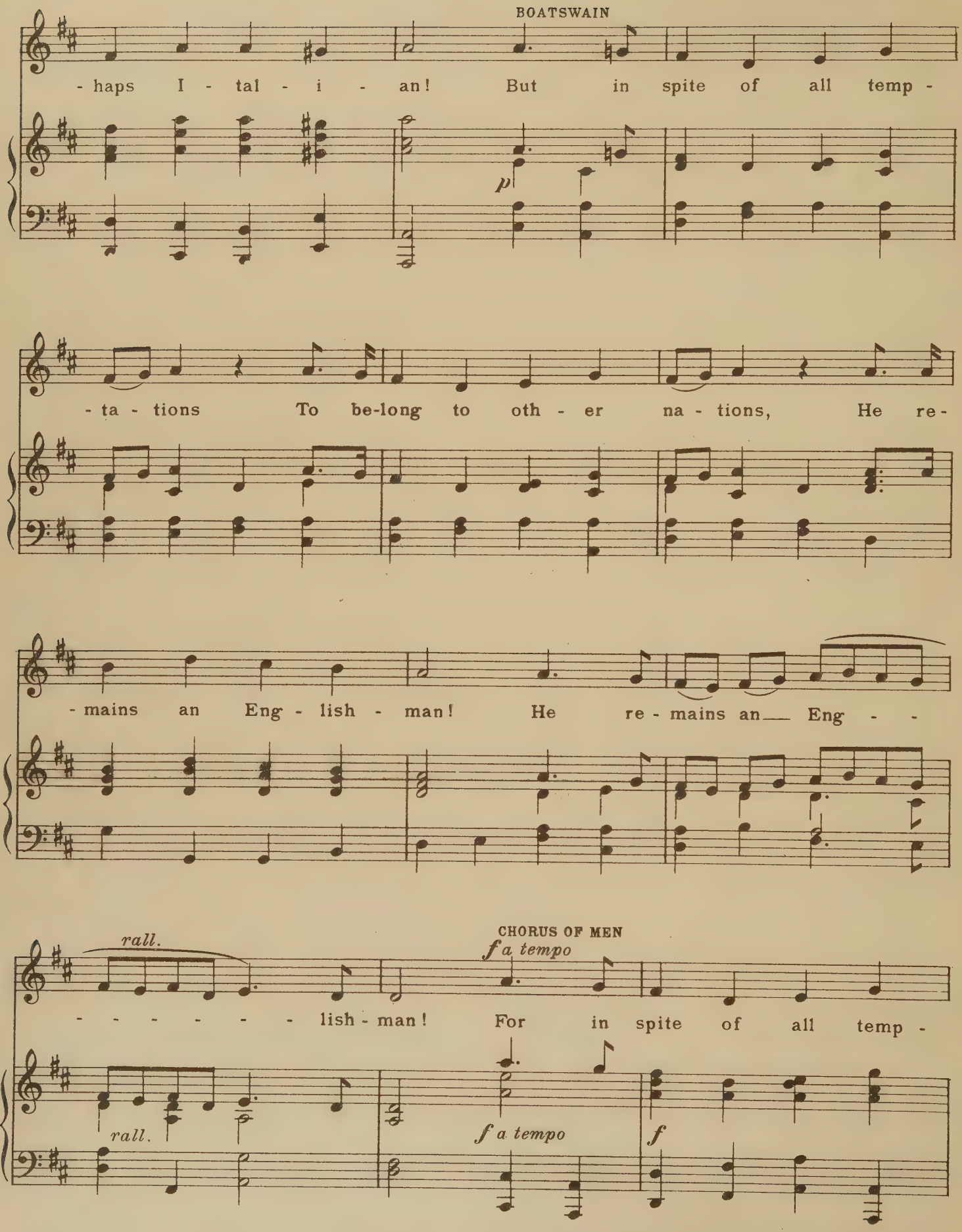
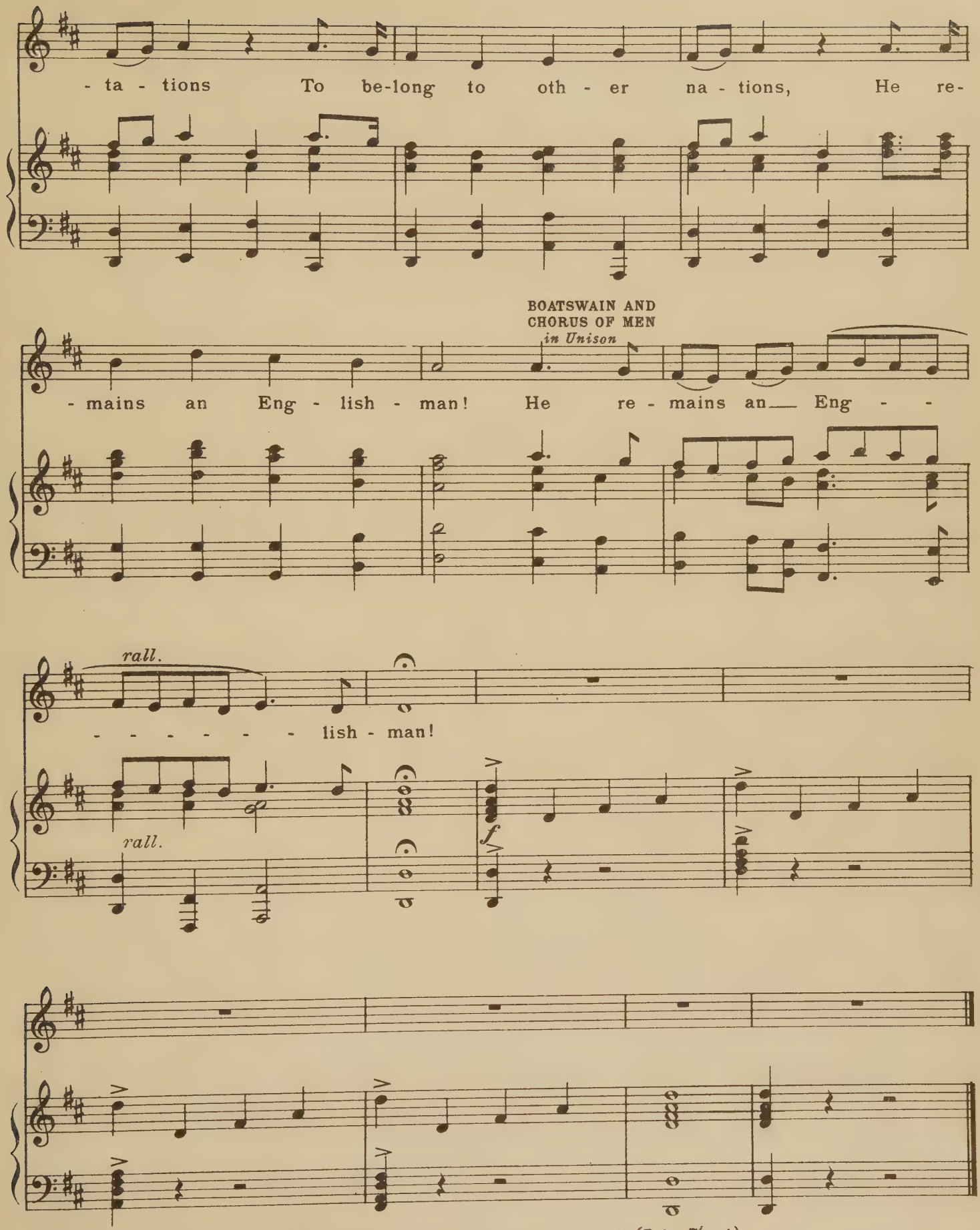

CHORUS OF MEN
scarce - ly fit com - pan-y, My daugh - ter, for you, Now, hark, at that, do! Tho'
f
RALPH
p
foes we could thump a - ny, We're scarcely fit com - pan-y For a la - dy like you! Proud
p
of - fi-cer, that haugh-ty lip un - curl! Vain man, suppress that su-per - ci - lious
sneer, For I have dared to love your match - less girl, A fact well-known to all my


JOSEPHINE
p
He, hum - ble, poor, and
CAPTAIN CORCORAN
mess-mates here! Oh, hor-ror!
RALPH
p
I, hum - ble, poor, and
p
low - ly born, The mean - est in the_ port di-vi-sion, The butt of e - pau -
low - ly born, The mean - est in the port di-vi-sion, The butt of e - pau -
p
-let - ted scorn— The mark of quart - er - deck de - ri-sion, Has
p
-let - ted scorn— The mark of quart - er - deck de - ri-sion, Have


In Unison
cresc.
(J'PHINE) dared to raise his worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to
(RALPH) dared to raise my worm - y eyes A - bove the dust to
which you'd mould him, In man - hood's glor - ious pride to rise,
which you'd mould me, In man - hood's glor - ious pride to rise,
ff
He is an Eng - - lish - man, be -
I am an Eng - - lish - man, be -
f
ff CHORUS OF MEN
BOATSWAIN
- hold him!
- hold me!
He is an Eng - lish - man! He is an Eng-lish -
ff
sfz


Moderato
- man For he him - self has said it, And it's
p
great - ly to his cre - dit, That he is an Eng - lish - man! That he
f CHORUS OF MEN
f
BOATSWAIN
is an Eng - lish - man! For he might have been a Roo - sian, A
p
French, or Turk, or Proo - sian, Or per - haps I - tal - i - an! Or per -
CHORUS OF MEN
f


BOATSWAIN
- haps I - tal - i - an! But in spite of all temp -
p
- ta - tions To be-long to oth - er na - tions, He re -
- mains an Eng - lish - man! He re - mains an Eng - -
CHORUS OF MEN
rall.
f a tempo
- - - - - - - lish - man! For in spite of all temp -
rall.
f a tempo
f


- ta - tions To be-long to oth - er na - tions, He re-
BOATSWAIN AND CHORUS OF MEN
in Unison
- mains an Eng - lish - man! He re - mains an Eng - -
rall.
- - - - - - - lish - man!
rall.
f

The complete Vocal Score of "H.M.S.PINAFORE" *(Price 7/-net.)*
and the separate Songs and Arrangements, may be obtained from all Music Dealers

GEMS FROM GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

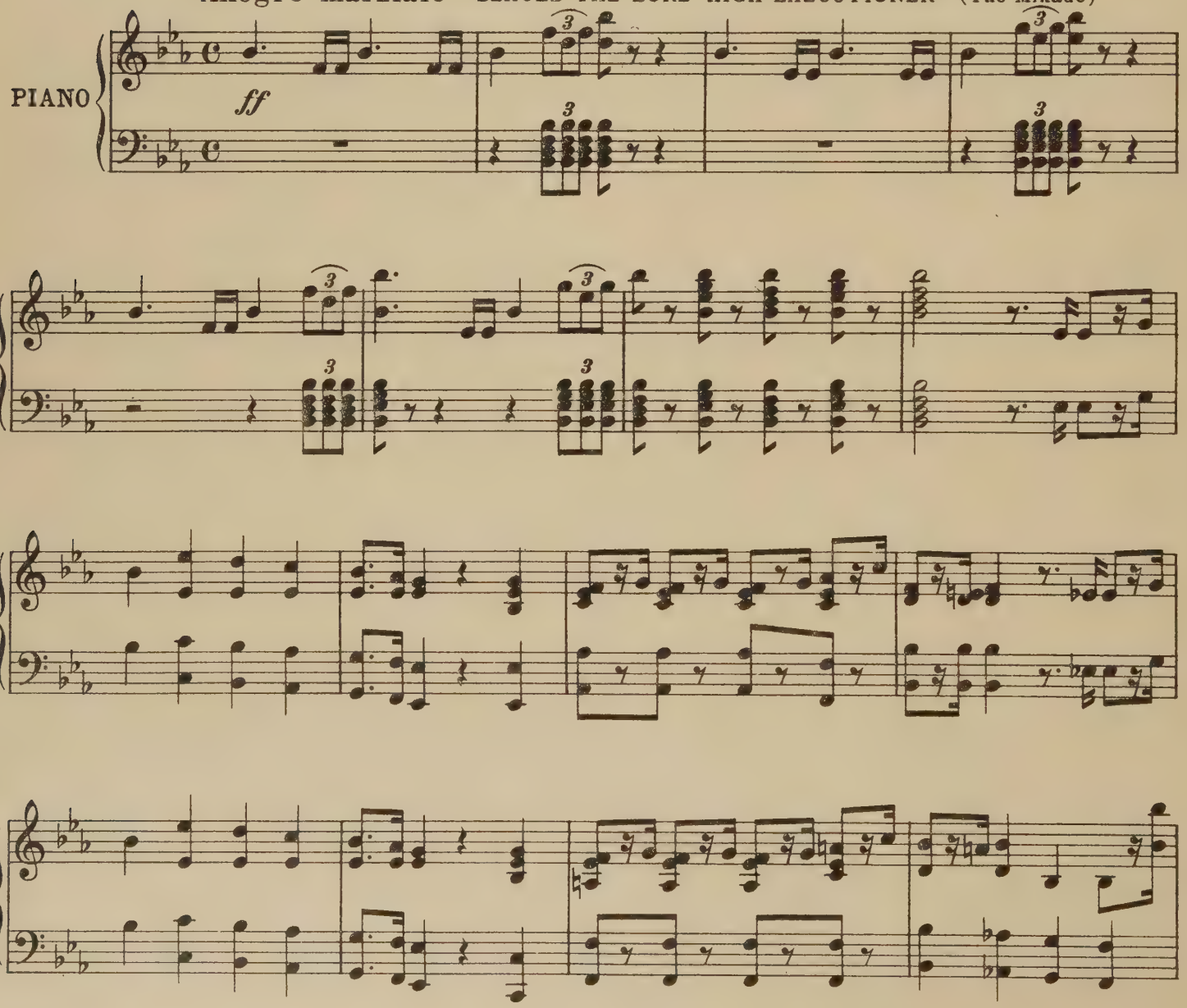
PART I

Containing airs from the following Operas

THE MIKADO, THE GONDOLIERS,
THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD and H.M.S. PINAFORE

Arranged for the Piano by
REG. H. CASSON

Allegro marziale "BEHOLD THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER" (The Mikado)



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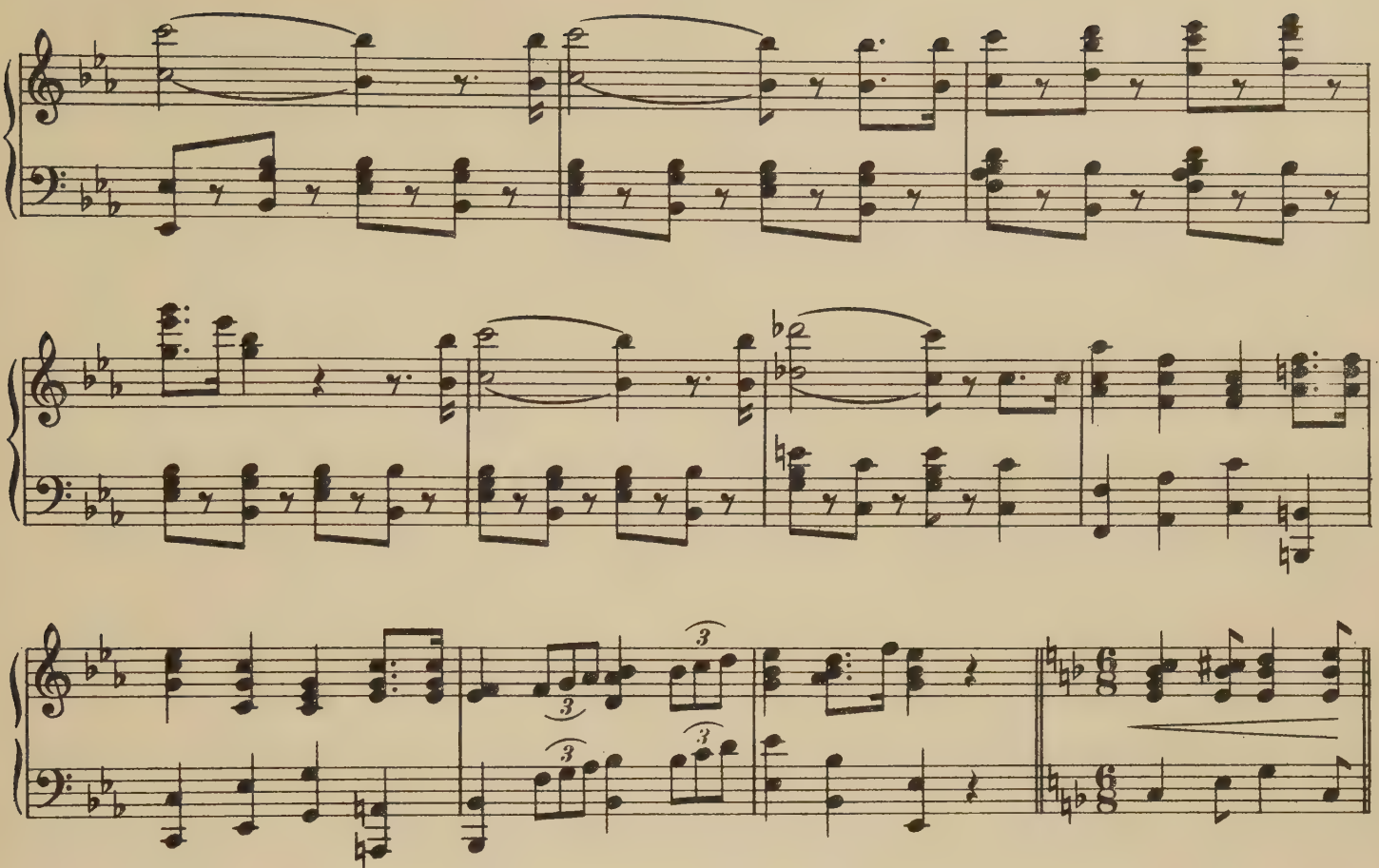
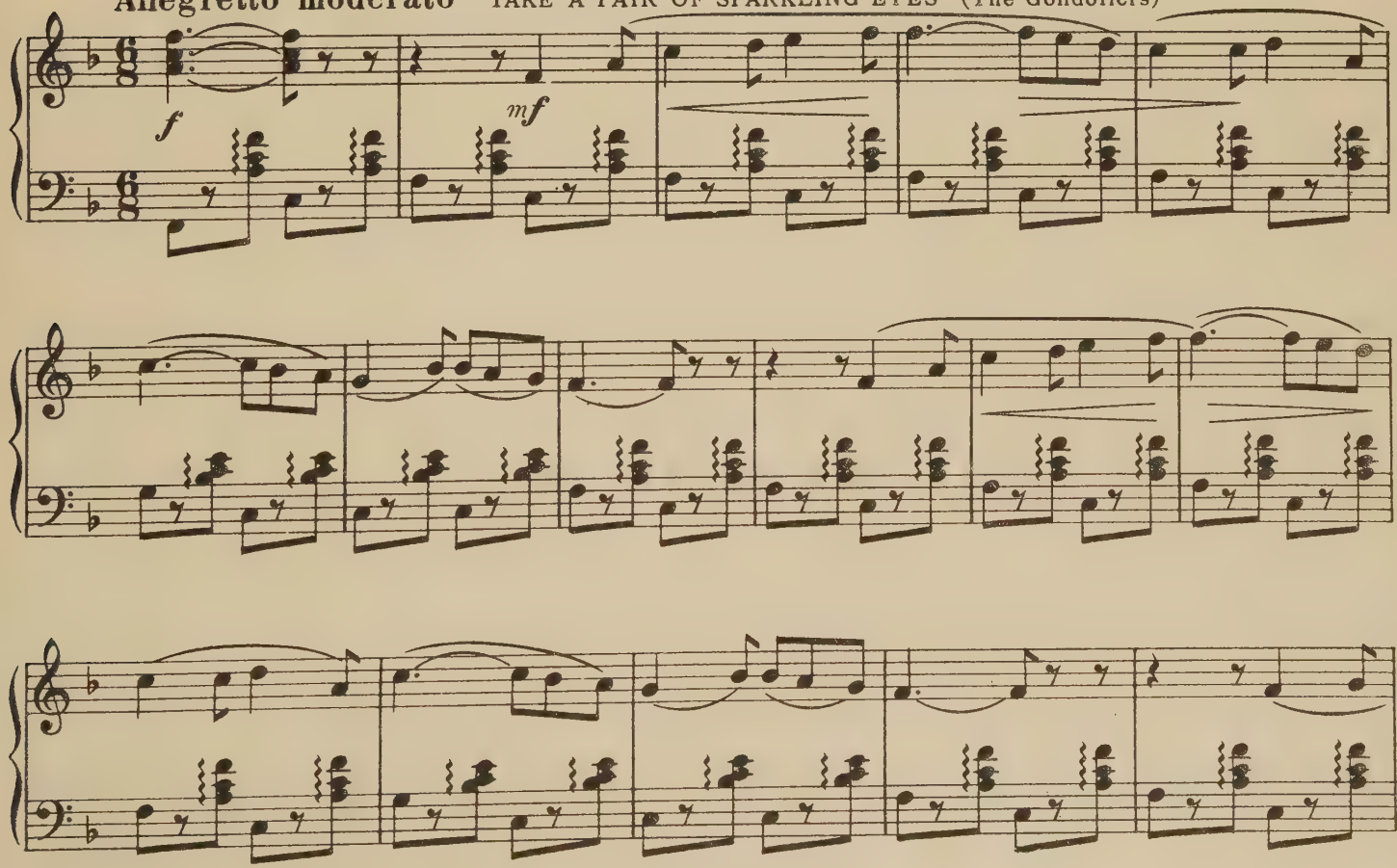
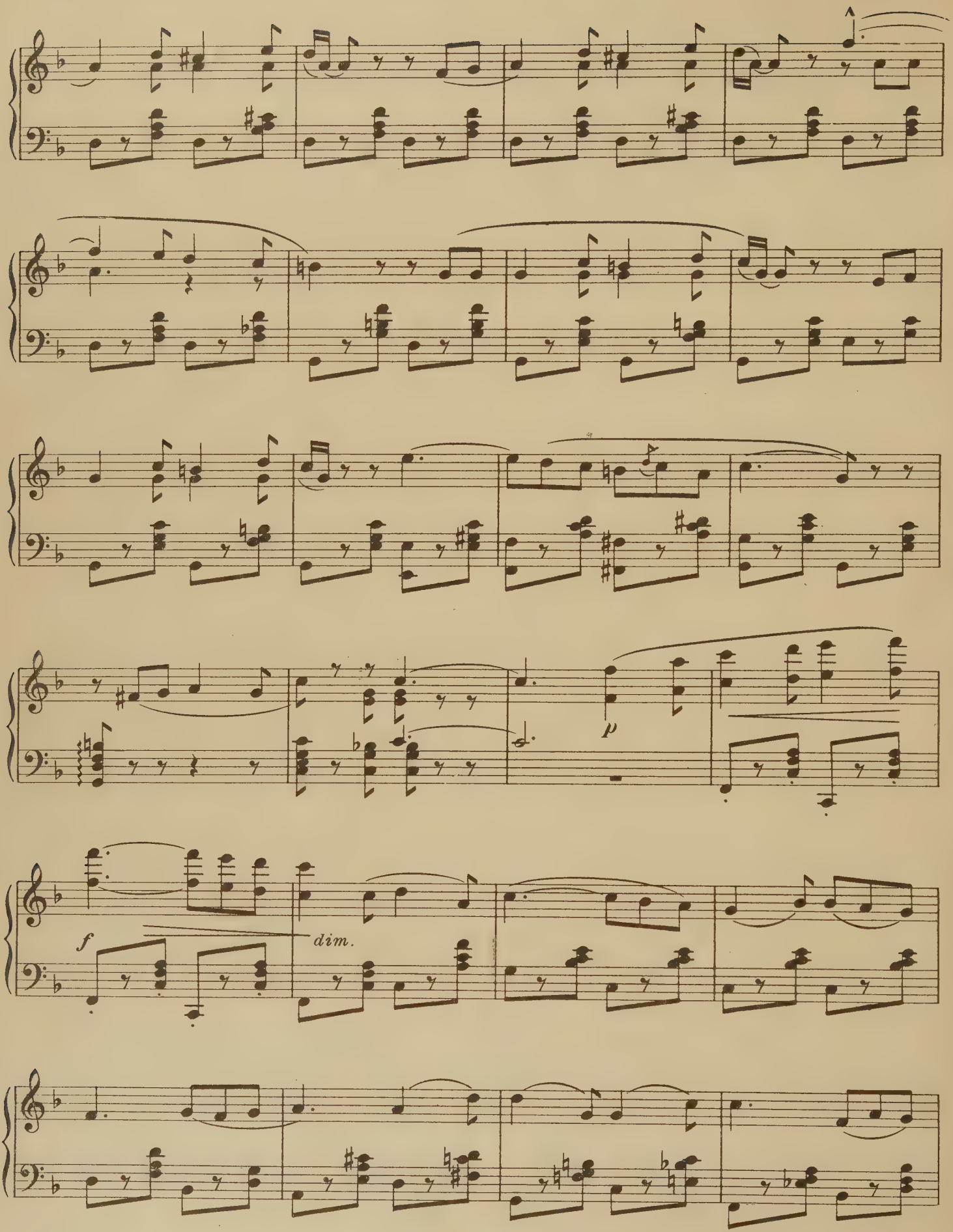
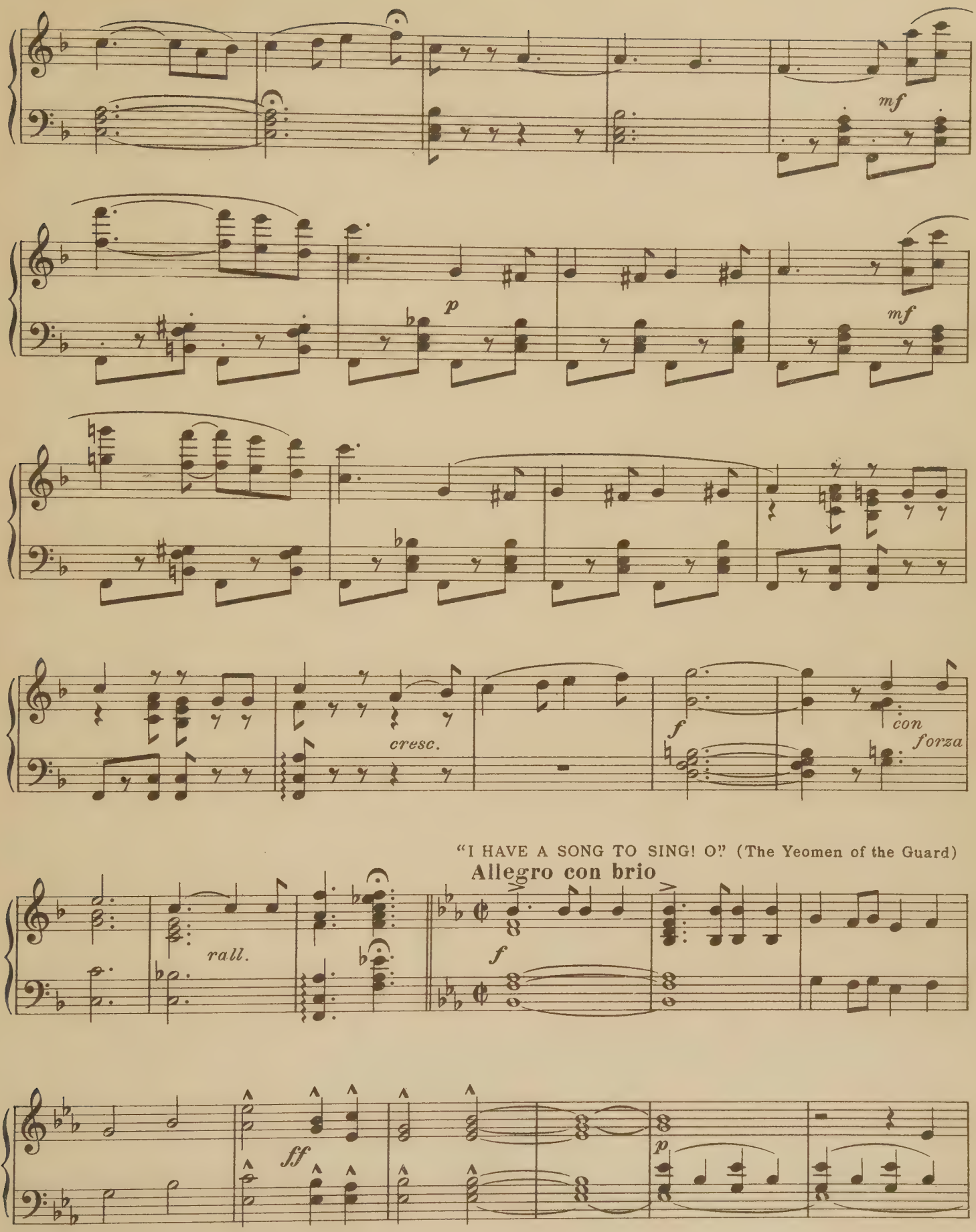


Allegretto moderato "TAKE A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES" (The Gondoliers)

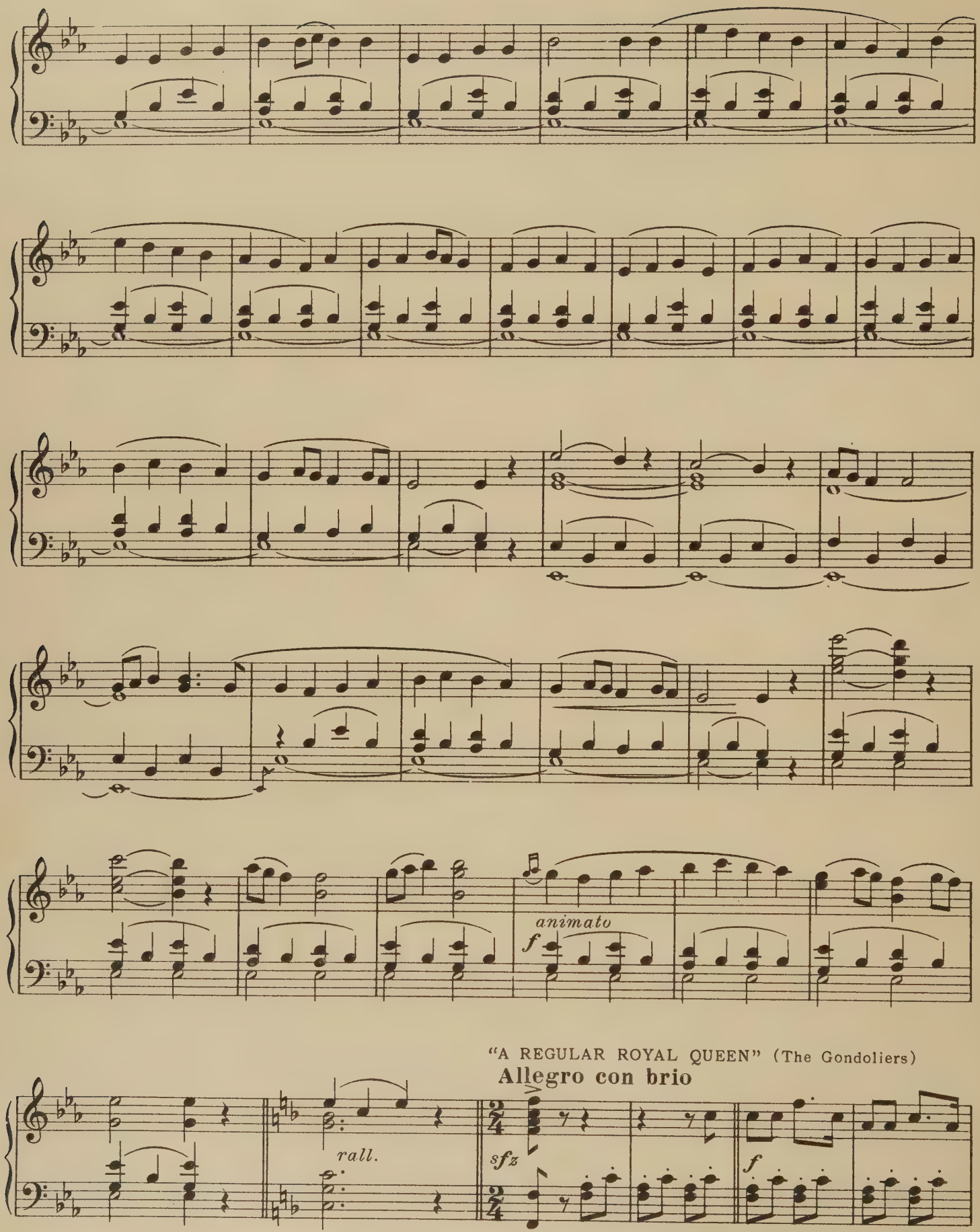


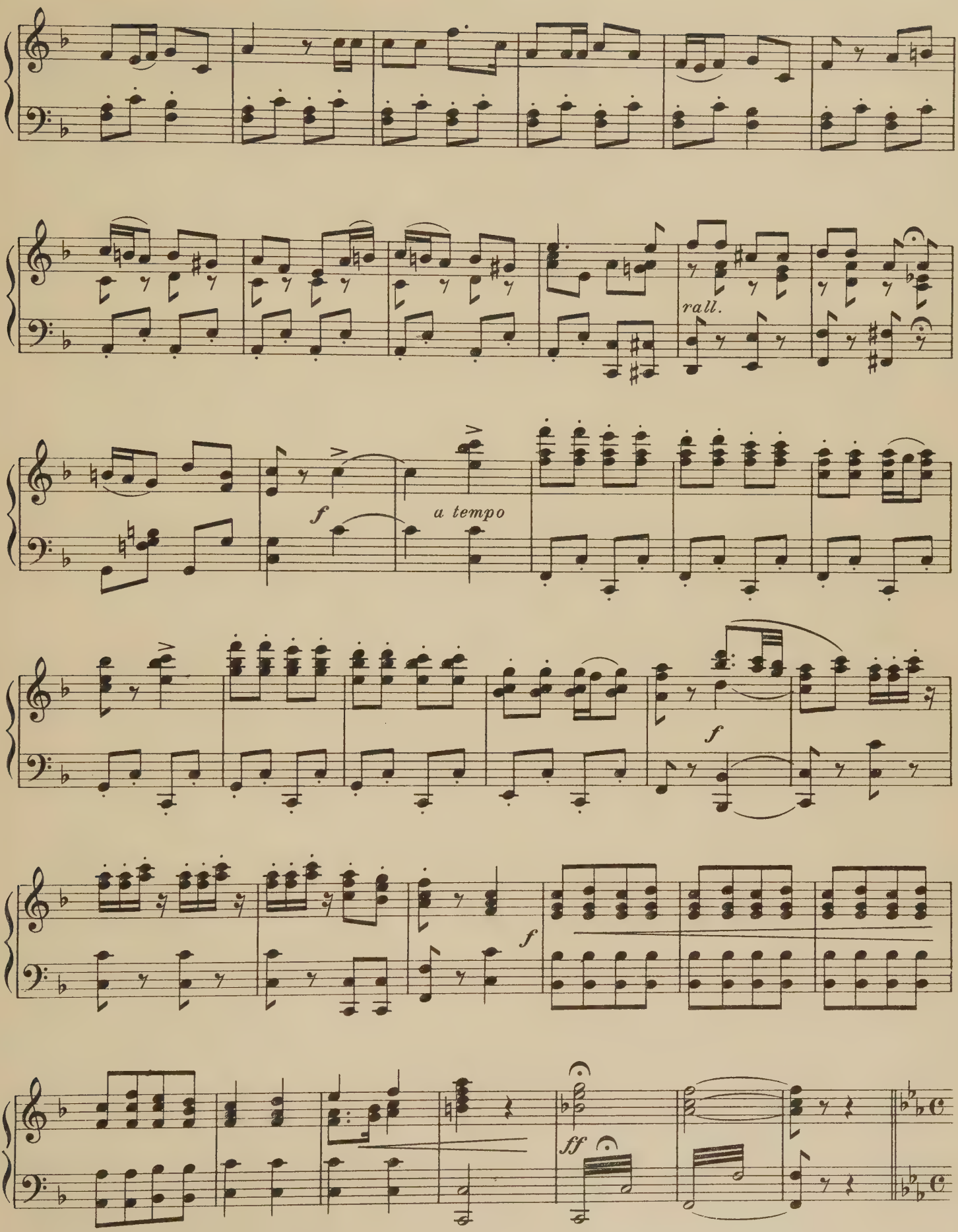

p
f
dim.



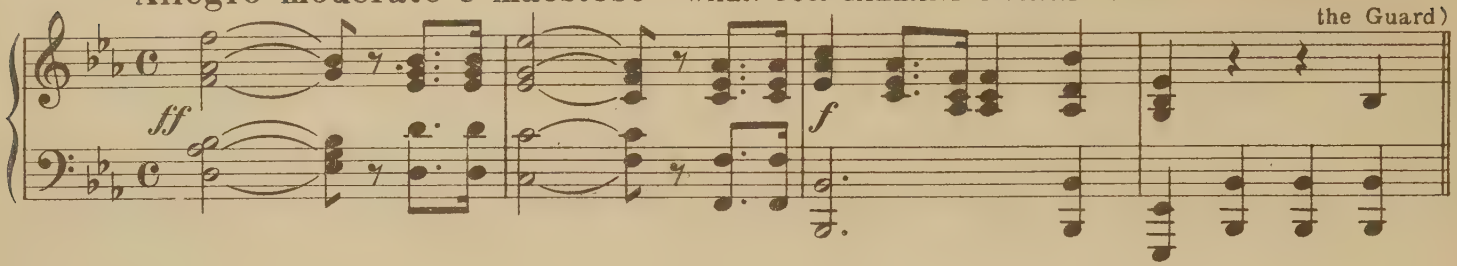
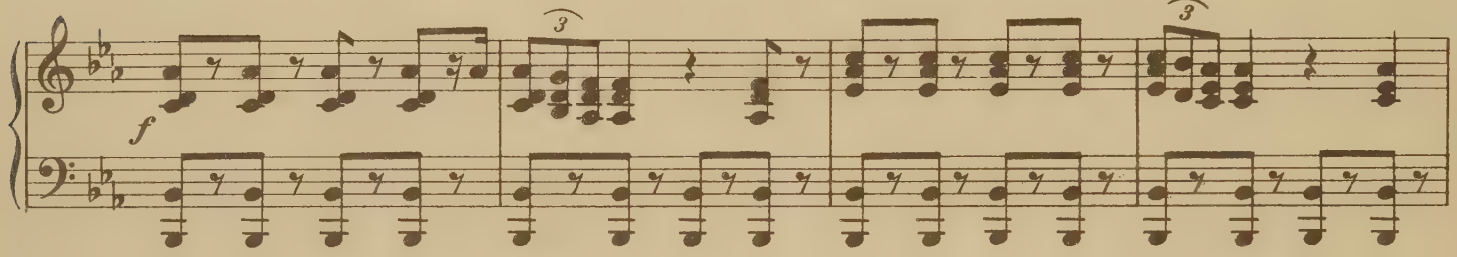
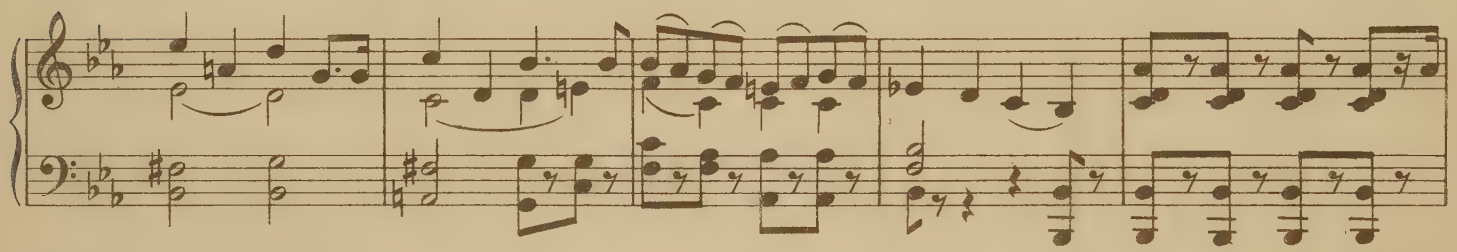
"I HAVE A SONG TO SING! O." (The Yeomen of the Guard)

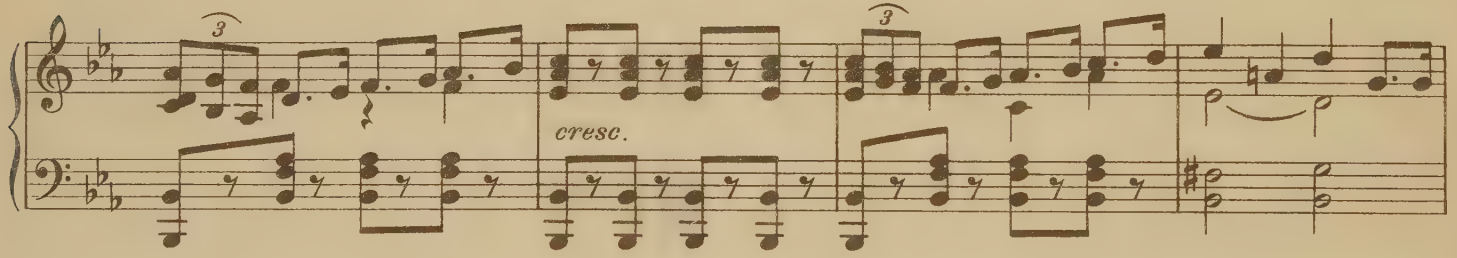
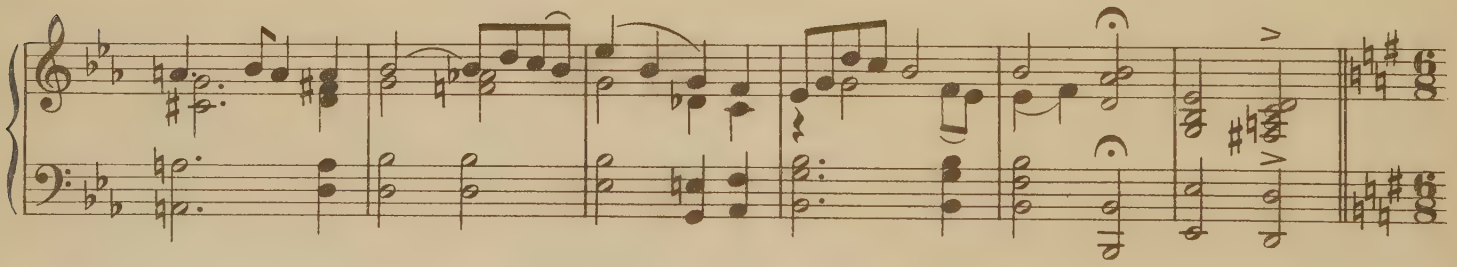
Allegro con brio


animato
f
"A REGULAR ROYAL QUEEN" (The Gondoliers)
Allegro con brio
rall.
sfz
f

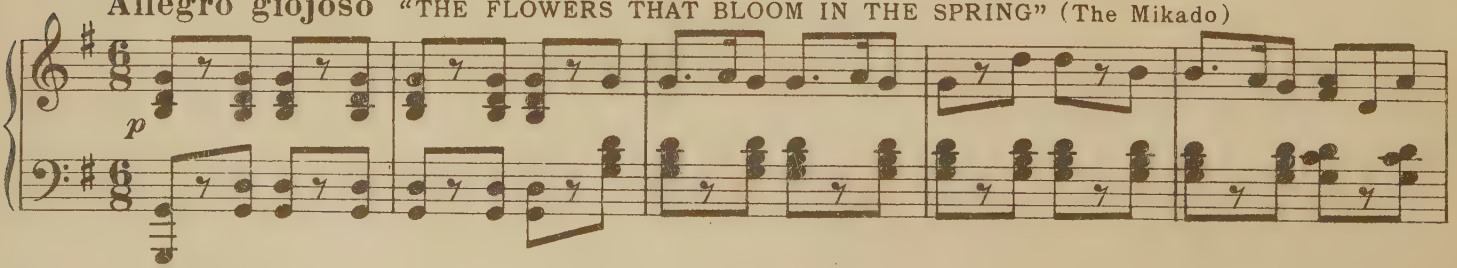

rall.
f
a tempo
f
f
f
ff

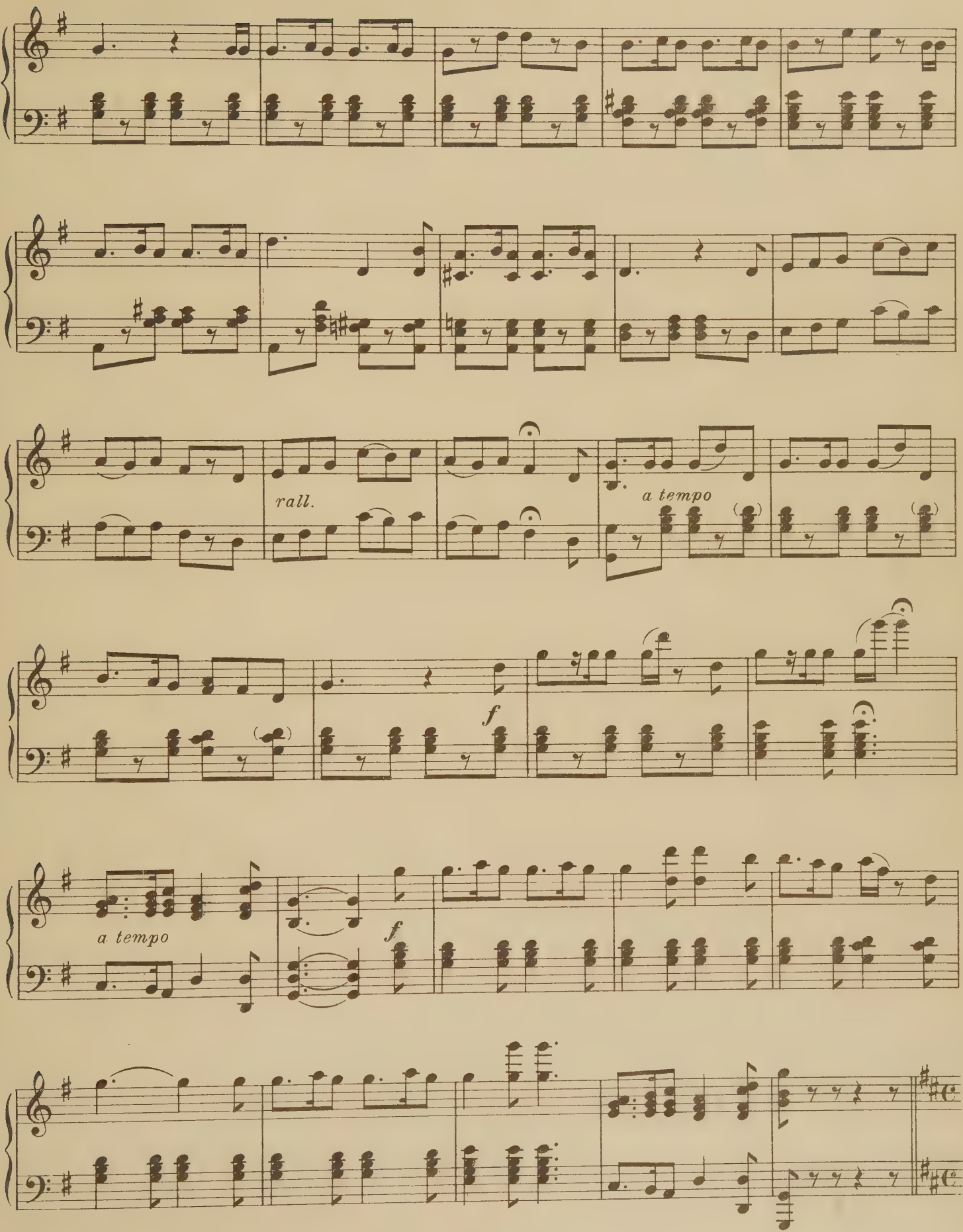
Allegro moderato e maestoso "WHEN OUR GALLANT NORMAN FOES" (The Yeomen of the Guard)

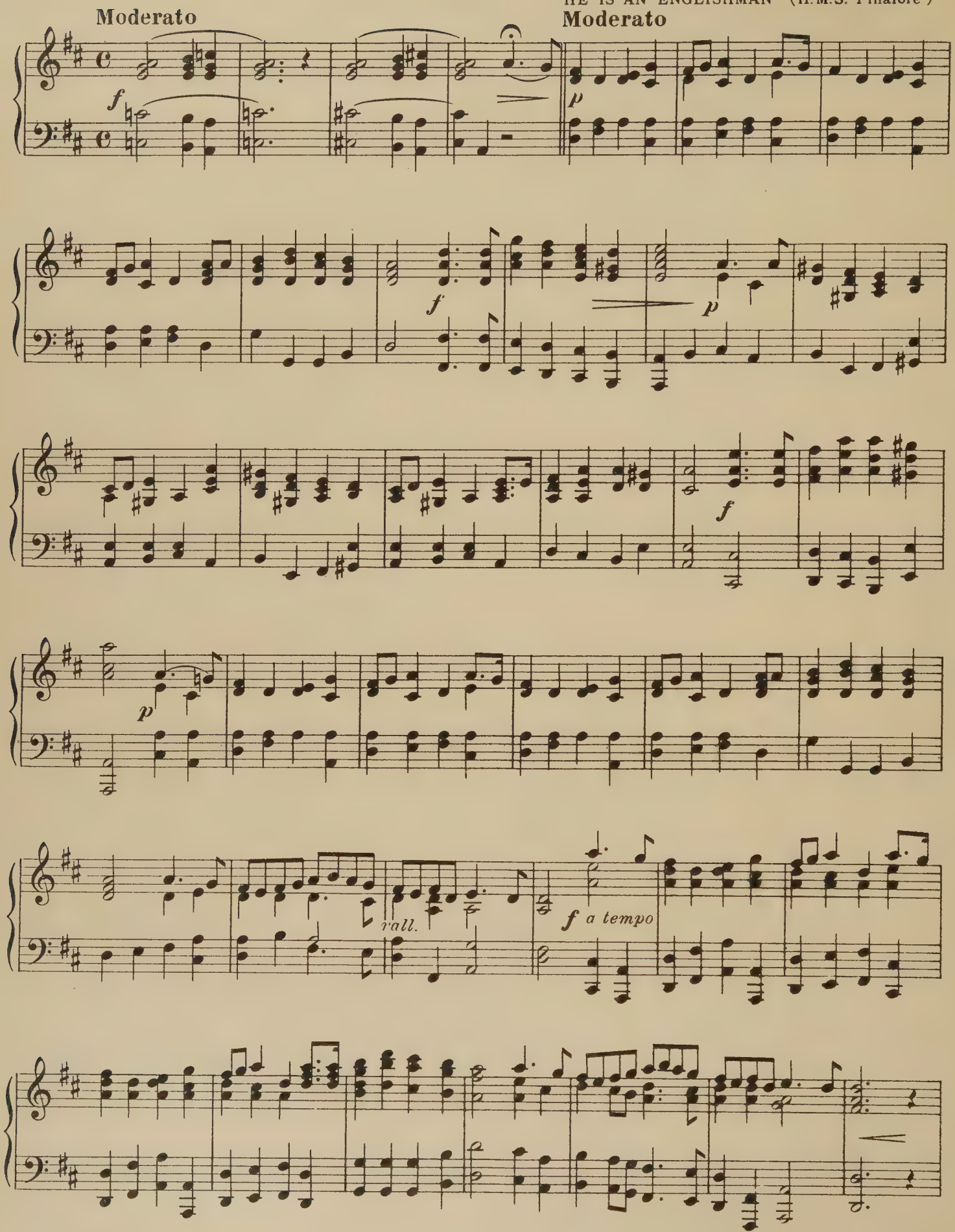




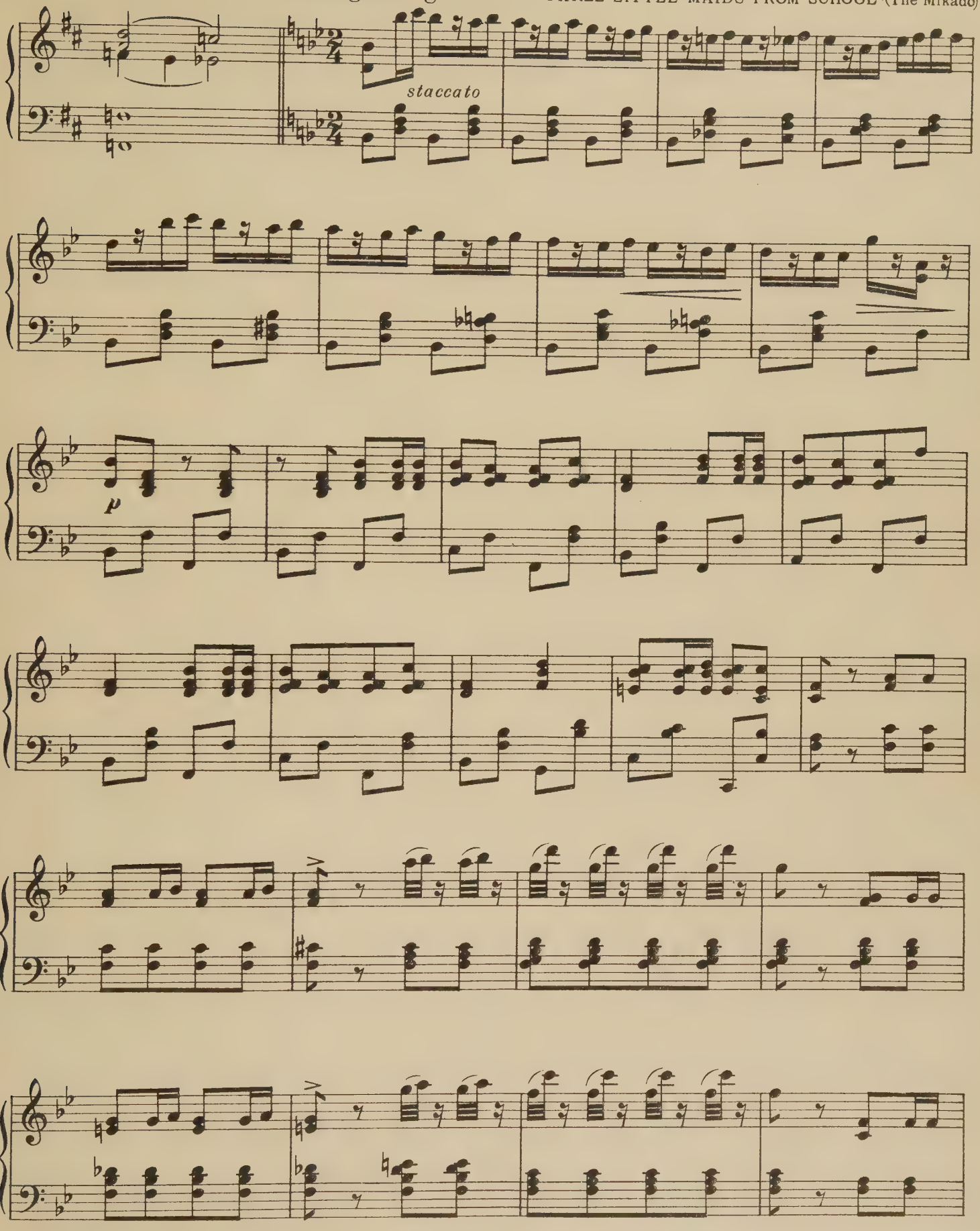
Allegro giojoso "THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING" (The Mikado)

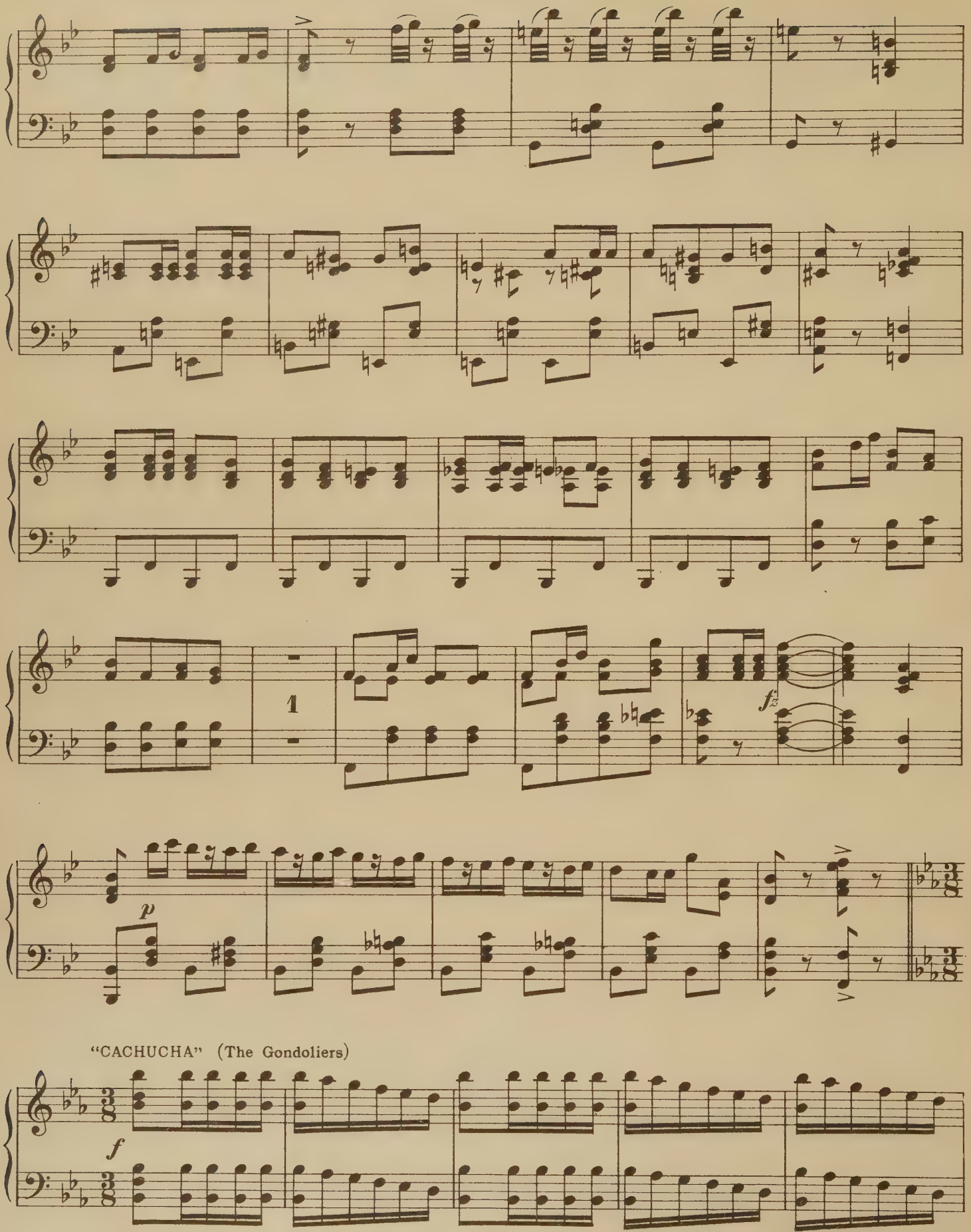


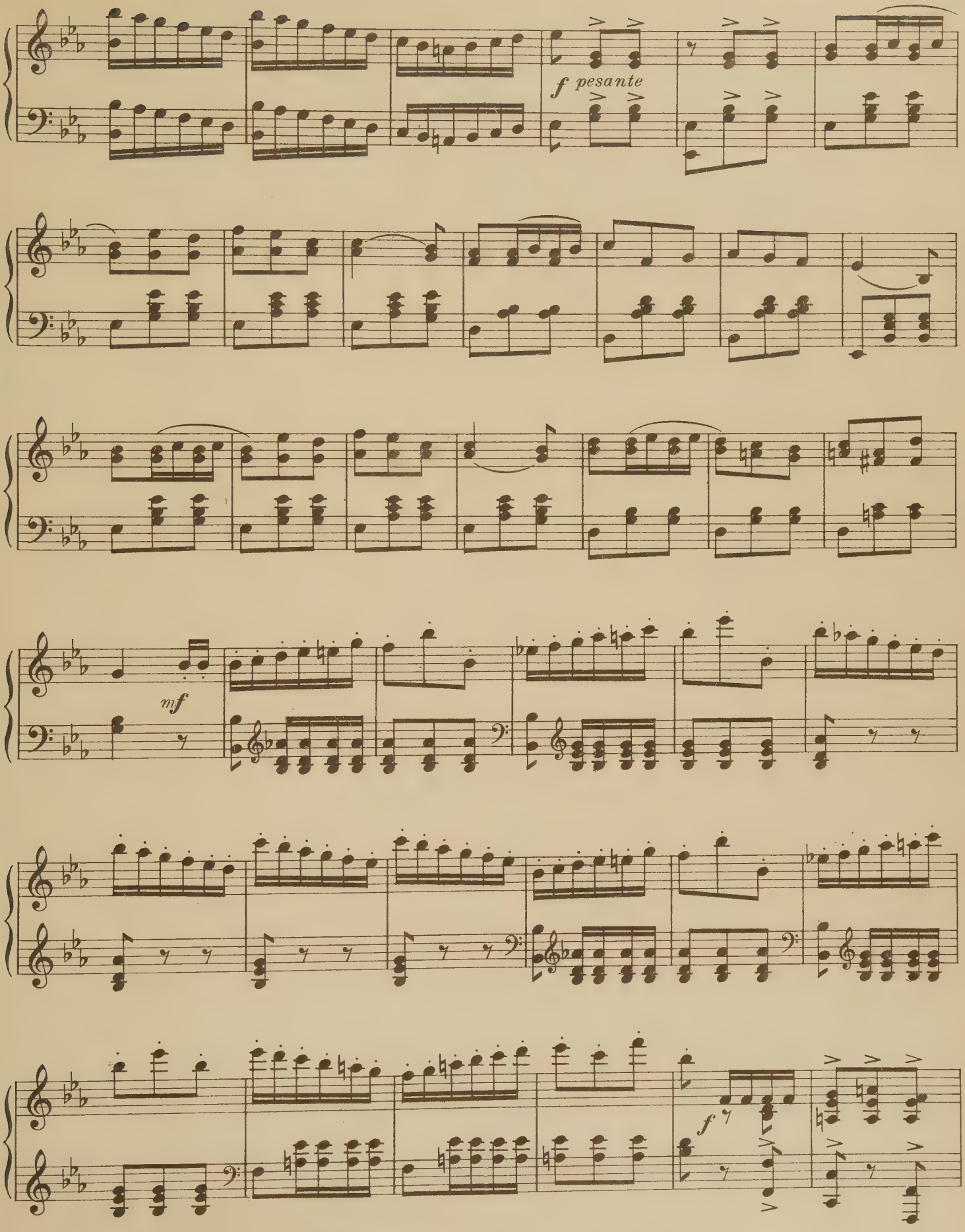

rall.
a tempo
f
a tempo
f

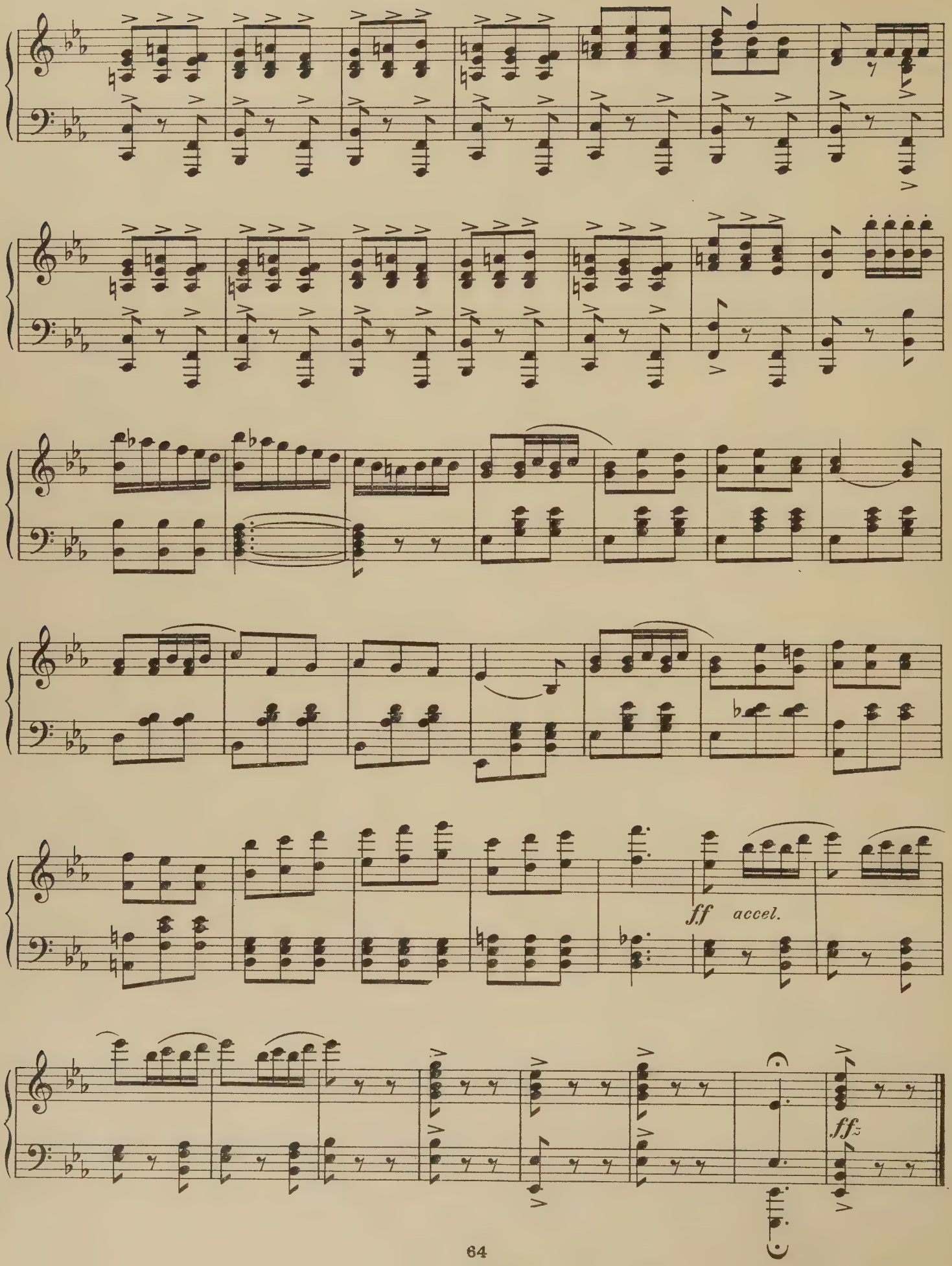

Moderato
Moderato
f
p
f
p
f
p
rall.
f a tempo

Allegretto grazioso "THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL" (The Mikado)




1
fz
p
"CACHUCHA" (The Gondoliers)
f


f pesante
mf
f


ff accel.
ffz

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE;

OR,

THE SLAVE OF DUTY

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE was the fourth of the series of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It was performed for the first time in London at the Opera Comique on April 3, 1880; though previously in 1879 it had been produced practically simultaneously at Paignton and New York on December 30 and 31, respectively

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AND ORIGINAL CAST

Major-General STANLEY	MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Junr.	MABEL	MISS MARION HOOD
THE PIRATE KING	MR. RICHARD TEMPLE	EDITH	MISS JULIA GWYNNE
SAMUEL (his Lieutenant)	MR. GEORGE TEMPLE	KATE	MISS LA RUE
FREDERIC (The Pirate Apprentice)	MR. GEORGE POWER	ISABEL	MISS NEVA BOND
SERGEANT OF POLICE	MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON	RUTH (A Pirate Maid of all Work)	MISS EMILY CROSS

General Stanley's Daughters

Chorus of Pirates, Police, and General Stanley's Daughters.

THE STORY: ACT I

WHAT better setting could there be for pirates than the rocky coast of Cornwall? As the curtain rises that notorious band of rovers, the pirates of Penzance, are making merry ashore and drinking to the health of the young Frederic, who has just completed his apprenticeship.

Frederic alone is gloomy and despondent. When the pirate King arrives to congratulate him on his new status, the wretched youth, who is afflicted by an altogether overpowering sense of duty, announces that he is about to leave the band for ever. He tempers the decision by explaining that his apprenticeship with them was all a mistake. This is at once confirmed by his old nurse Ruth, who confesses that, having been instructed to take the boy and apprentice him to a *pilot* failed to catch the word aright, and bound him instead to a *pirate*. Her blunder, she adds, having quickly become apparent to her, fear of the parental wrath drove her to throw in her lot with the band as a sort of piratical maid of all work.

The truth out, Frederic assures the pirates that, although he has the greatest affection for them as individuals, now that he is free he feels bound to devote his future to their extermination. The pirates receive this announcement in the most understanding way and agree that every man must follow the dictates of his conscience, especially when, as in this case, times are bad.

As he has still half an hour of his time to serve, Frederic feels that he would be failing in his duty did he not explain to the simple hearted fellows precisely why it is that they make such a poor thing out of their profession. They are altogether too chivalrous, he exclaims, and worst of all, being orphans themselves, they refuse to molest all who are similarly afflicted. This little weakness, remarks Frederic, is well known to all seafaring men in these parts, with the result that every ship they capture turns out to be manned entirely by orphan boys.

As the hour for parting draws near there is some little argument as to what is to become of Ruth. Frederic has no experience of women, but he has a shrewd notion that prettier and younger specimens must exist and is loth to become entangled with Ruth until he has had an opportunity of making comparisons. The pirates display little anxiety to keep her for themselves and after an exchange of courtesies, in which both parties display extreme unselfishness, the pirates go off, leaving Frederic with his nurse.

Ruth begs Frederic to marry her and he is almost persuaded to do so when, suddenly, a number of beautiful maidens appear in the distance, and the lad, catching sight of them, realises that Ruth has been deceiving him and reproaches her so bitterly that she goes off in despair.

As the girls come clambering over the rocks Frederic takes refuge in a cave. He gathers from their conversation that they had set out accompanied by their father but had left him far behind; when they prepare to paddle in the sea he makes haste to come out from his hiding place.

The girls, while much intrigued by Frederic's exceeding comeliness are horrified when they learn that he is a Pirate. They reject his advances, all except Mabel, who falls in love on the spot, and the pair arrive at a satisfactory understanding in record time. As the lovers prepare to retire together, Frederic advises his future sisters-in-law to leave the shore lest the pirates return.

The warning comes too late. The pirates appear, seize the girls and are thinking to marry them out of hand when Mabel, coming forward, informs them that their father is a Major-General. This announcement has a decidedly sobering effect upon the lawless gang and they are still hesitating when Major-General Stanley himself appears and introduces himself. The General, as it happens, has heard of the pirates before and, strongly objecting to having them as sons-in-law, proceeds to address them as one orphan boy to others.

Speedily the pirates are reduced to that state of maudlin sentiment which has wrecked so many of their enterprises. They release the General's daughters and as the act closes Ruth makes one more futile bid for Frederic's love.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

or,

THE SLAVE OF DUTY

Written by
W. S. GILBERT

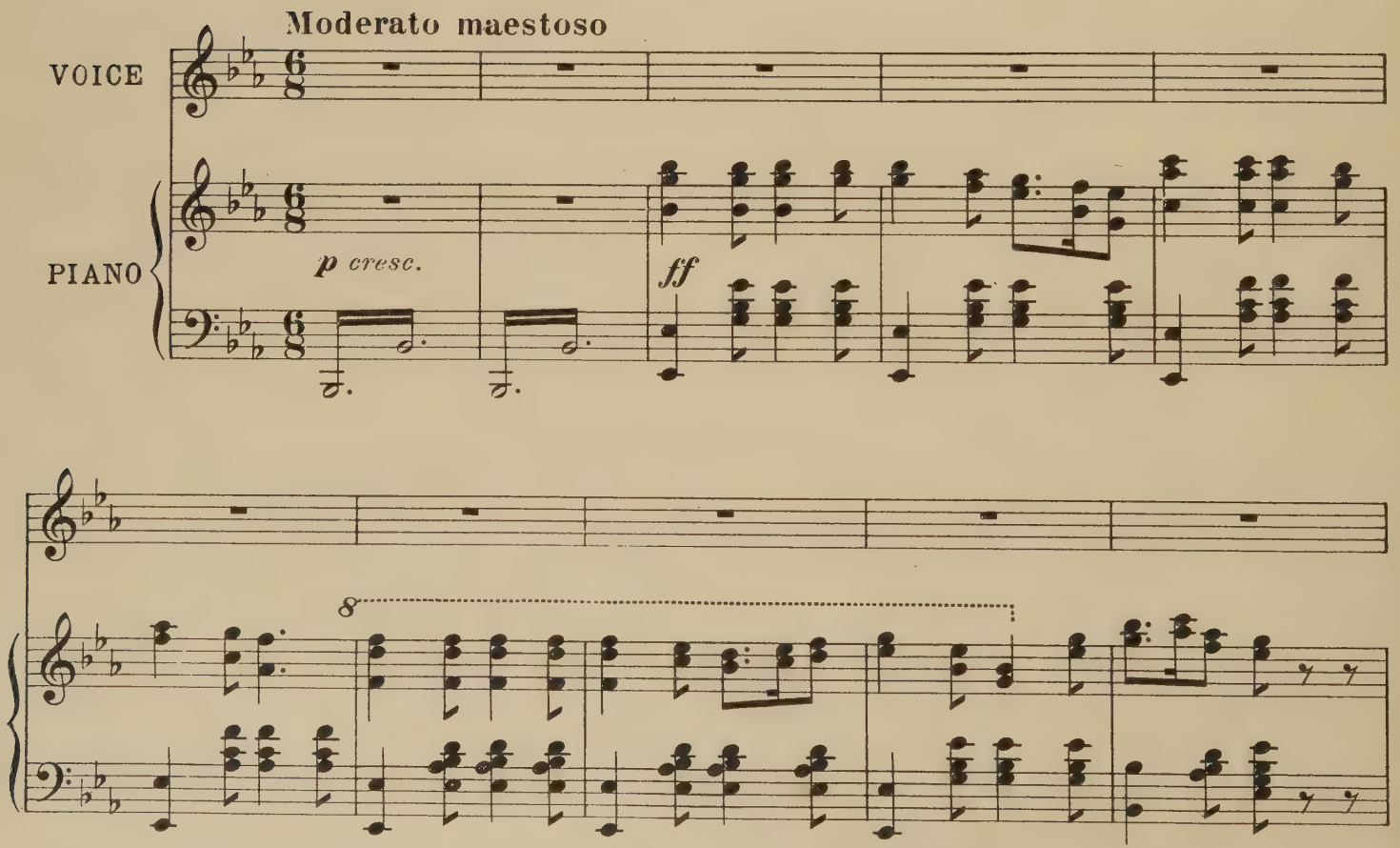
Composed by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Act I

Scene.— *A rocky shore on the coast of Cornwall*

The famous pirates of Penzance have come ashore, and for once in a way they are on a peaceful mission. Their faithful Frederic has served his time, and as at midday he will blossom forth as a fully trained pirate, his shipmates have left their schooner to ride at anchor and are intent upon celebrating the event in worthy fashion. As they sit among the rocks the wine flows freely, and although Frederic himself seems a little despondent, his shipmates wish him luck in a rousing chorus.

THE PIRATES' CHORUS

Sung by SAMUEL and CHORUS of PIRATES

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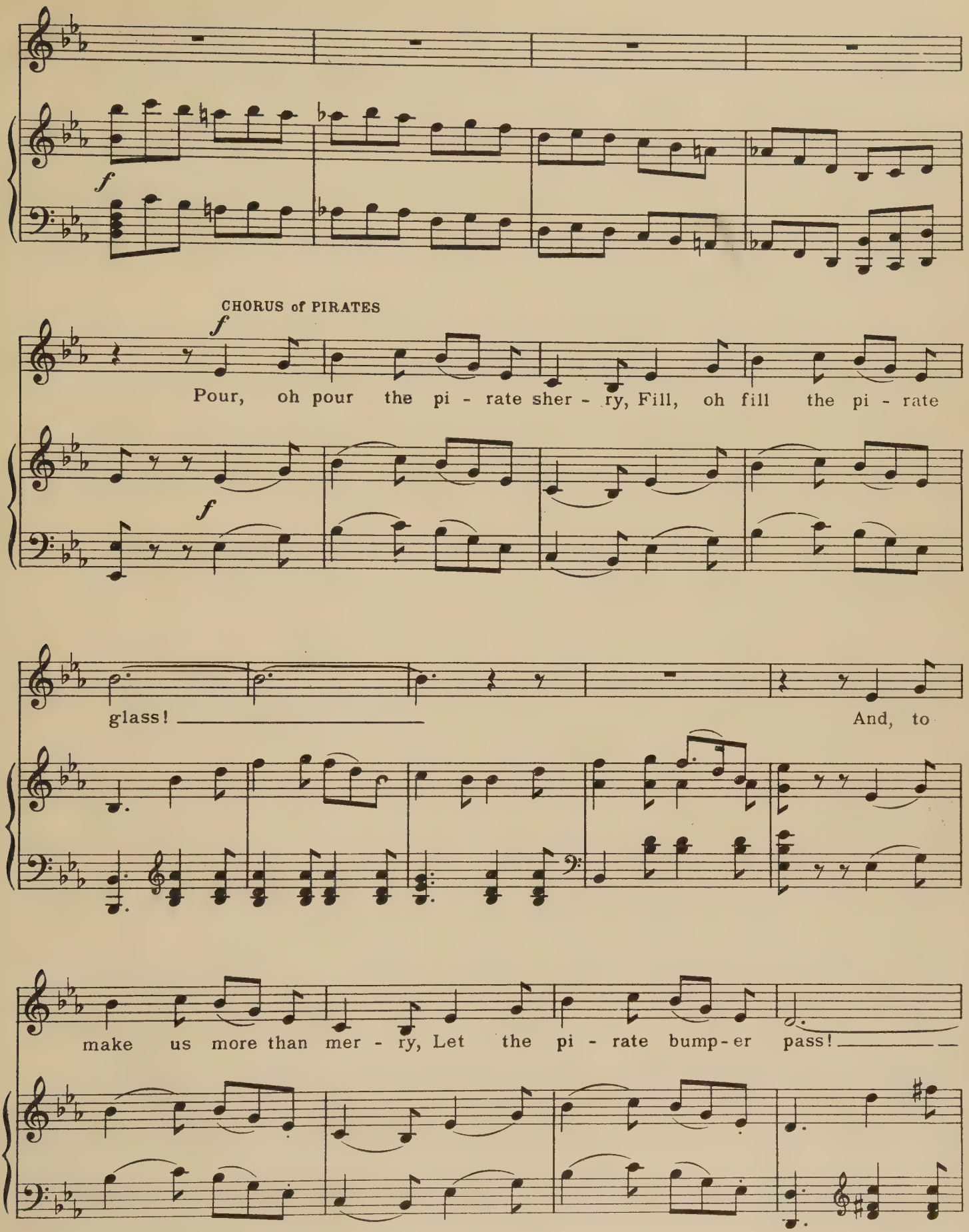
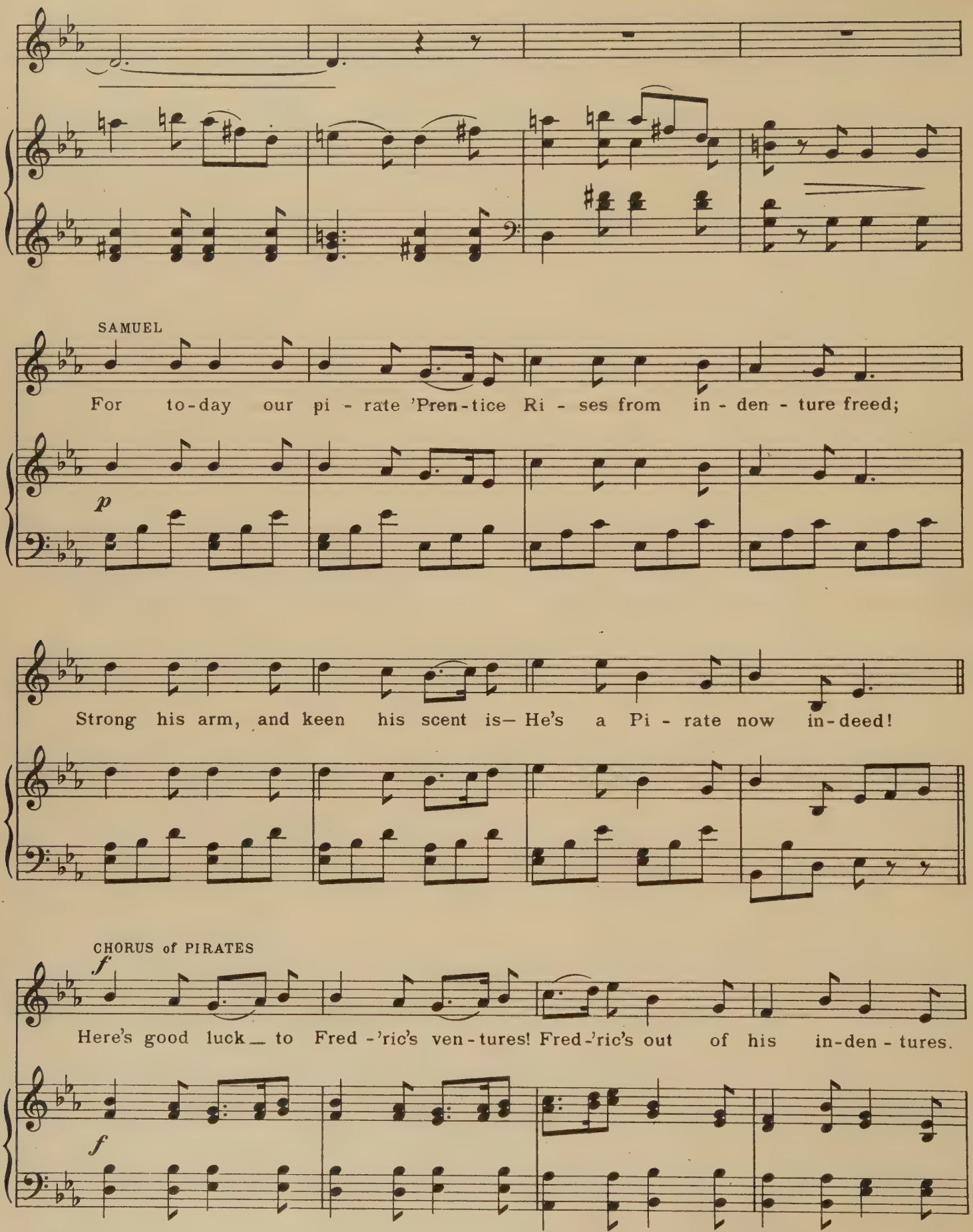
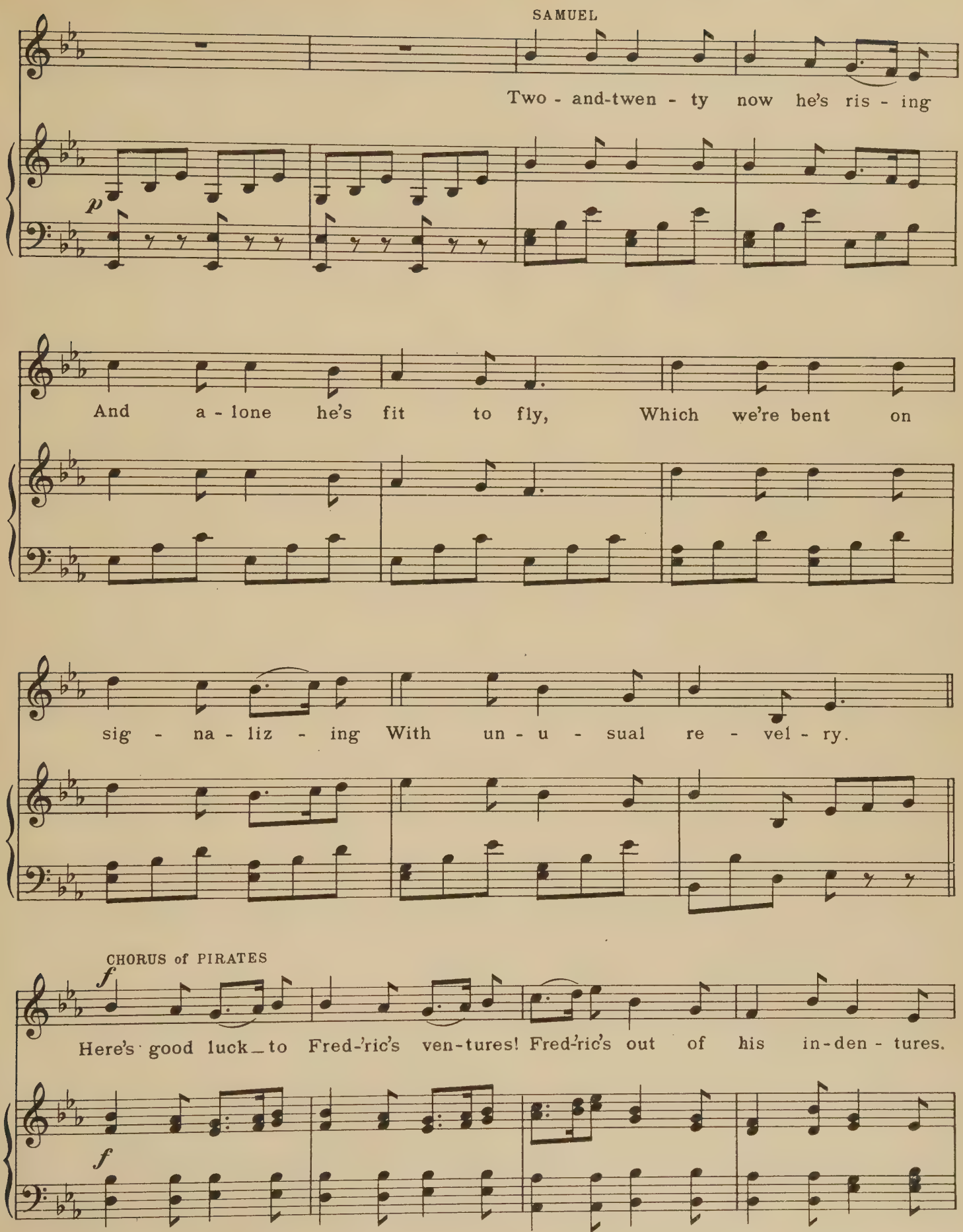
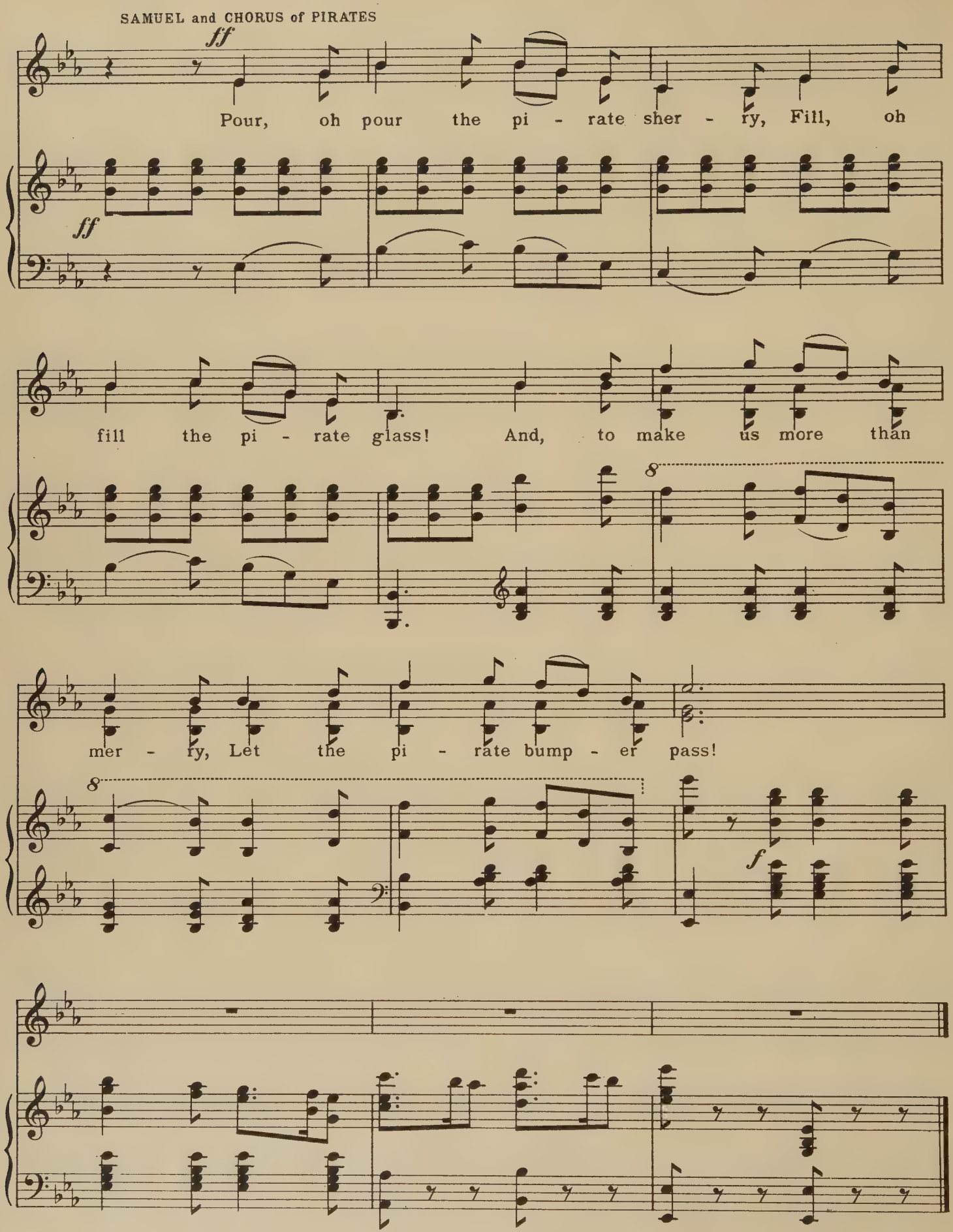

CHORUS of PIRATES
f
Pour, oh pour the pi - rate sher - ry, Fill, oh fill the pi - rate
glass!
And, to
make us more than mer - ry, Let the pi - rate bump-er pass!


SAMUEL
For to-day our pi - rate 'Pren-tice Ri - ses from in - den - ture freed;
p
Strong his arm, and keen his scent is— He's a Pi - rate now in-deed!
CHORUS of PIRATES
f
Here's good luck_ to Fred -'ric's ven-tures! Fred-'ric's out of his in-den - tures.
f


SAMUEL
Two - and-twen - ty now he's ris - ing
p
And a - lone he's fit to fly, Which we're bent on
sig - na - liz - ing With un - u - sual re - vel - ry.
CHORUS of PIRATES
f
Here's good luck_to Fred-'ric's ven-tures! Fred-'ric's out of his in-den - tures.
f

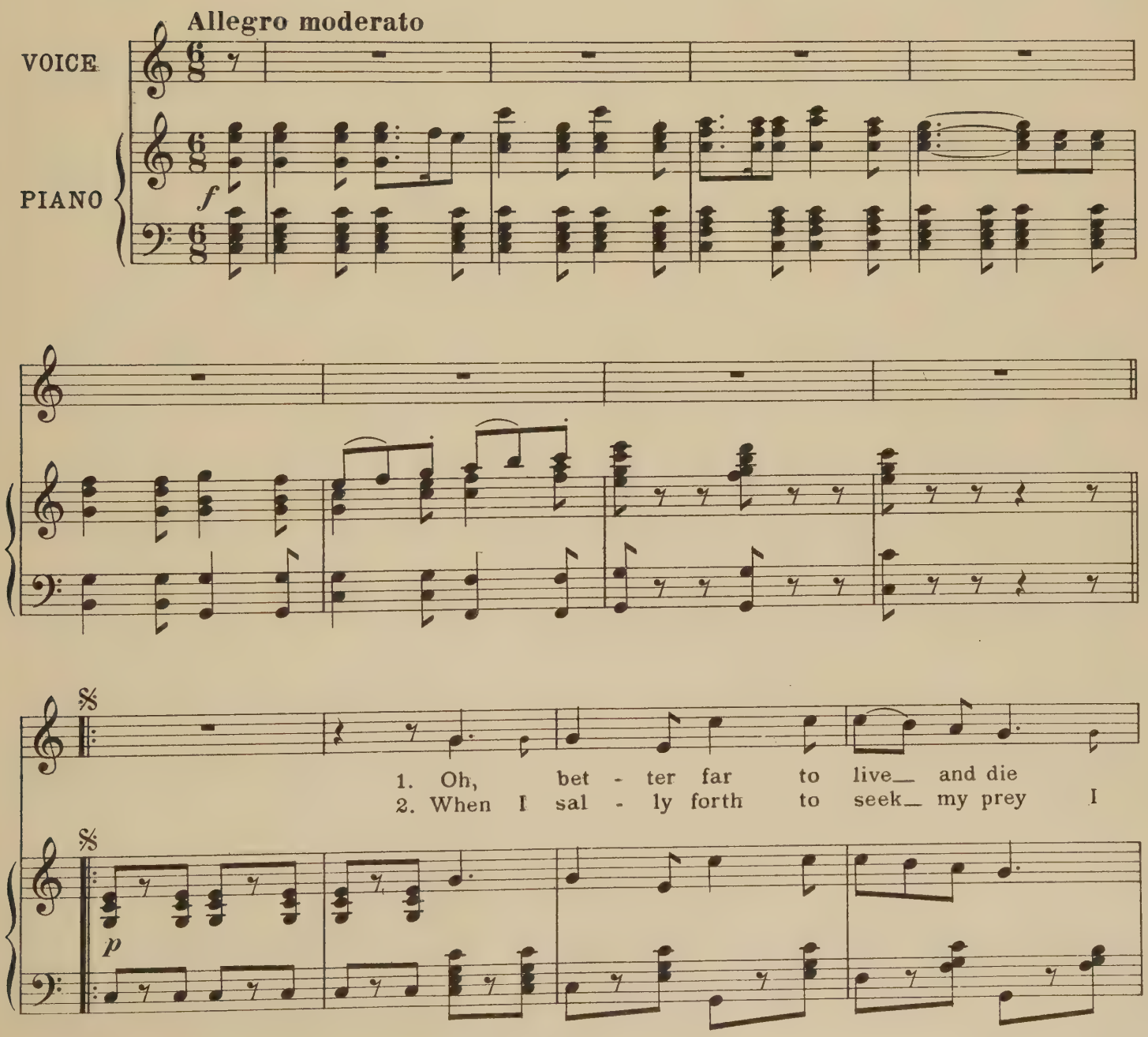

SAMUEL and CHORUS of PIRATES
ff
Pour, oh pour the pi - rate sher - ry, Fill, oh
ff
fill the pi - rate glass! And, to make us more than
8
mer - ry, Let the pi - rate bump - er pass!
8
f

The unhappy Frederic owes a first-class training in the profession of piracy to his nurse who, mistaking her master's instructions, bound him to a *pirate* instead of to a *pilot*. He is now resolved to serve no longer under the black flag. Great as is his affection for his shipmates and for his master, the Pirate King, his sense of duty is so strong that he feels compelled to announce that once free, he must devote himself heart and soul to their extermination. He bids farewell and makes one last attempt to persuade the King to forsake his lawless ways.

King. No, Frederic, it cannot be. I don't think much of our profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest. No, Frederic, I shall live and die a Pirate King.

I AM A PIRATE KING

Sung by THE PIRATE KING with CHORUS



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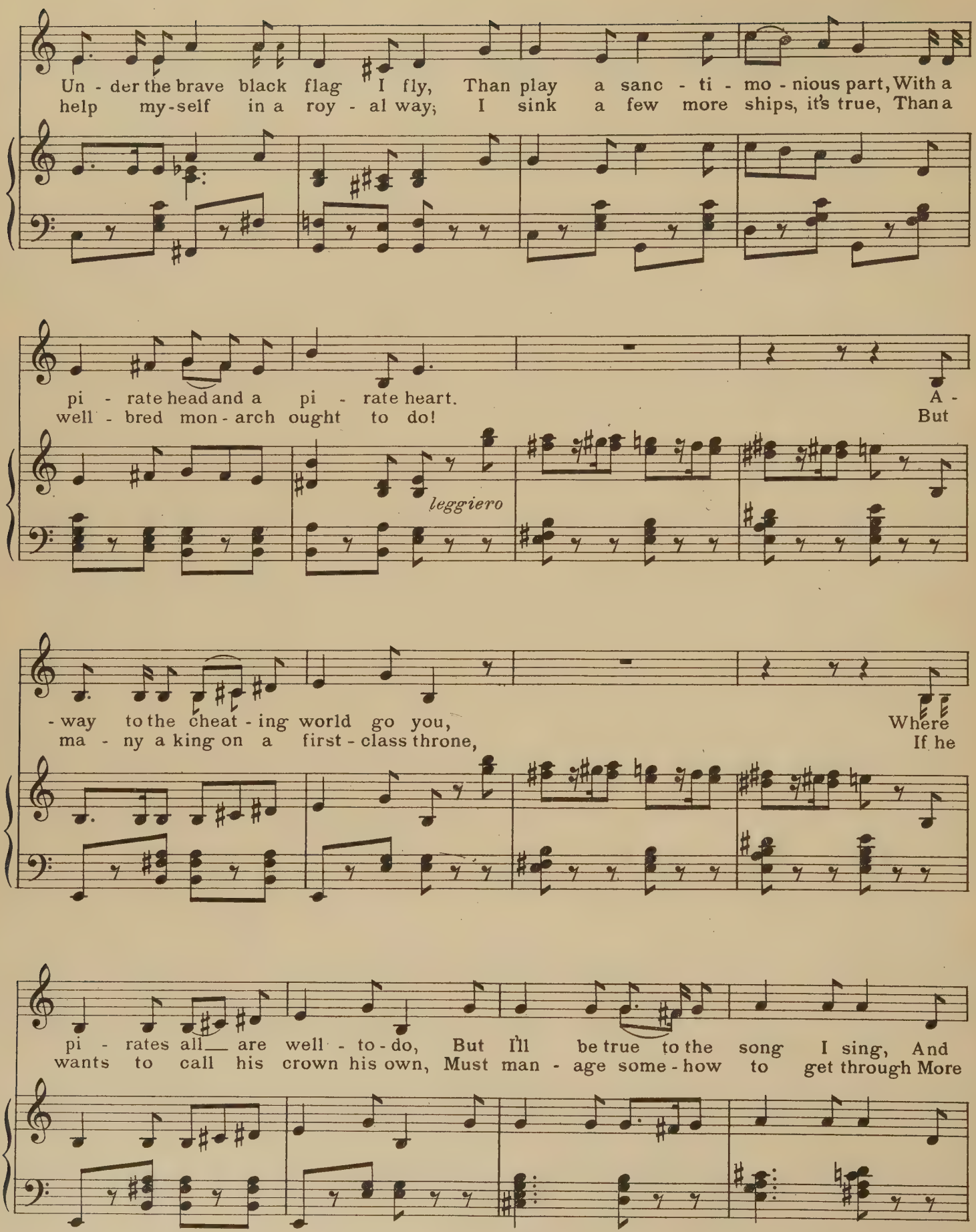
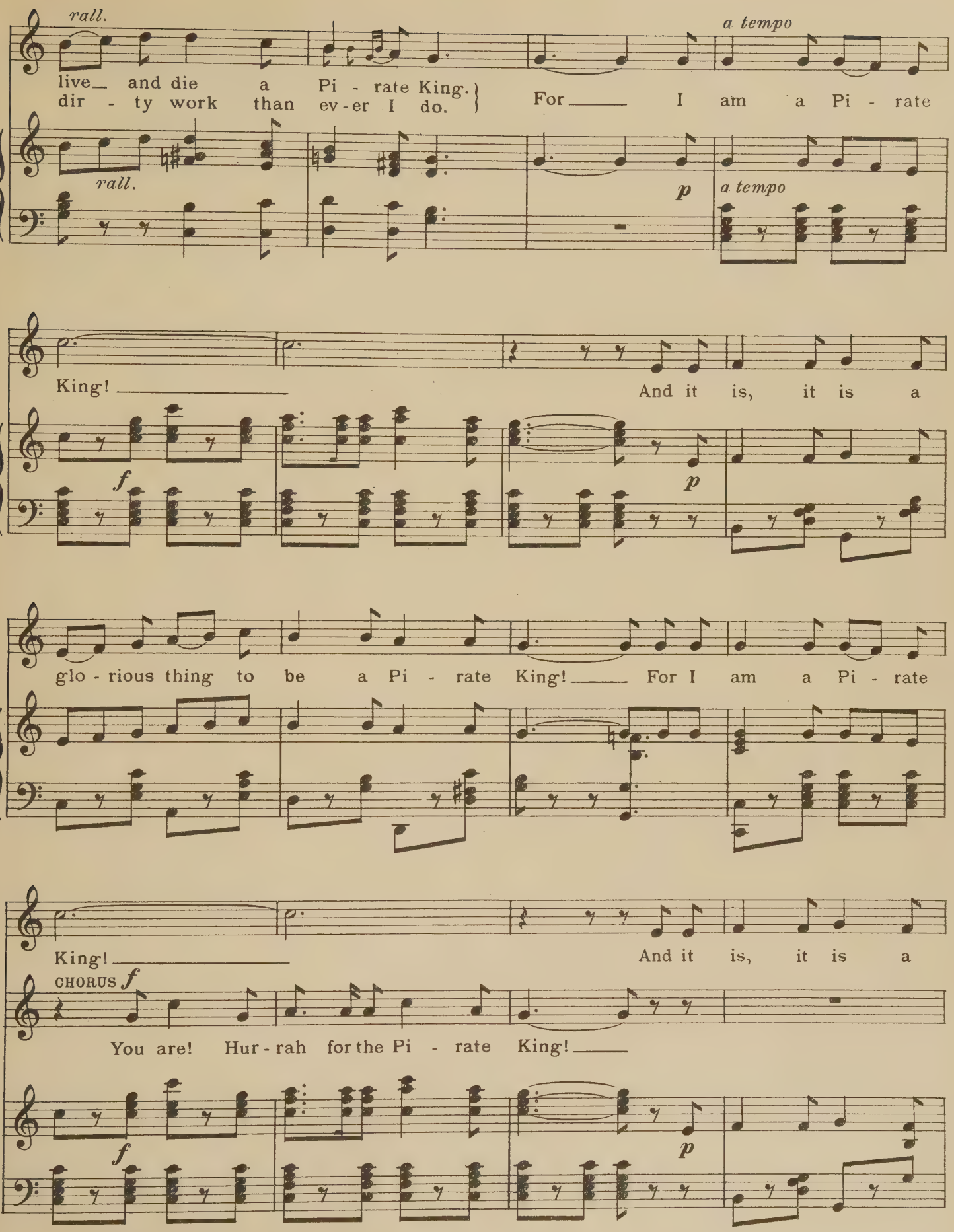
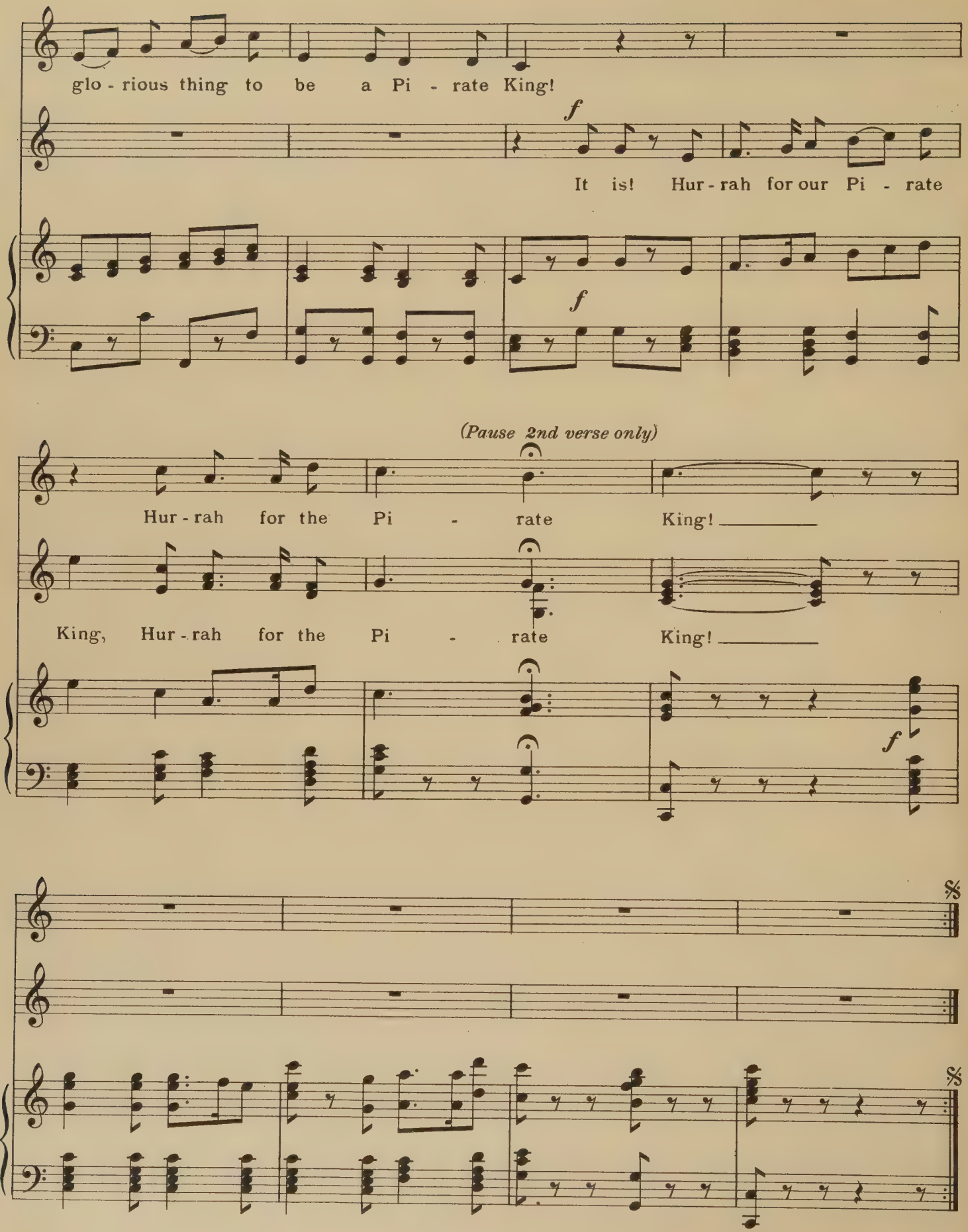

Un - der the brave black flag I fly, Than play a sanc - ti - mo - nious part, With a
help my-self in a roy - al way; I sink a few more ships, it's true, Than a
pi - rate head and a pi - rate heart. A -
well - bred mon - arch ought to do! But
leggiero
- way to the cheat - ing world go you, Where
ma - ny a king on a first - class throne, If he
pi - rates all are well - to - do, But I'll be true to the song I sing, And
wants to call his crown his own, Must man - age some - how to get through More

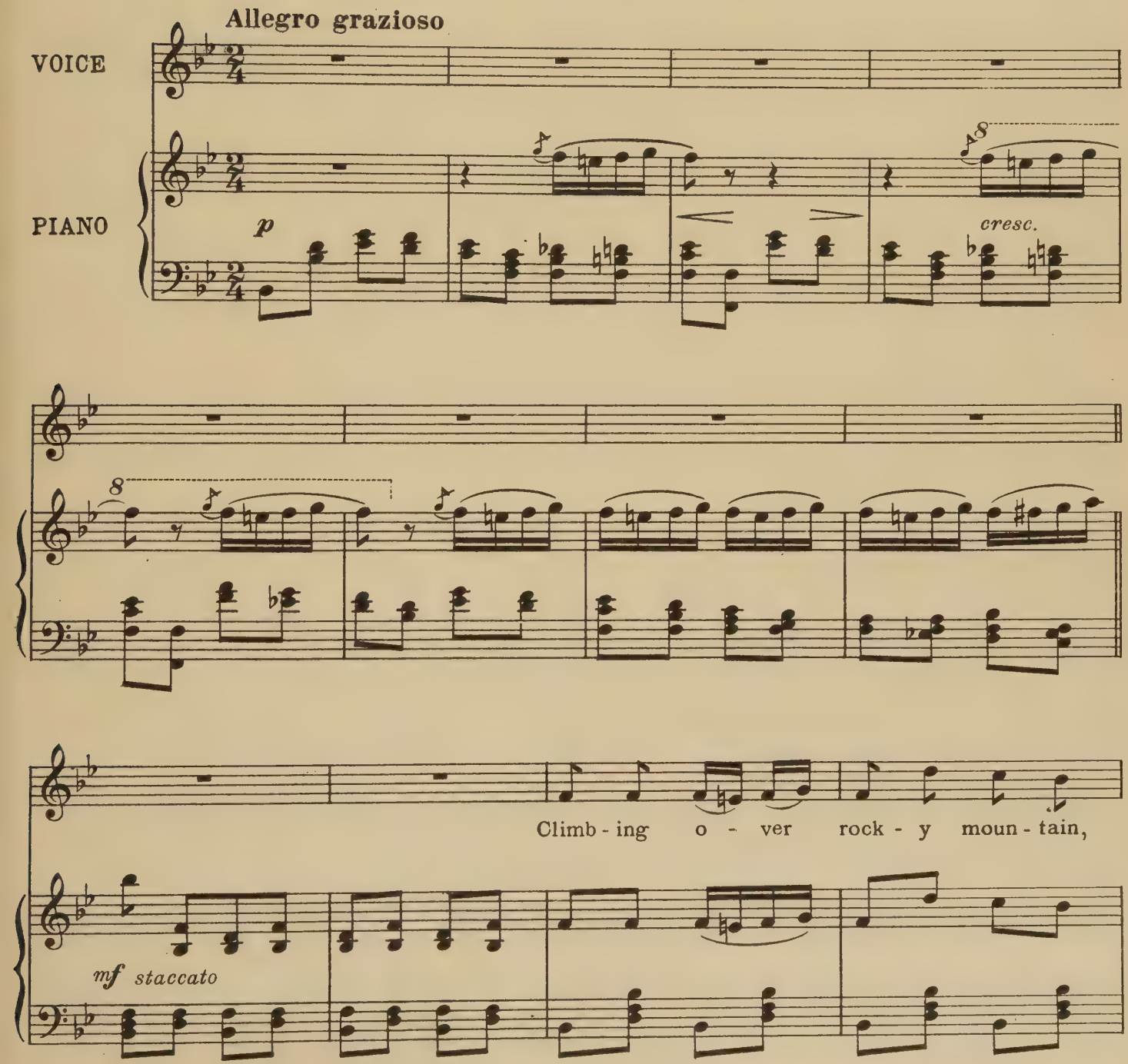

rall.
live and die a Pi - rate King.
dir - ty work than ev-er I do.
a tempo
For I am a Pi - rate
rall.
p
a tempo
King!
And it is, it is a
f
p
glo - rious thing to be a Pi - rate King! For I am a Pi - rate
King!
And it is, it is a
CHORUS f
You are! Hur - rah for the Pi - rate King!
f
p


glo - rious thing to be a Pi - rate King!
f
It is! Hur - rah for our Pi - rate
f
(Pause 2nd verse only)
Hur - rah for the Pi - rate King!
King, Hur - rah for the Pi - rate King!
f

Although free from the Pirates, who have now put to sea, Frederic has had some little difficulty in preventing his nurse, the elderly Ruth, from marrying him. In his inexperience of women he has been almost persuaded by Ruth that she is at least the equal in desirability of any of her sex. Fortunately for him a lively company of young and beautiful girls approach and his nurse's deception is at once apparent. He casts her from him impatiently, and has just time to conceal himself in a cave as the girls clamber over the rocks singing as they come.

CLIMBING OVER ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Sung by CHORUS of GIRLS with Solo for EDITH and KATE



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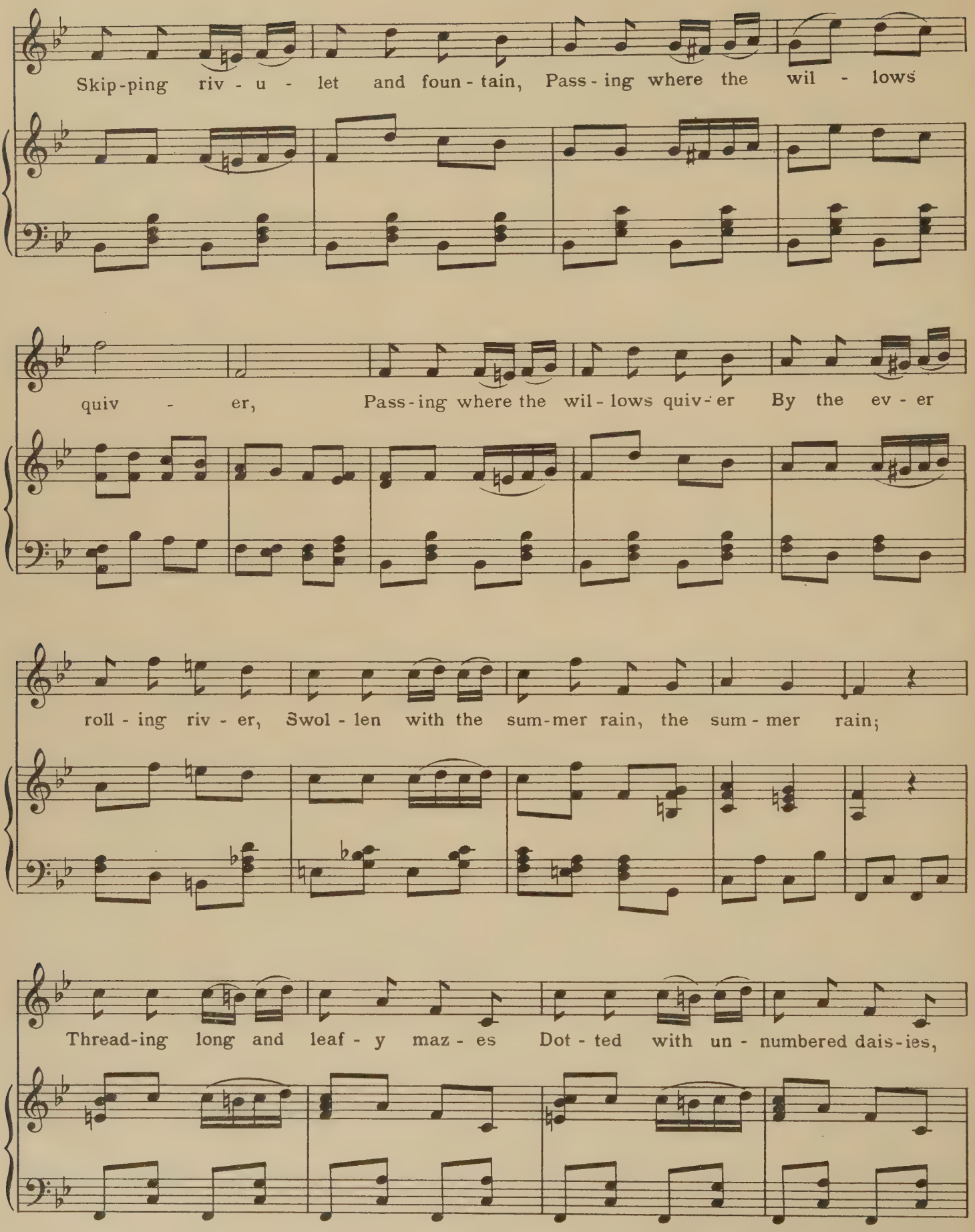
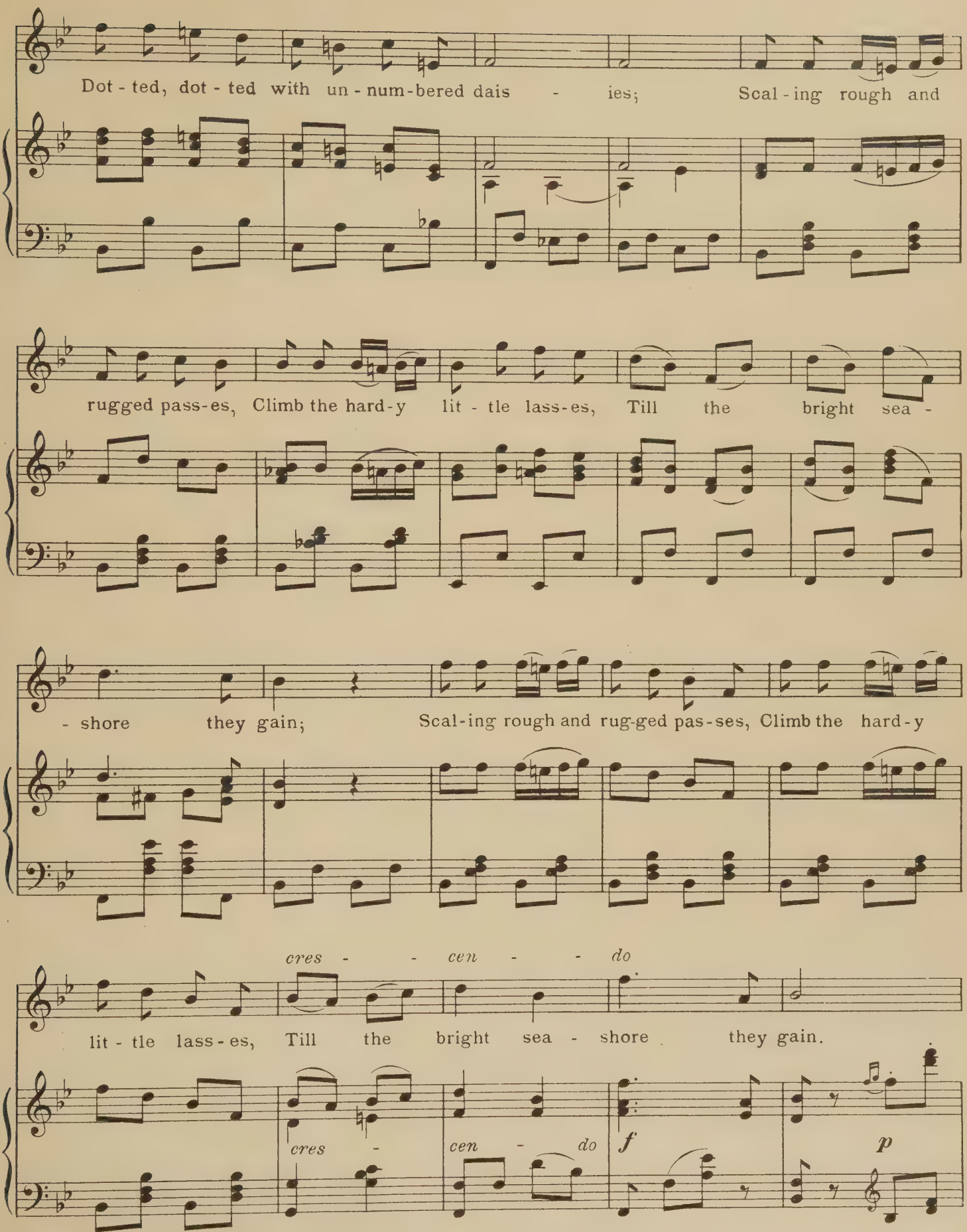
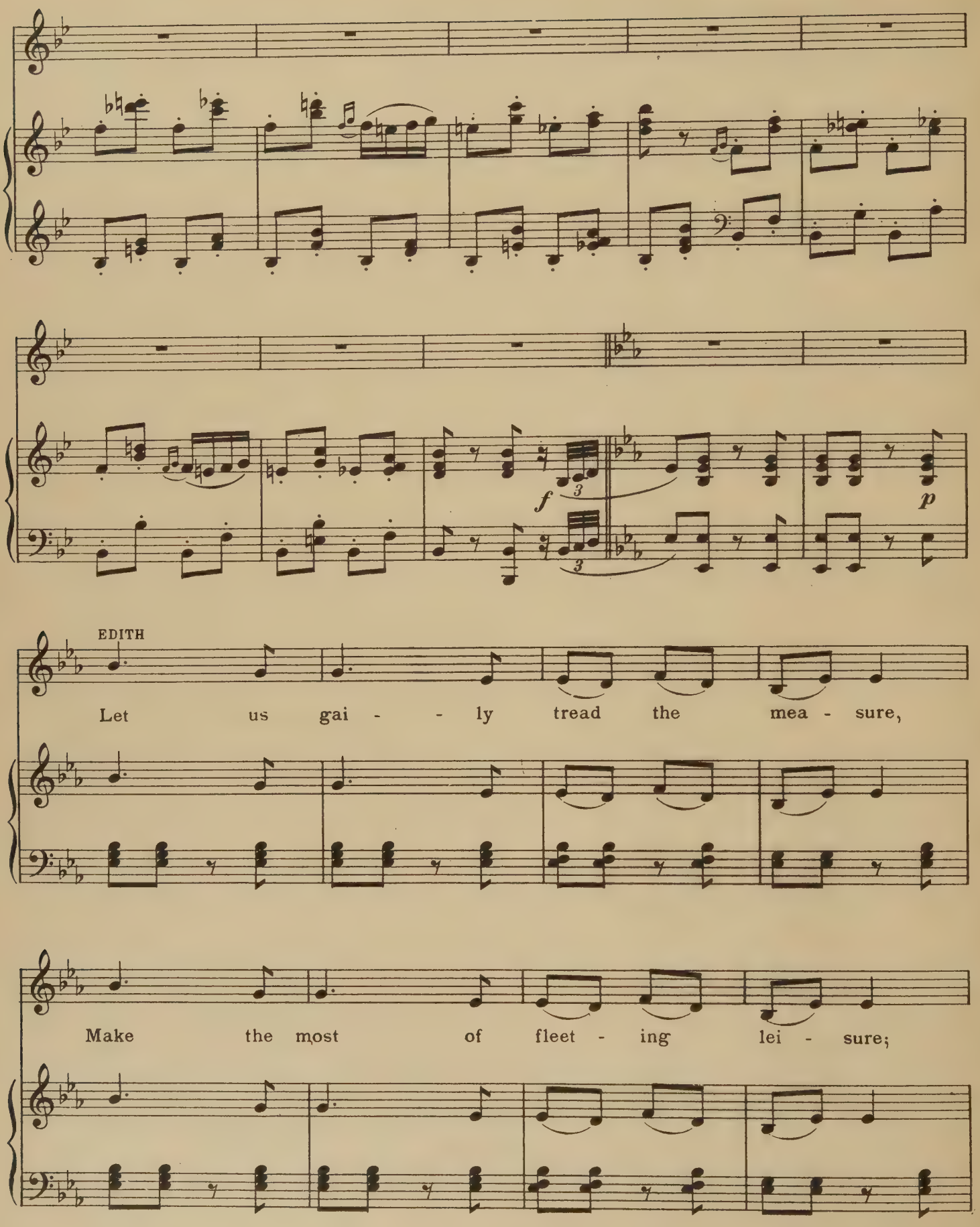
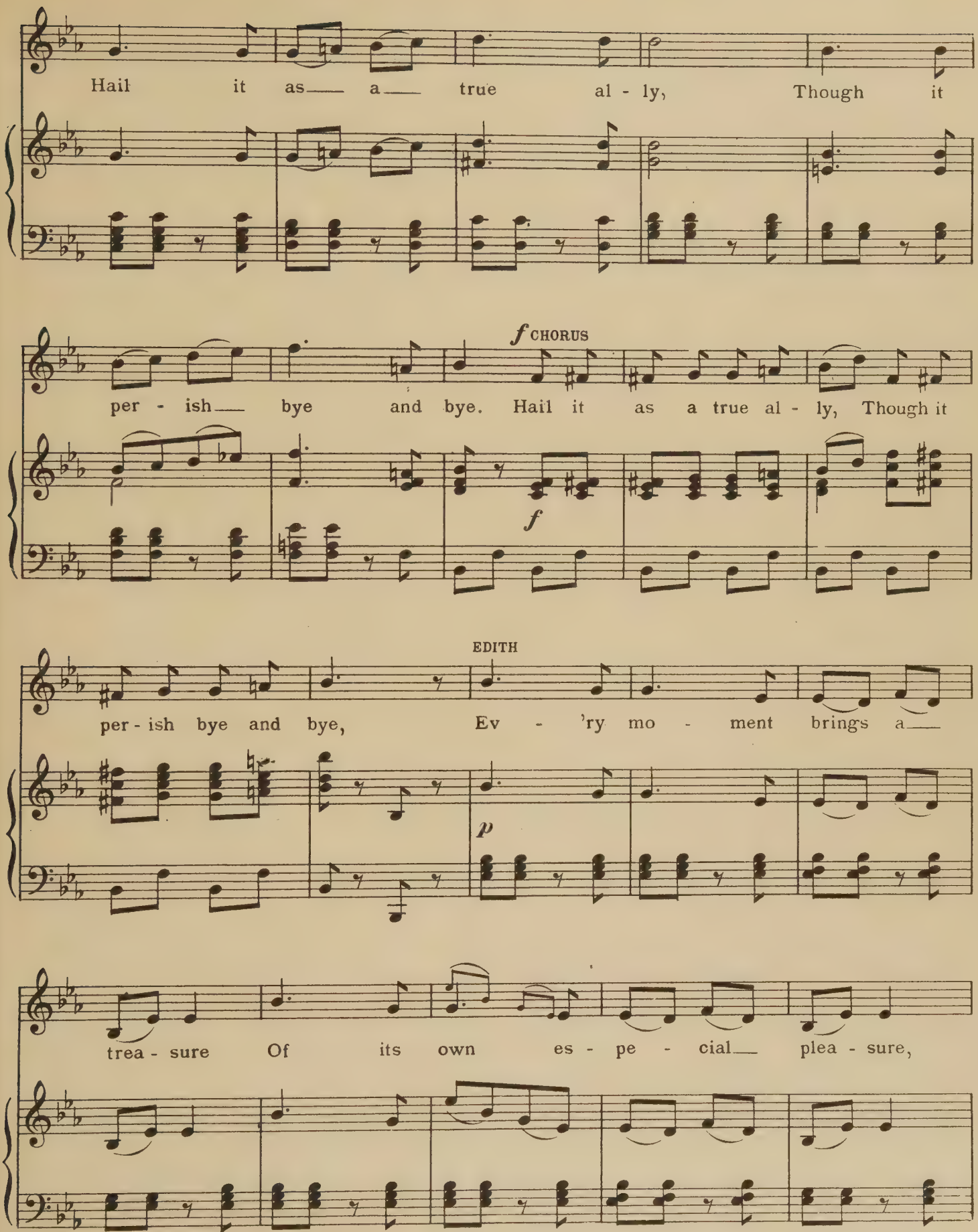
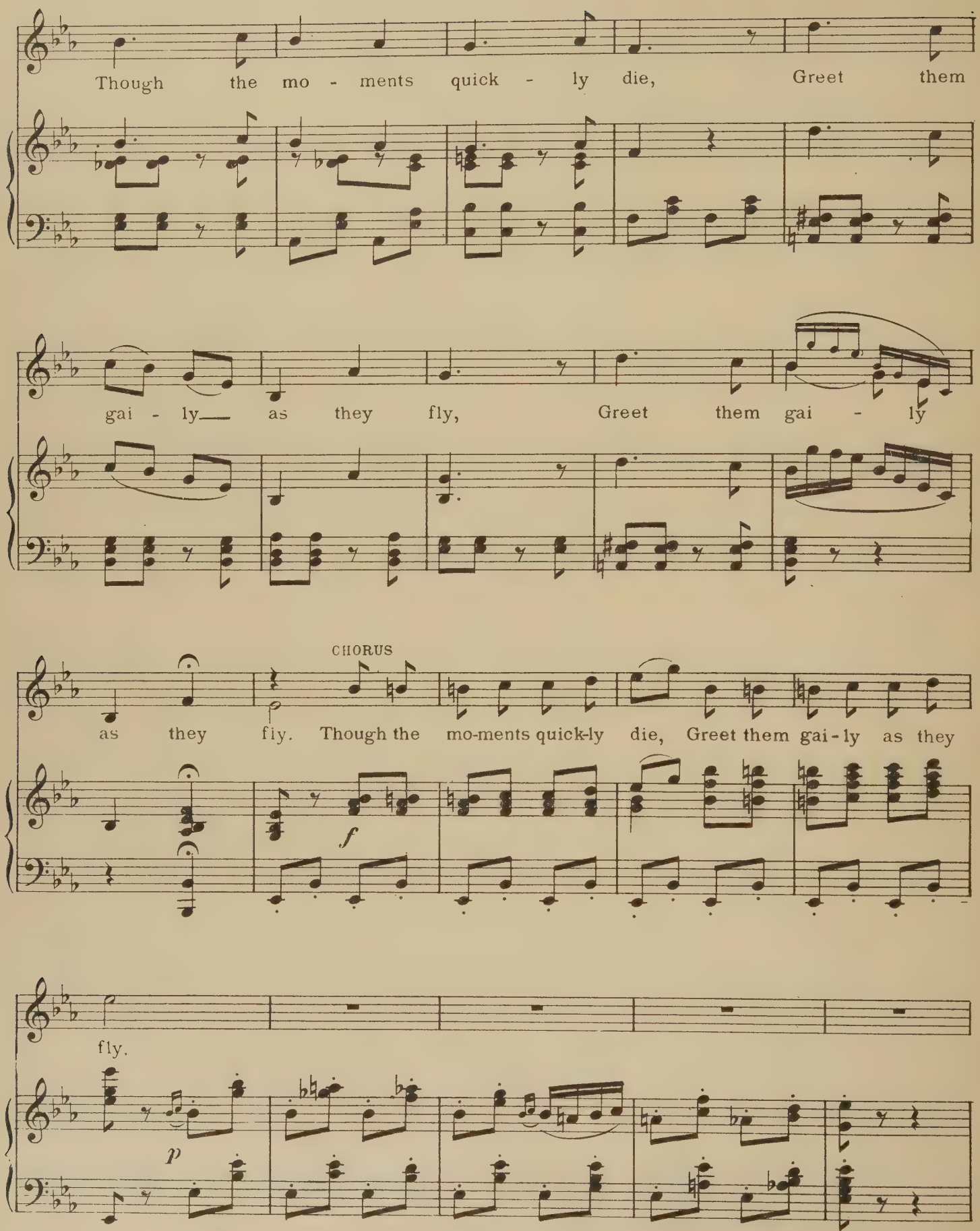
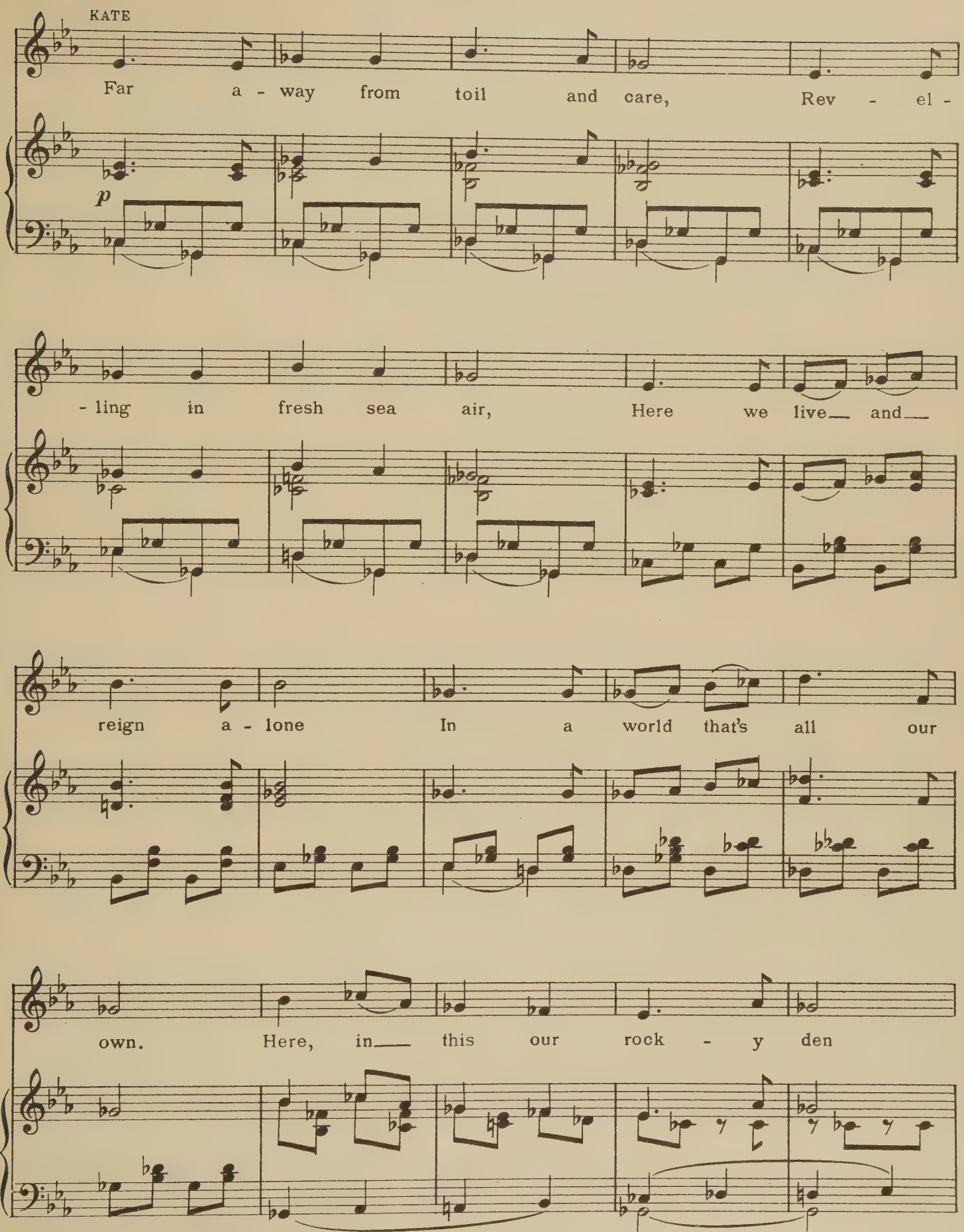

Skip-ping riv - u - let and foun - tain, Pass - ing where the wil - lows
quiv - er, Pass - ing where the wil - lows quiv - er By the ev - er
roll - ing riv - er, Swol - len with the sum - mer rain, the sum - mer rain;
Thread-ing long and leaf - y maz - es Dot - ted with un - numbered dais - ies,

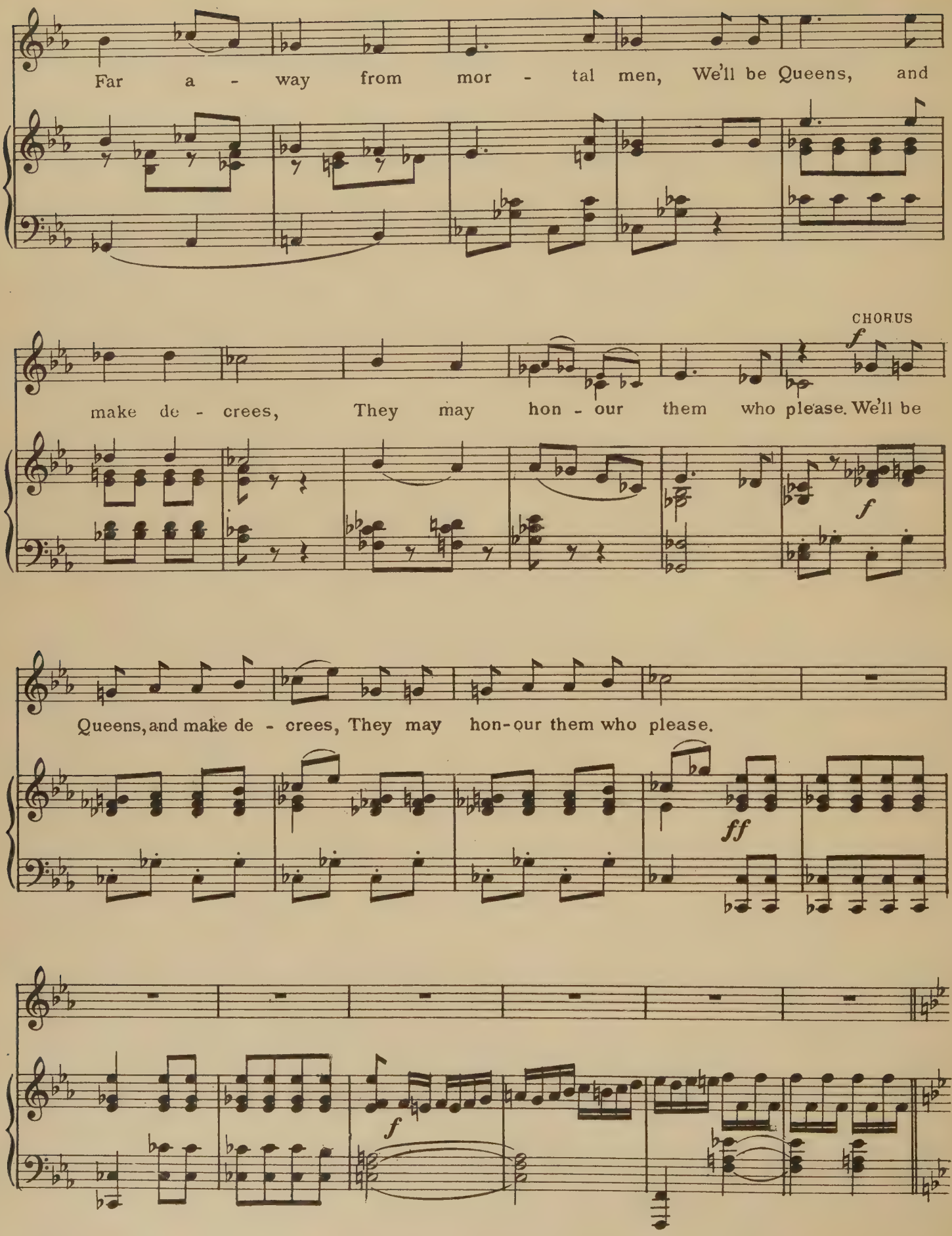

Dot - ted, dot - ted with un - num-bered dais - ies; Scal - ing rough and
rugged pass-es, Climb the hard-y lit - tle lass-es, Till the bright sea -
- shore they gain; Scal-ing rough and rug-ged pas-ses, Climb the hard-y
cres - - cen - - do
lit - tle lass-es, Till the bright sea - shore they gain.
cres - cen - do
f
p

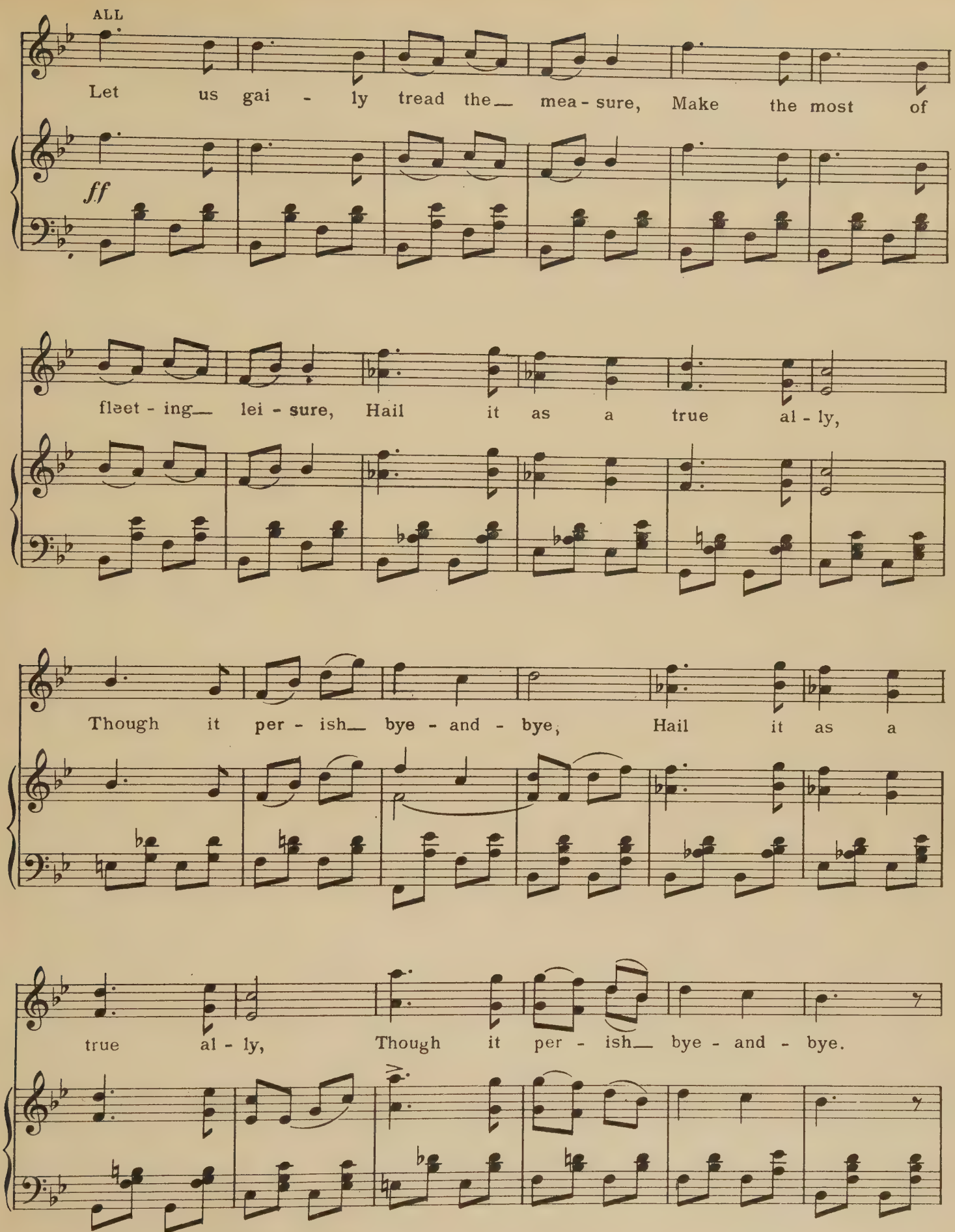

f
p
EDITH
Let us gai - - ly tread the mea - sure,
Make the most of fleet - ing lei - sure;

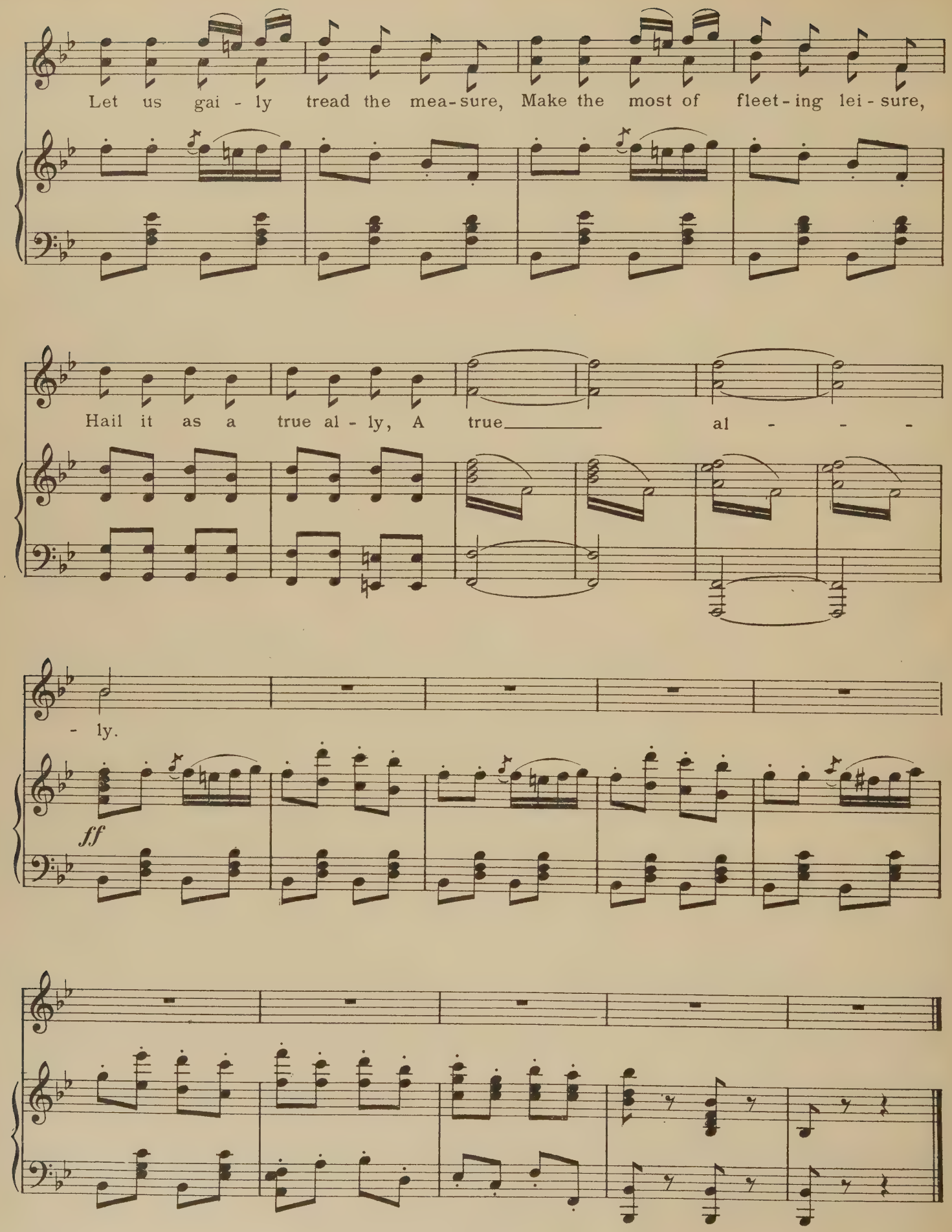

Hail it as a true al - ly, Though it
f CHORUS
per - ish bye and bye. Hail it as a true al - ly, Though it
f
EDITH
per - ish bye and bye, Ev - 'ry mo - ment brings a
p
trea - sure Of its own es - pe - cial plea - sure,


Though the mo - ments quick - ly die, Greet them
gai - ly— as they fly, Greet them gai - ly
CHORUS
as they fly. Though the mo-ments quick-ly die, Greet them gai-ly as they
f
fly.
p


KATE
Far a - way from toil and care, Rev - el -
p
- ling in fresh sea air, Here we live and
reign a - lone In a world that's all our
own. Here, in this our rock - y den


Far a - way from mor - tal men, We'll be Queens, and
CHORUS
f
make de - crees, They may hon - our them who please. We'll be
f
Queens, and make de - crees, They may hon-our them who please.
ff
f

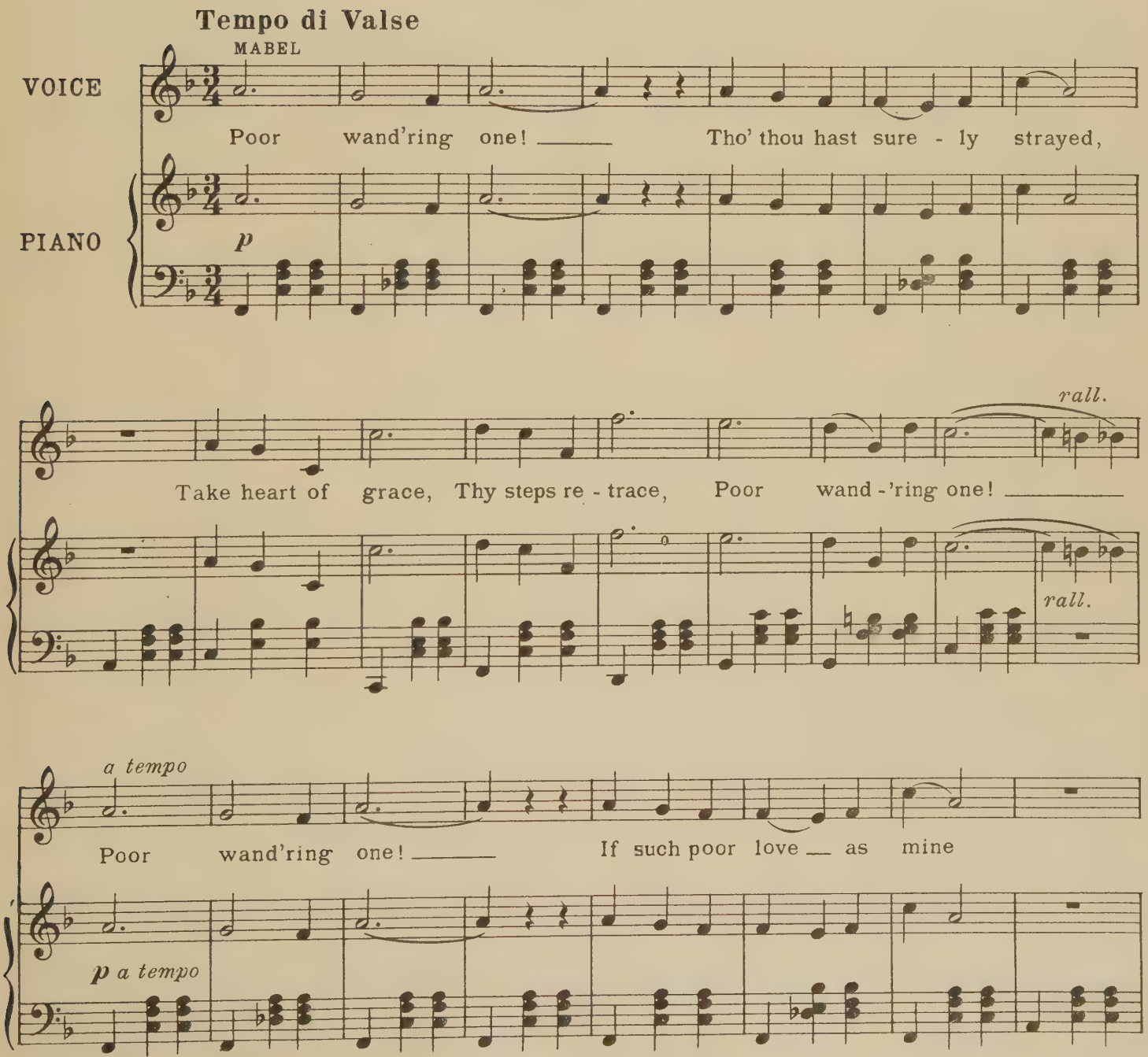

ALL
Let us gai - ly tread the mea - sure, Make the most of
ff
fleet - ing lei - sure, Hail it as a true al - ly,
Though it per - ish bye - and - bye, Hail it as a
true al - ly, Though it per - ish bye - and - bye.


Let us gai - ly tread the mea-sure, Make the most of fleet-ing lei - sure,
Hail it as a true al - ly, A true al - - -
- ly.
ff

As the girls pause hard by Frederic's hiding-place and, having decided to paddle in the sea, proceed to remove shoes and stockings, he decides that he had better make his presence known. He comes out from the cave and introduces himself. The girls, who are none other than the daughters of one, Major General Stanley, are horrified when Frederic announces that he is a pirate. True, they have a sneaking admiration for his manly beauty, but are much too well-bred and ambitious to listen to his plea that one of them shall take him in hand. They have rejected all his advances when their sister Mabel, who has arrived just in time to hear Frederic's final despairing appeal, takes pity on him.

POOR WAND'RING ONE

Sung by MABEL with Chorus



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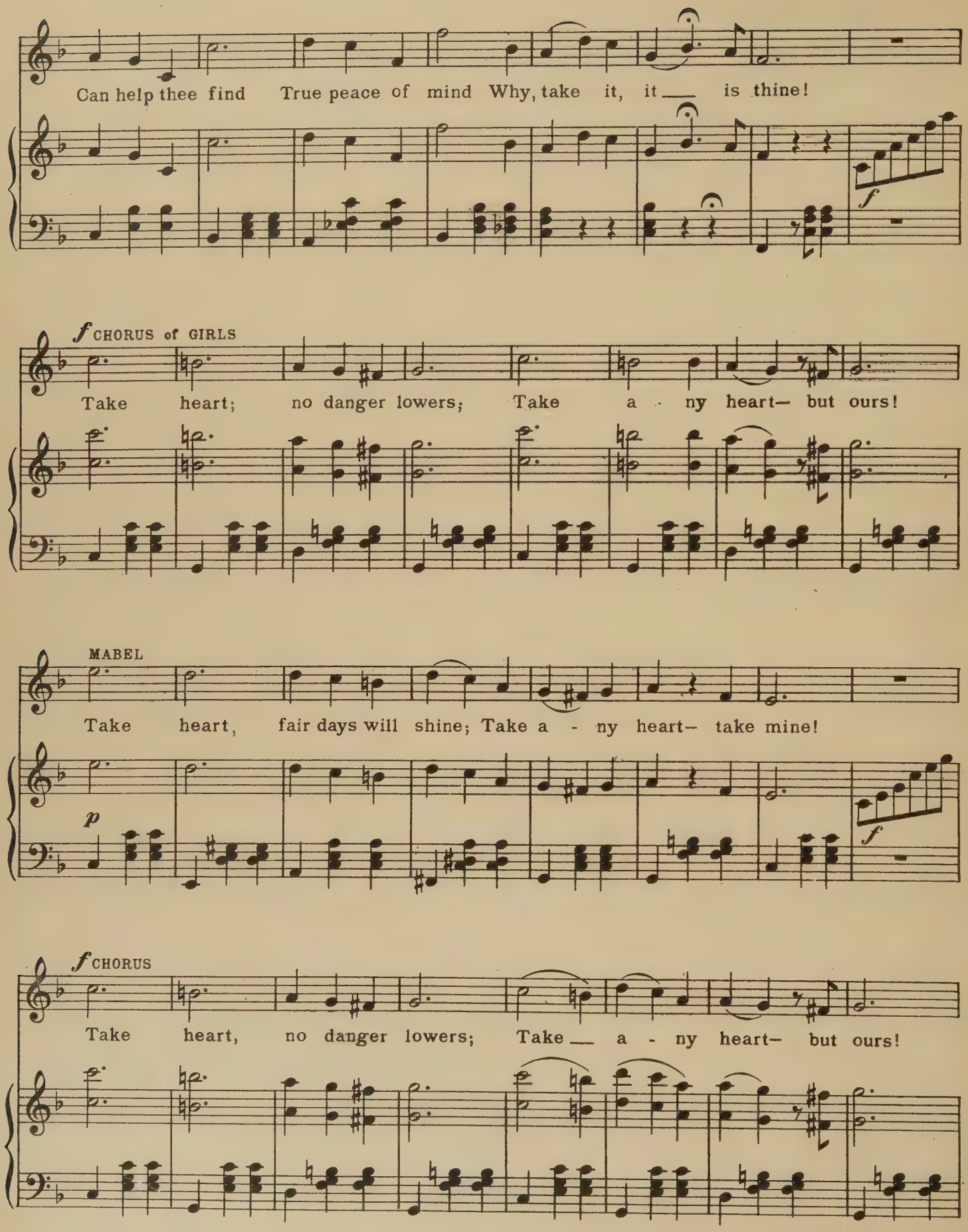
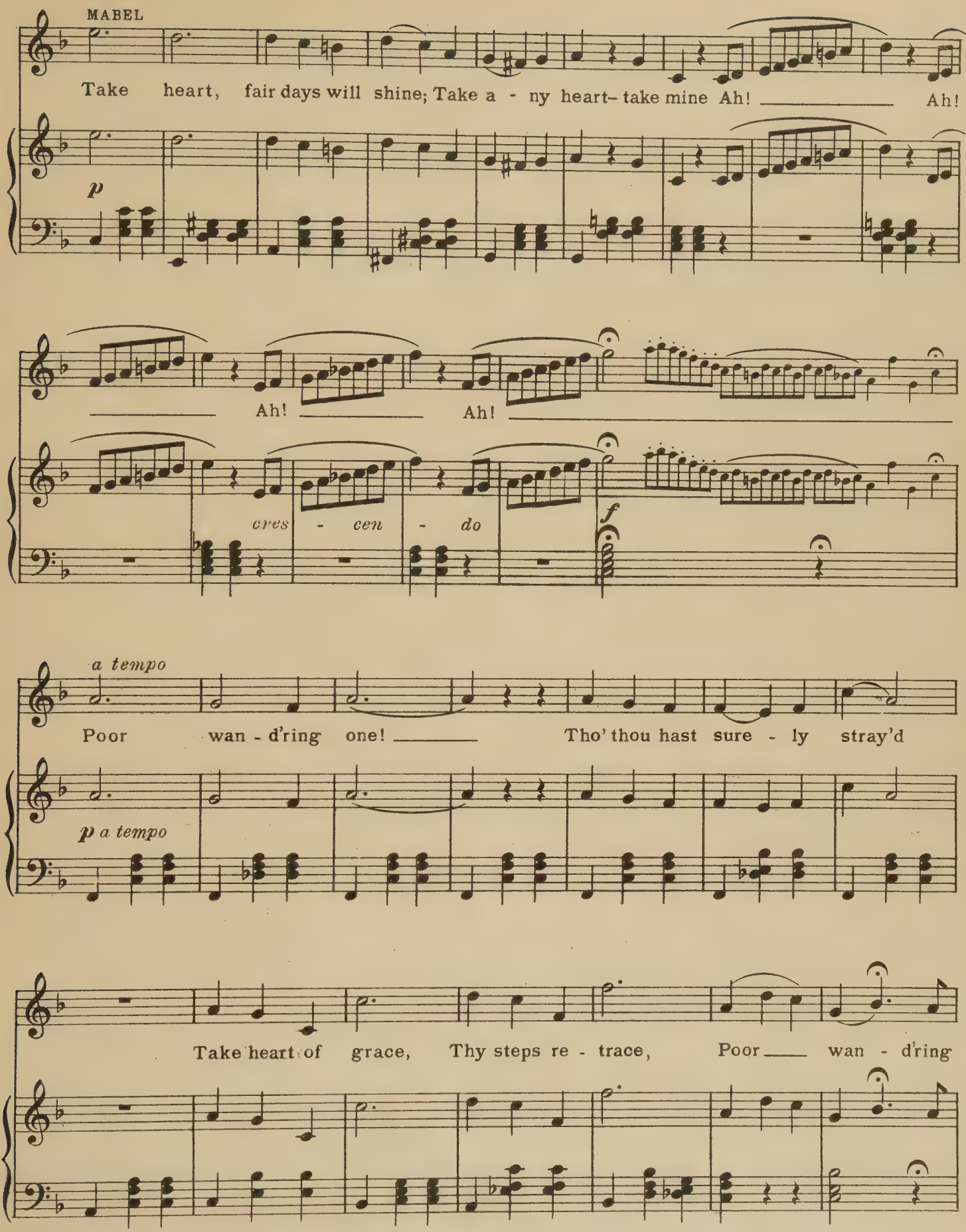
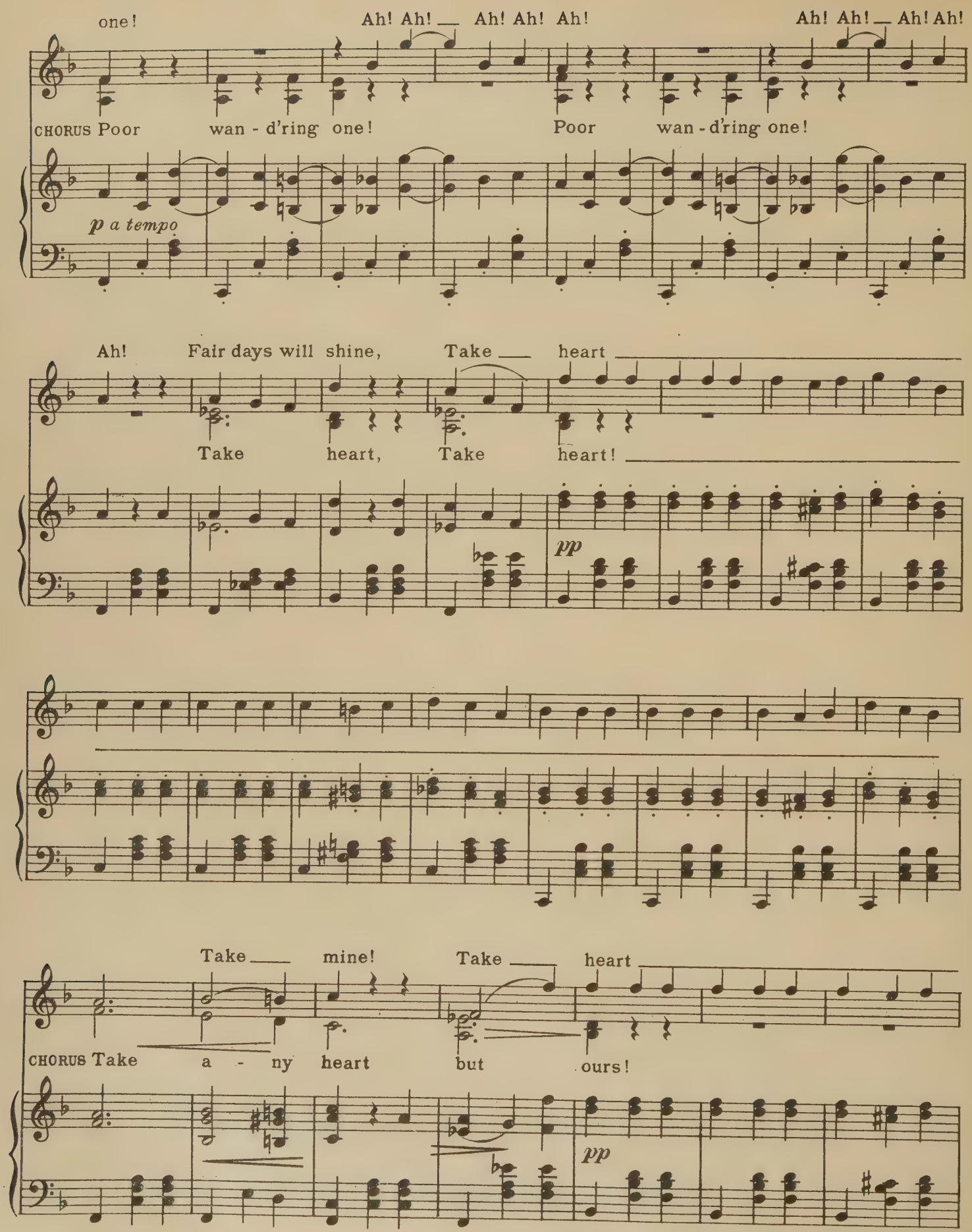
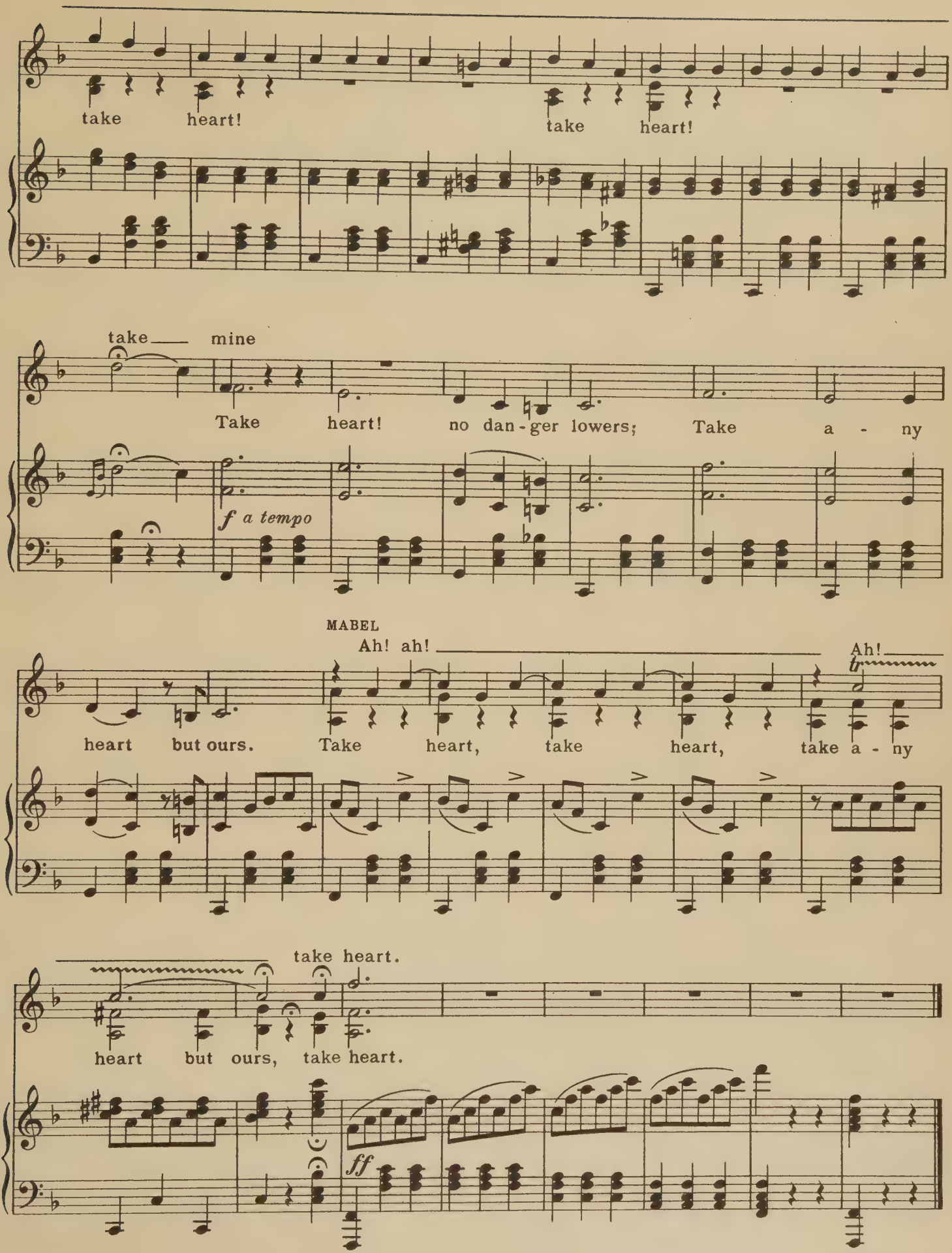

Can help thee find True peace of mind Why, take it, it ___ is thine!
f
f CHORUS of GIRLS
Take heart; no danger lowers; Take a - ny heart— but ours!
MABEL
Take heart, fair days will shine; Take a - ny heart— take mine!
p
f
f CHORUS
Take heart, no danger lowers; Take ___ a - ny heart— but ours!


MABEL
Take heart, fair days will shine; Take a - ny heart– take mine Ah! Ah!
p
Ah! Ah!
cres - cen - do
f
a tempo
Poor wan - d'ring one! Tho' thou hast sure - ly stray'd
p a tempo
Take heart of grace, Thy steps re - trace, Poor wan - d'ring

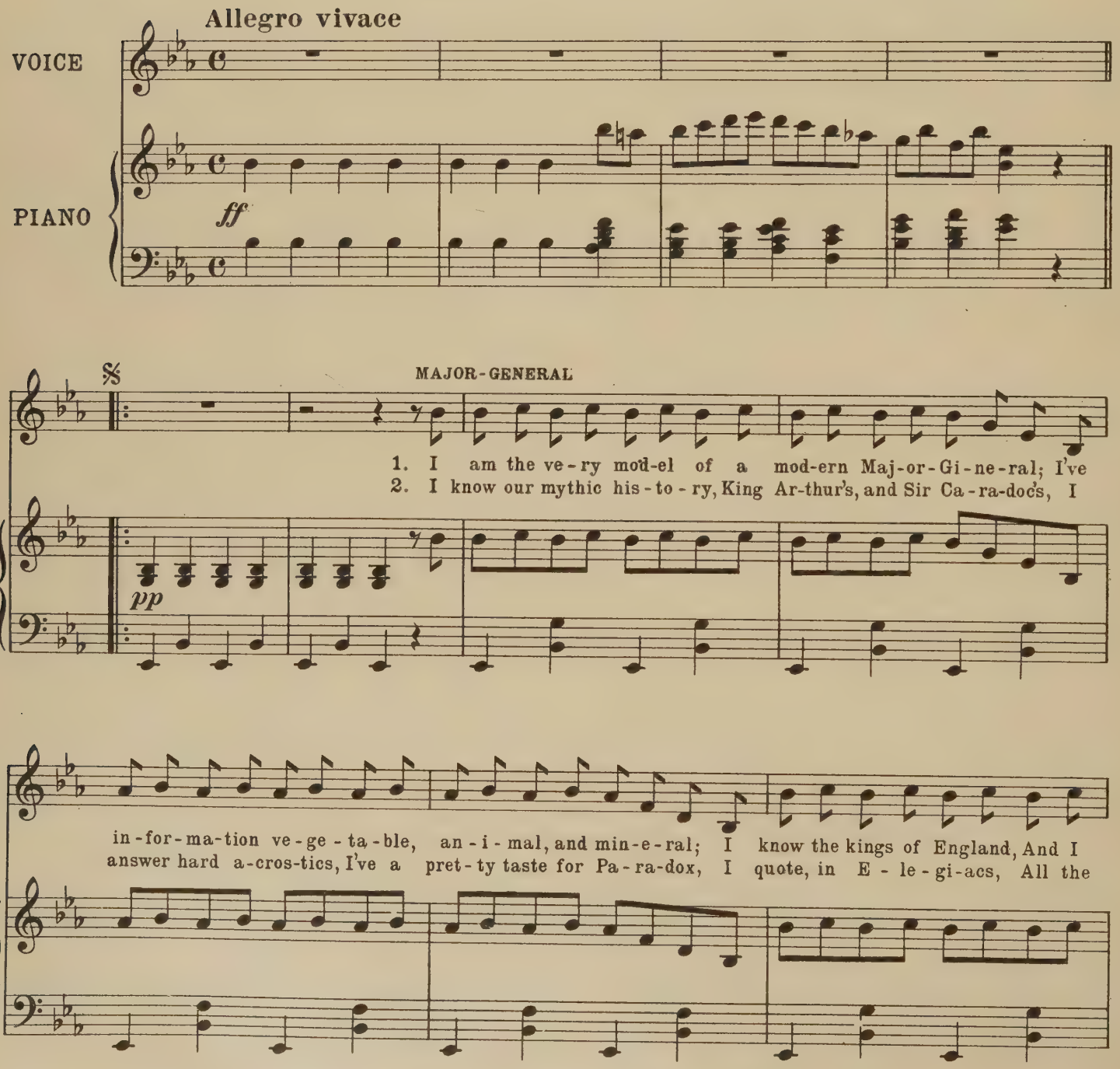

one!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
CHORUS Poor wan - d'ring one!
Poor wan - d'ring one!
p a tempo
Ah! Fair days will shine, Take heart
Take heart, Take heart!
pp
Take mine! Take heart
CHORUS Take a - ny heart but ours!
pp


take heart! take heart!
take mine
Take heart! no dan-ger lowers; Take a - ny
f a tempo
MABEL
Ah! ah!
Ah!
heart but ours. Take heart, take heart, take a - ny
take heart.
heart but ours, take heart.
ff

The love affair of Mabel and Frederic has so intrigued her numerous sisters that they fail to notice the arrival of the pirates, who quickly surround and seize them. The rough and ready sea-wolves have just declared their intention of converting each girl into a pirate's bride and that without any undue delay, when an unexpected obstacle to their plan appears in the person of Major-General Stanley. The pirates are much impressed, and the worthy General follows up his advantage by introducing himself at some length.

THE MODERN MAJOR-GENERAL

Sung by MAJOR-GENERAL with CHORUS


Allegro vivace
VOICE
PIANO
ff
MAJOR-GENERAL
1. I am the ve-ry mod-el of a mod-ern Maj-or-Gi-ne-ral; I've
2. I know our mythic his-to-ry, King Ar-thur's, and Sir Ca-ra-doc's, I
pp
in-for-ma-tion ve-ge-ta-ble, an-i-mal, and min-e-ral; I know the kings of England, And I
answer hard a-cros-tics, I've a pret-ty taste for Pa-ra-dox, I quote, in E-le-gi-acs, All the

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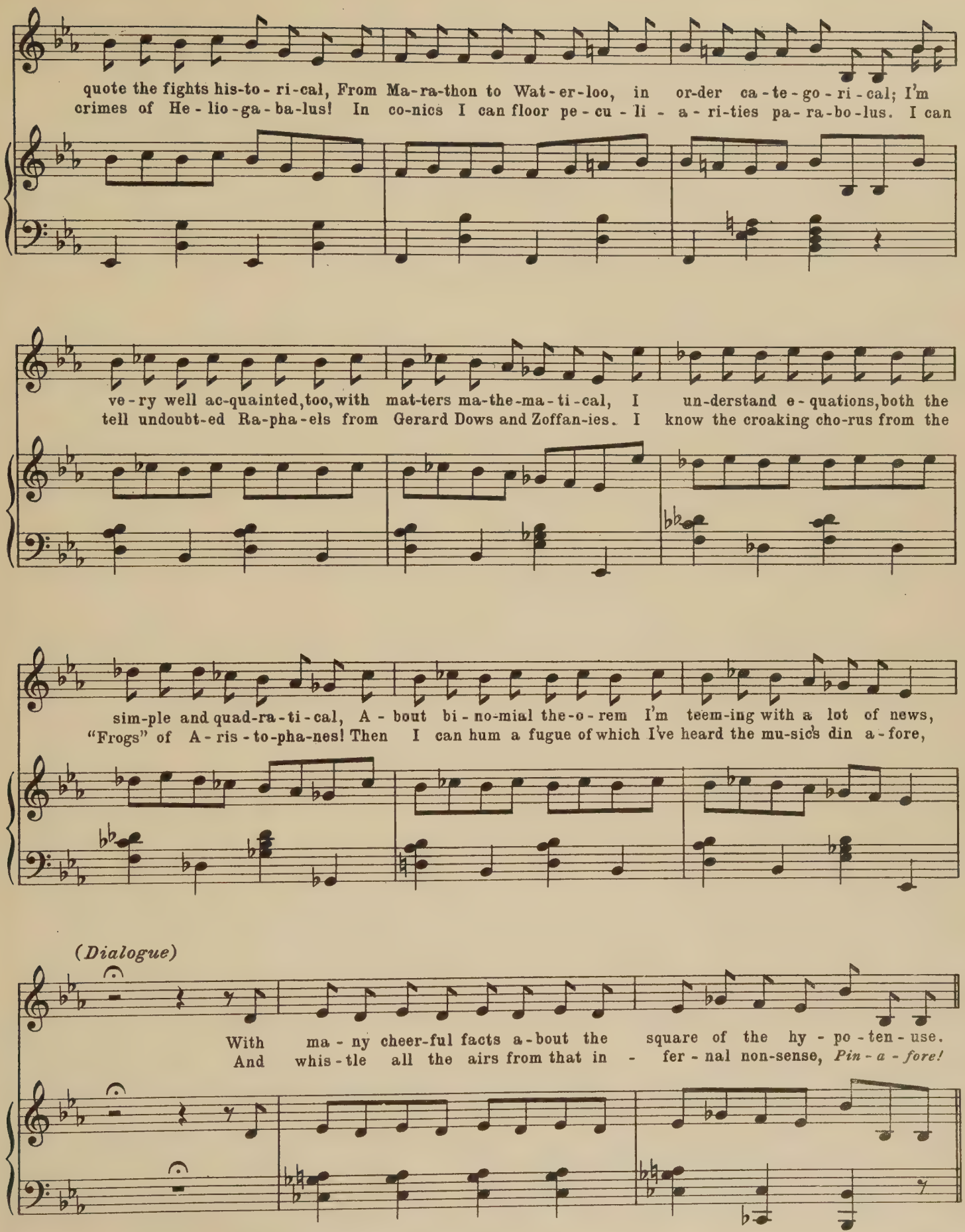
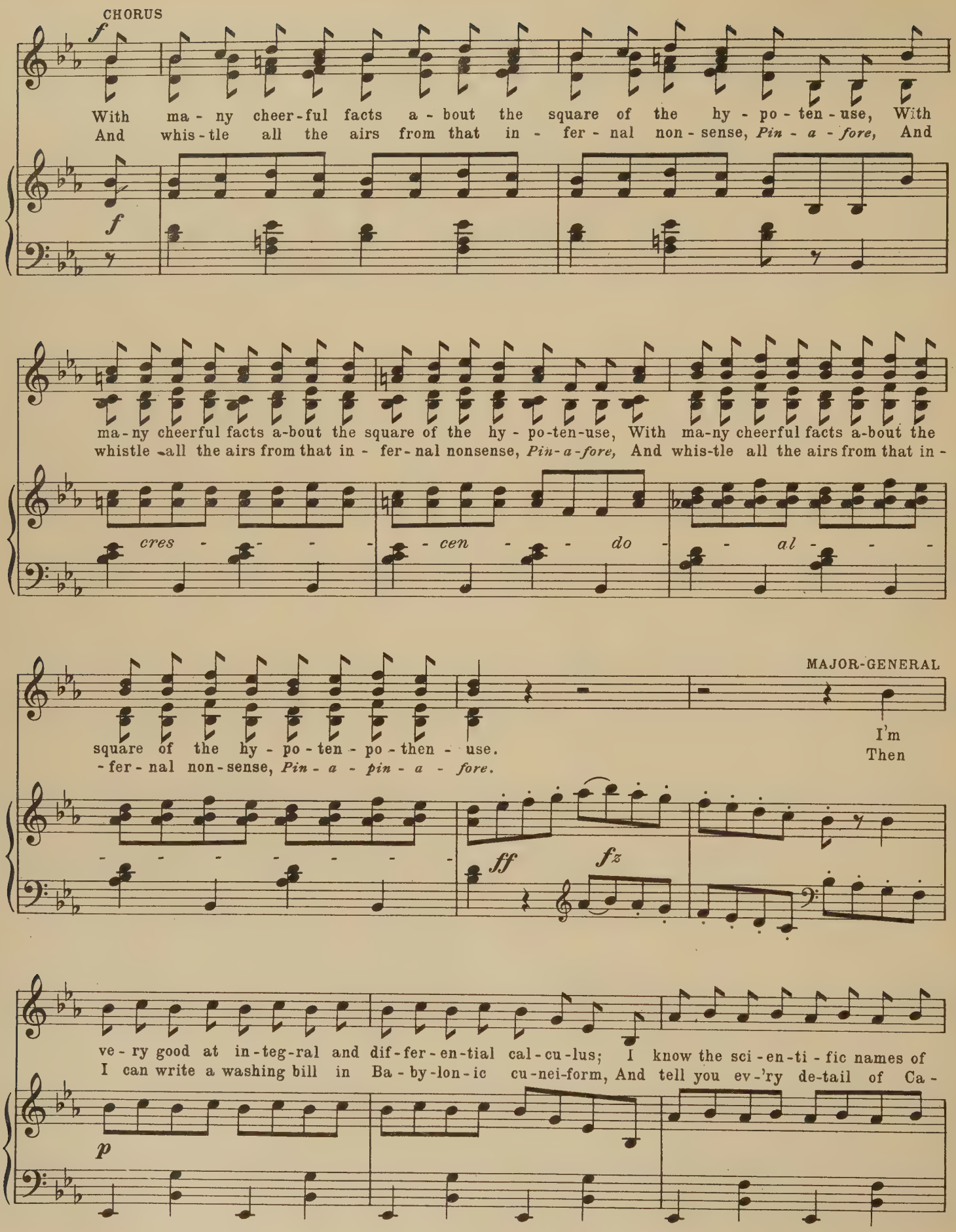
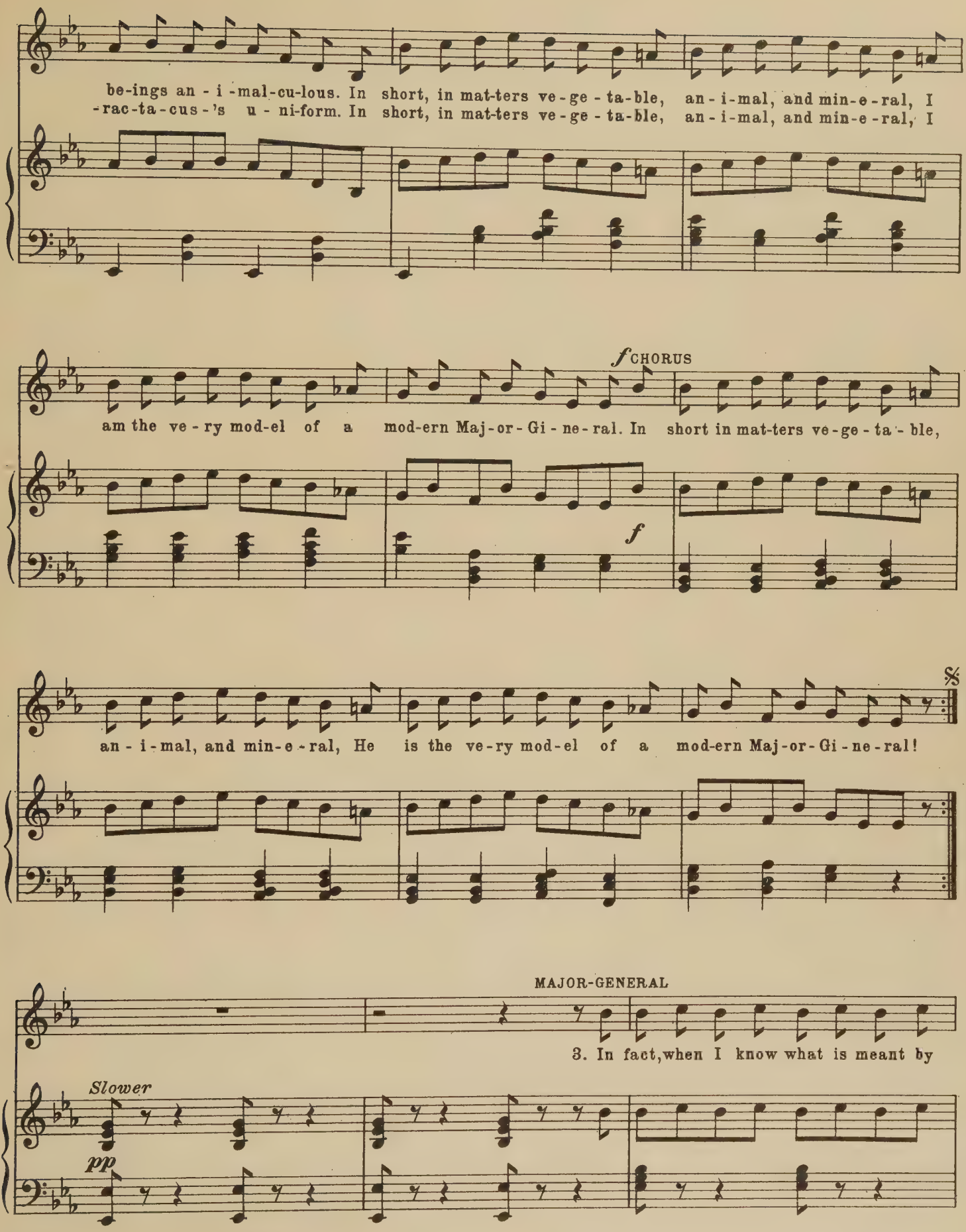
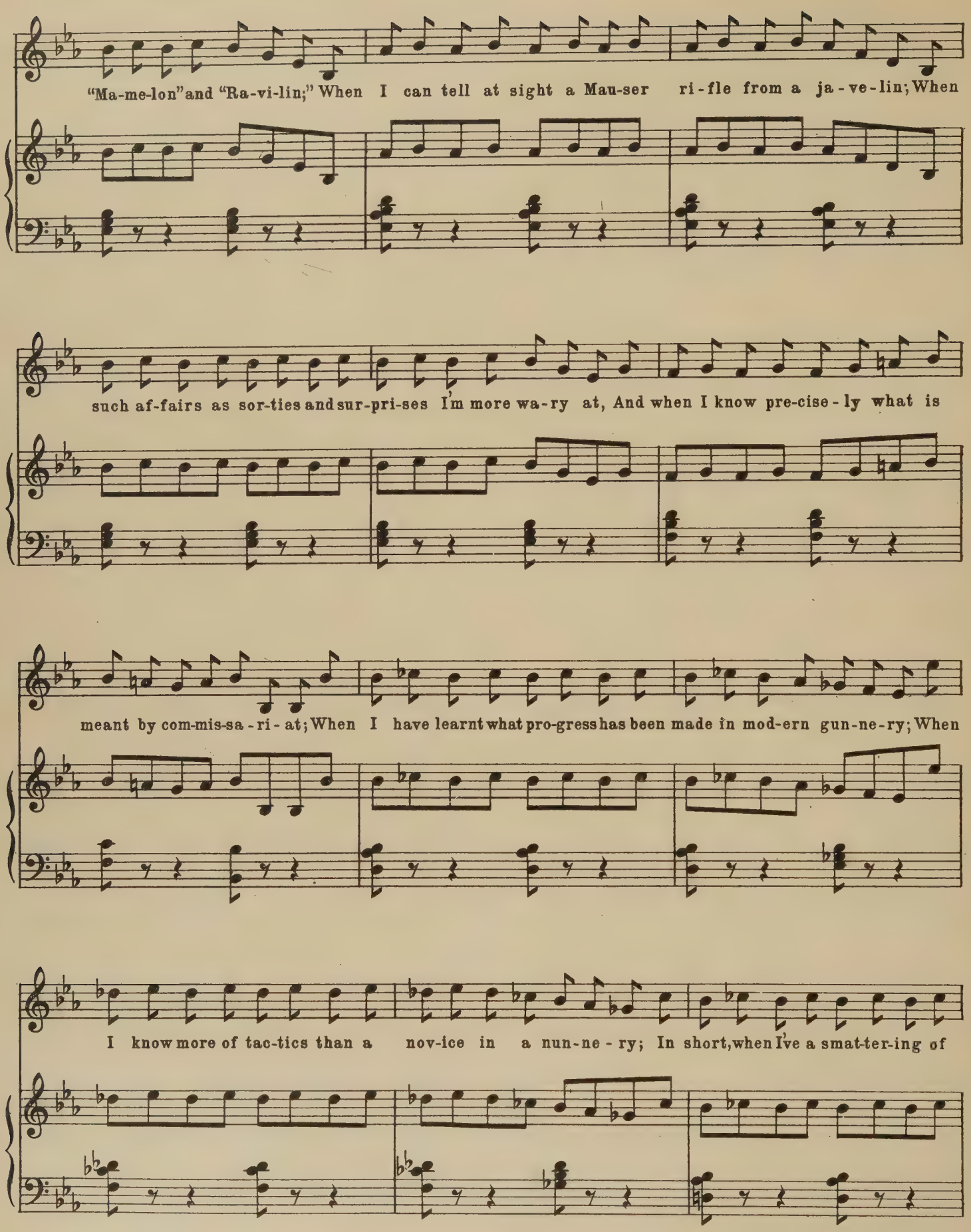
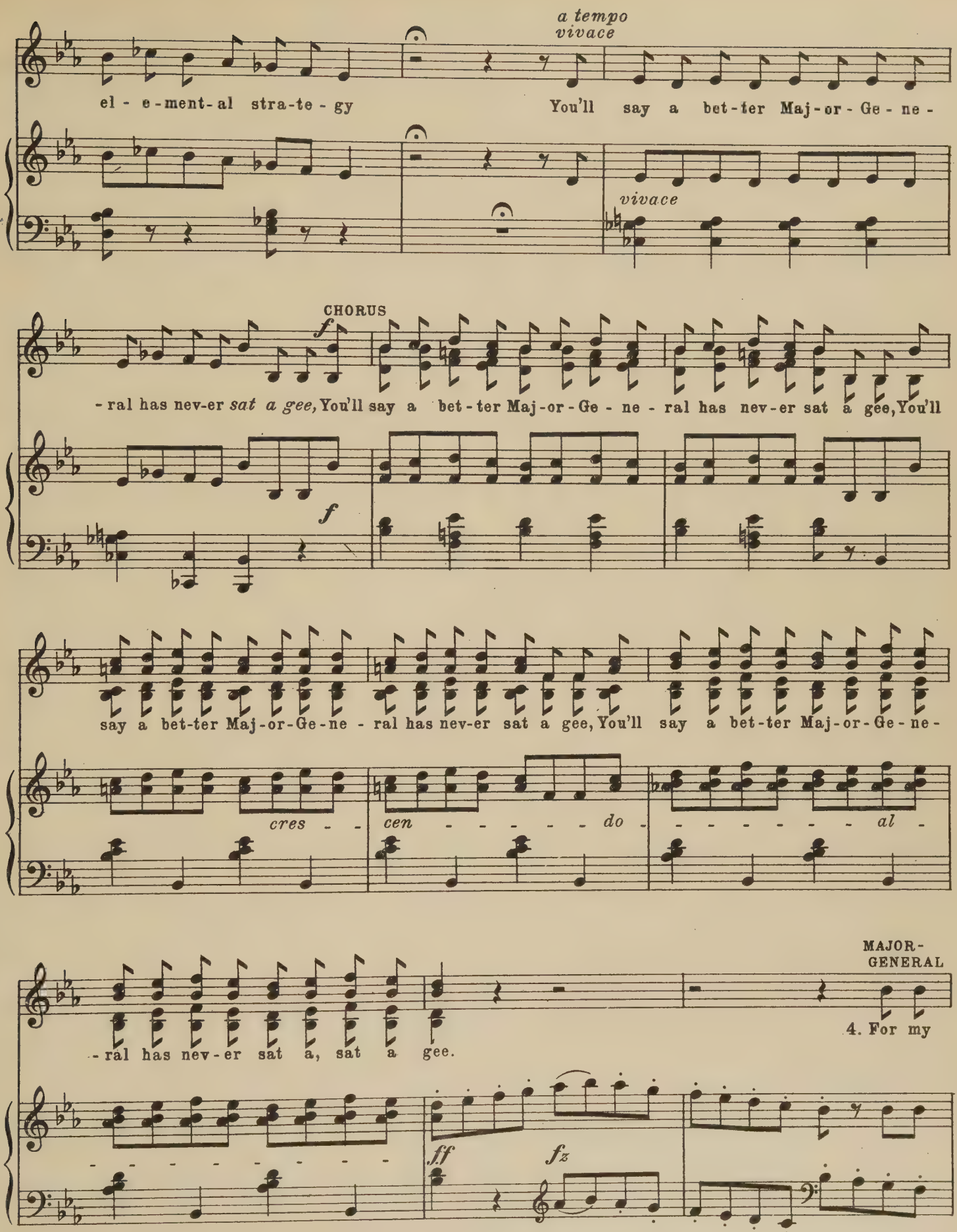
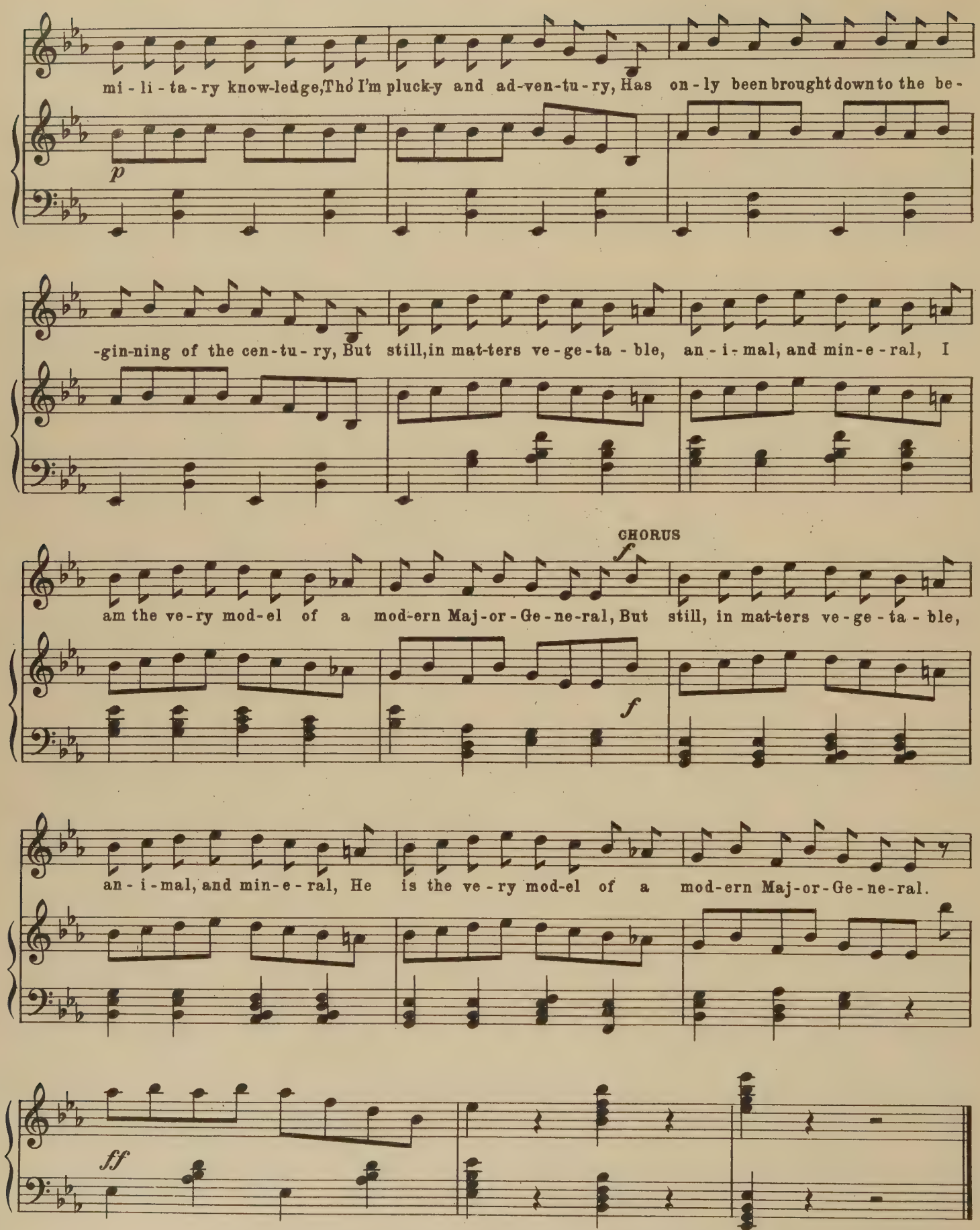

quote the fights his-to-ri-cal, From Ma-ra-thon to Wat-er-loo, in or-der ca-te-go-ri-cal; I'm
crimes of He-lio-ga-ba-lus! In co-nics I can floor pe-cu-li-a-ri-ties pa-ra-bo-lus. I can
ve-ry well ac-quainted, too, with mat-ters ma-the-ma-ti-cal, I un-derstand e-quations, both the
tell undoubt-ed Ra-pha-els from Gerard Dows and Zoffan-ies. I know the croaking cho-rus from the
sim-ple and quad-ra-ti-cal, A-bout bi-no-mial the-o-rem I'm teem-ing with a lot of news,
"Frogs" of A-ris-to-pha-nes! Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the mu-sic's din a-fore,
(Dialogue)
With ma-ny cheer-ful facts a-bout the square of the hy-po-ten-use.
And whis-tle all the airs from that in-fer-nal non-sense, Pin-a-fore!


CHORUS
f
With ma - ny cheer-ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - po - ten - use, With
And whis - tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal non - sense, Pin - a - fore, And
f
ma - ny cheerful facts a-bout the square of the hy - po-ten-use, With ma-ny cheerful facts a-bout the
whistle all the airs from that in - fer - nal nonsense, Pin-a-fore, And whis-tle all the airs from that in -
cres - - - - - cen - - - do - - - al - - - -
MAJOR-GENERAL
square of the hy - po - ten - po - then - use.
- fer - nal non - sense, Pin - a - pin - a - fore.
I'm
Then
ff
fz
ve - ry good at in - teg - ral and dif - fer - en - tial cal - cu - lus; I know the sci - en - ti - fic names of
I can write a washing bill in Ba - by - lon - ic cu - nei - form, And tell you ev - 'ry de - tail of Ca -
p


be-ings an - i - mal-cu-lous. In short, in mat-ters ve-ge-ta-ble, an-i-mal, and min-e-ral, I
-rac-ta-cus-'s u - ni-form. In short, in mat-ters ve-ge-ta-ble, an-i-mal, and min-e-ral, I
f CHORUS
am the ve-ry mod-el of a mod-ern Maj-or-Gi-ne-ral. In short in mat-ters ve-ge-ta-ble,
f
an-i-mal, and min-e-ral, He is the ve-ry mod-el of a mod-ern Maj-or-Gi-ne-ral!
MAJOR-GENERAL
3. In fact, when I know what is meant by
Slower
pp


"Ma-me-lon" and "Ra-vi-lin;" When I can tell at sight a Mau-ser ri-fle from a ja-ve-lin; When
such af-fairs as sor-ties and sur-pri-ses I'm more wa-ry at, And when I know pre-cise-ly what is
meant by com-mis-sa-ri-at; When I have learnt what pro-gress has been made in mod-ern gun-ne-ry; When
I know more of tac-tics than a nov-ice in a nun-ne-ry; In short, when I've a smat-ter-ing of


a tempo
vivace
el - e - ment - al stra-te - gy
You'll say a bet-ter Maj-or - Ge - ne -
vivace
CHORUS
f
- ral has nev-er sat a gee, You'll say a bet - ter Maj-or - Ge - ne - ral has nev-er sat a gee, You'll
f
say a bet-ter Maj-or-Ge-ne - ral has nev-er sat a gee, You'll say a bet-ter Maj-or-Ge-ne-
cres - - cen - - - - - do - - - - - - - al -
MAJOR-GENERAL
- ral has nev-er sat a, sat a gee.
4. For my
- - - - - - - - -
ff
fz


mi - li - ta - ry know-ledge, Tho' I'm pluck-y and ad-ven-tu - ry, Has on - ly been brought down to the be-
p
-gin-ning of the cen-tu - ry, But still, in mat-ters ve - ge - ta - ble, an - i - mal, and min - e - ral, I
CHORUS
f
am the ve - ry mod-el of a mod-ern Maj-or - Ge - ne-ral, But still, in mat-ters ve - ge - ta - ble,
f
an - i - mal, and min - e - ral, He is the ve - ry mod-el of a mod-ern Maj-or - Ge - ne-ral.
ff

The complete Vocal Score of "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" *(Price 7/-net).*
and the separate Songs and Arrangements, may be obtained from all Music Dealers.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE;

OR,

THE SLAVE OF DUTY : ACT II

GENERAL STANLEY is conscience-stricken. He is acutely aware that in falsely representing himself to the pirates as an orphan he has brought dishonour on the family escutcheon. Hence night after night he sits in the family chapel humbling himself before the tombs of his ancestors and here, as the curtain rises, he is discovered, surrounded by his daughters.

In vain are his children's entreaties that he take comfort, and to no purpose does Frederic remind him that the ancestors from whom he seeks forgiveness were purchased with the rest of the estate but a year before. The General insists that the ancestors are his by purchase and he grieves to think of the manner in which he has brought disgrace upon their unstained escutcheon. At the same time he displays a lively interest in the expedition which Frederic, in fulfilment of his vow, is about to lead against the pirates.

The force, it appears, is at hand and presently materialises in the shape of a party of police headed by a Sergeant. It is at once apparent that the members of the force have little stomach for the task that lies ahead and in spite of repeated exhortations delivered by the girls it is not until the General drops the broadest of hints that the advance upon the pirates is begun.

Having seen the expedition safely on its way the General and his daughters take leave of Frederic, who is about to follow his men when he is surprised by the Pirate King and Ruth who cover him with pistols. They have some exceedingly unpleasant news for their would-be destroyer, which they proceed to unfold with no little gusto.

Frederic, it appears, was born in leap-year, on the 29th of February at that, and, as the King points out, has only seen some five birthdays. This being so, as his apprenticeship is due to continue until his twenty-first birthday, it seems that the lad has still some little time to serve.

SERGEANT OF POLICE : "Ah, take one considera. tion with another, a policeman's lot is not a happy one."

Frederic is not unnaturally taken aback and when he protests against the implied suggestion that he shall rejoin the pirates, the King replies that he is content to leave the decision to Frederic and his well-known sense of duty. Entreaties are useless. Under the strongest protest Frederic gives in and a pirate once more, feels obliged to tell the King of the manner of his fooling at the hands of General Stanley.

Great is the King's wrath. Nothing Frederic says can soften his heart, and after uttering the direst threats of vengeance he stalks off with Ruth to prepare for an immediate attack on the General's castle.

Frederic is left in tears and Mabel happening that way is heart-broken to learn that the happiness which was soon to have been theirs is now postponed for a term of years. In vain she pleads. Frederic's unfortunate duty complex is too strong for them, and after exchanging vows of undying devotion they part and Frederic goes off to join the pirates.

It is left to Mabel to inform the policemen that their leader that was to have been, has gone over to the enemy. This takes a lot of explaining away and at first is not very well received. Duty, however, is not unknown to policemen and the gallant fellows make up their minds to go forward alone.

They have not far to go. The pirates are heard approaching and the police conceal themselves as the foemen appear, led by Sam the Pirate Lieutenant, who is laden with burglars' tools and pistols, which he proceeds to issue to his men. Presently the pirates are joined by their King, Frederic and Ruth, and the company is about to advance, when the General appears, clad in a dressing gown and carrying a light.

Unable to rest the old warrior has left his couch and, followed by his daughters, is unwittingly running into danger. He is promptly seized by the pirates and is warned to prepare for death. In vain do his daughters plead for him. Nothing that they can say is of any avail. At the last moment the police, having screwed up their courage, emerge from their hiding place and attack the pirates, but after a sharp struggle are overpowered and lie prostrate at the mercy of the foe.

Their case appears hopeless ; especially as the Pirate King informs them that it is useless for them to pretend that they are orphans. The Sergeant, however, has a higher card to play. He calls upon the pirates to yield in the Queen's name. Strangely enough the success of this move is instantaneous. The pirates, as Ruth explains, are all noblemen who have gone wrong but are not so debased as to hear without response an appeal to their loyalty.

Pirates are one thing and noblemen another, and the worthy General having no objection to noble sons-in-law, makes haste to bestow upon them the hands of his very numerous daughters.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

or,

THE SLAVE OF DUTY

Written by
W. S. GILBERT

Composed by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

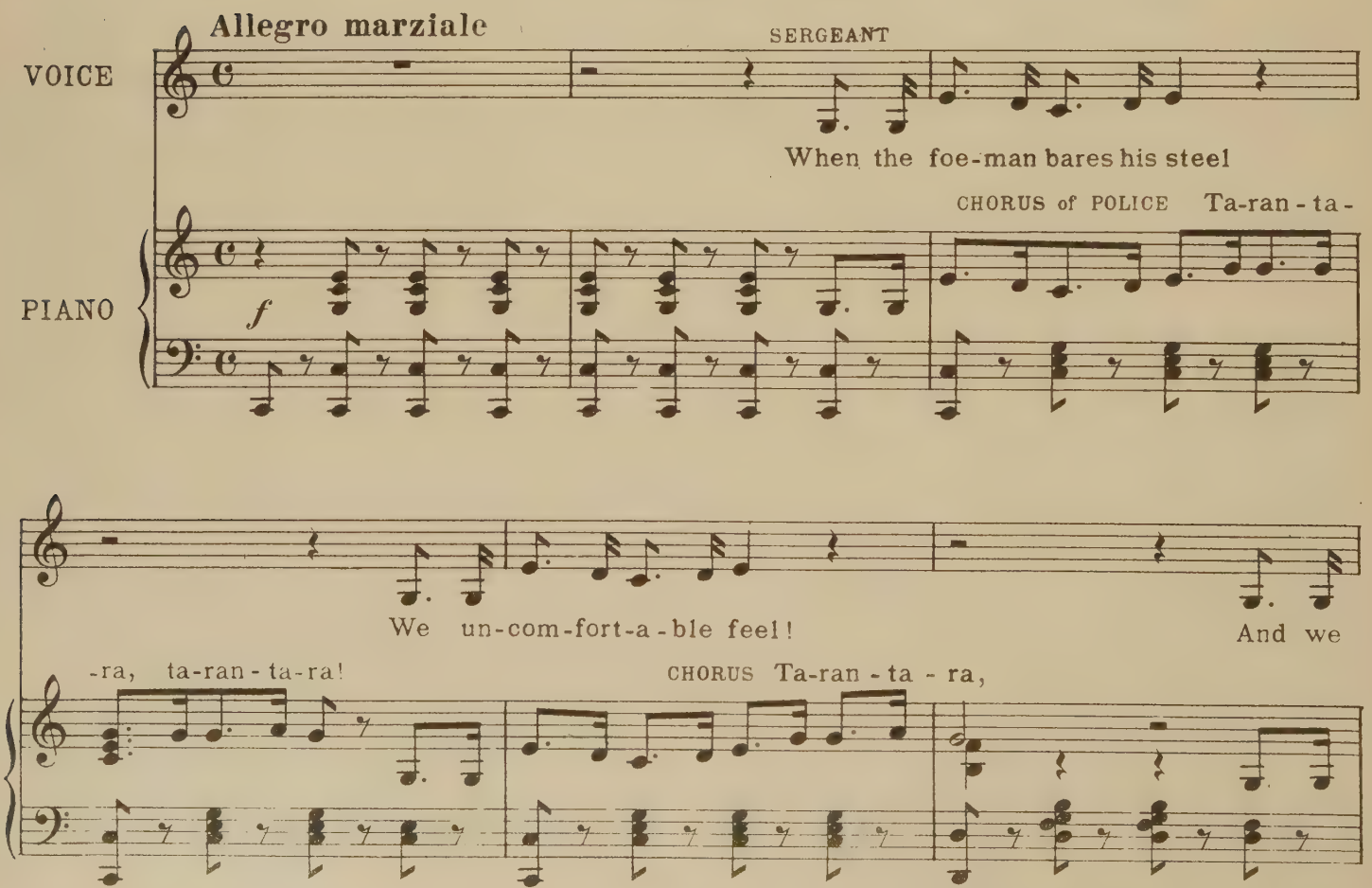
Act II

Scene.— *A Ruined Chapel by Moonlight*

General Stanley is unable to rest by day or night. No one is better aware than he that when he rescued his daughters from the pirates by posing as an orphan boy he had been guilty of a particularly mean form of deception. So deep is his contrition that he would go to the Pirate King and make a clean breast of the whole affair were it not that the consequences to himself might be distinctly unpleasant. As it is he sets much store by an expedition which Frederic, in fulfilment of his vow, is organising for the extermination of the entire pirate band, and is anxious to get it on the move.

WHEN THE FOEMAN BARES HIS STEEL

Sung by The SERGEANT with CHORUS



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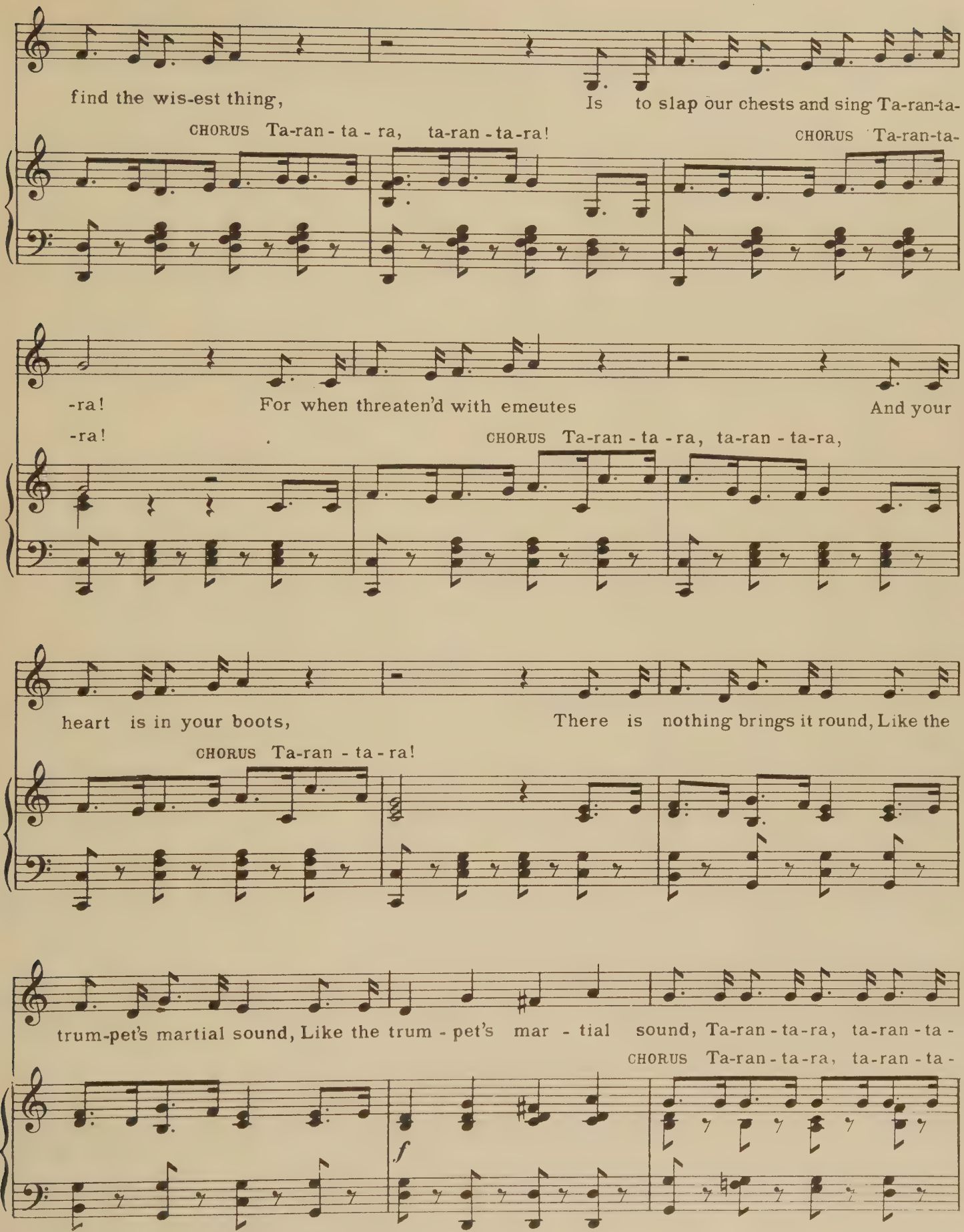
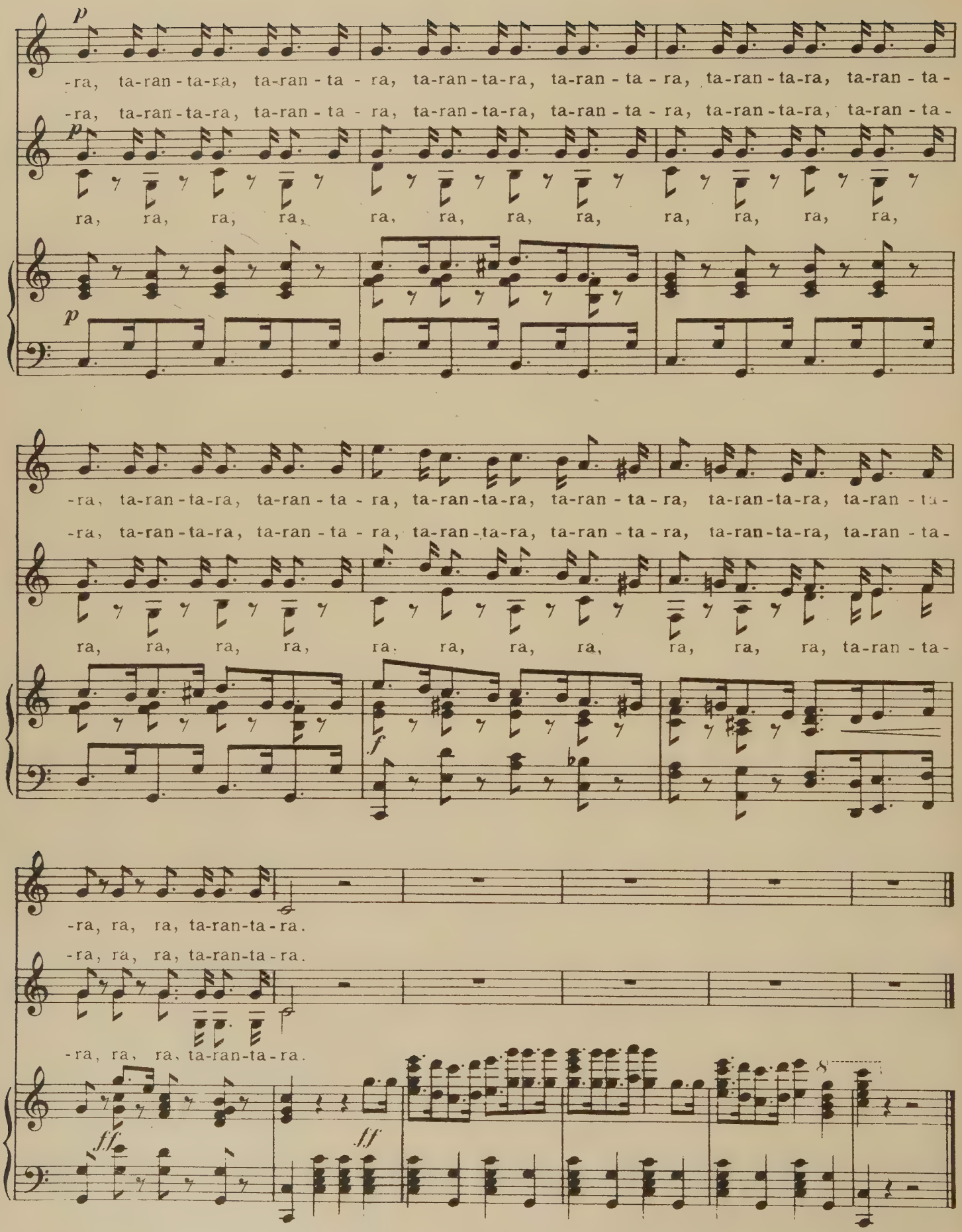

find the wis-est thing,
Is to slap our chests and sing Ta-ran-ta-
CHORUS Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra!
CHORUS Ta-ran-ta-
-ra!
For when threaten'd with emeutes
And your
-ra!
CHORUS Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra,
heart is in your boots,
There is nothing brings it round, Like the
CHORUS Ta-ran - ta - ra!
trum-pet's martial sound, Like the trum - pet's mar - tial sound, Ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta -
CHORUS Ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta -
f


p
-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-
-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-
-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ta-ran-ta-
f
-ra, ra, ra, ta-ran-ta-ra.
-ra, ra, ra, ta-ran-ta-ra.
-ra, ra, ra, ta-ran-ta-ra.
ff
ff
8

Frederic is much elated at the prospect of wiping out his old colleagues, mainly because by doing so he thinks that he may in some measure atone for the lawless acts he has carried out at their bidding. He is about to place himself at the head of his men when the Pirate King and Ruth appear and cover him with pistols.

Frederic. Oh, mad intruders,
How dare ye face me? Know ye not, oh rash ones,
That I have doomed you to extermination?

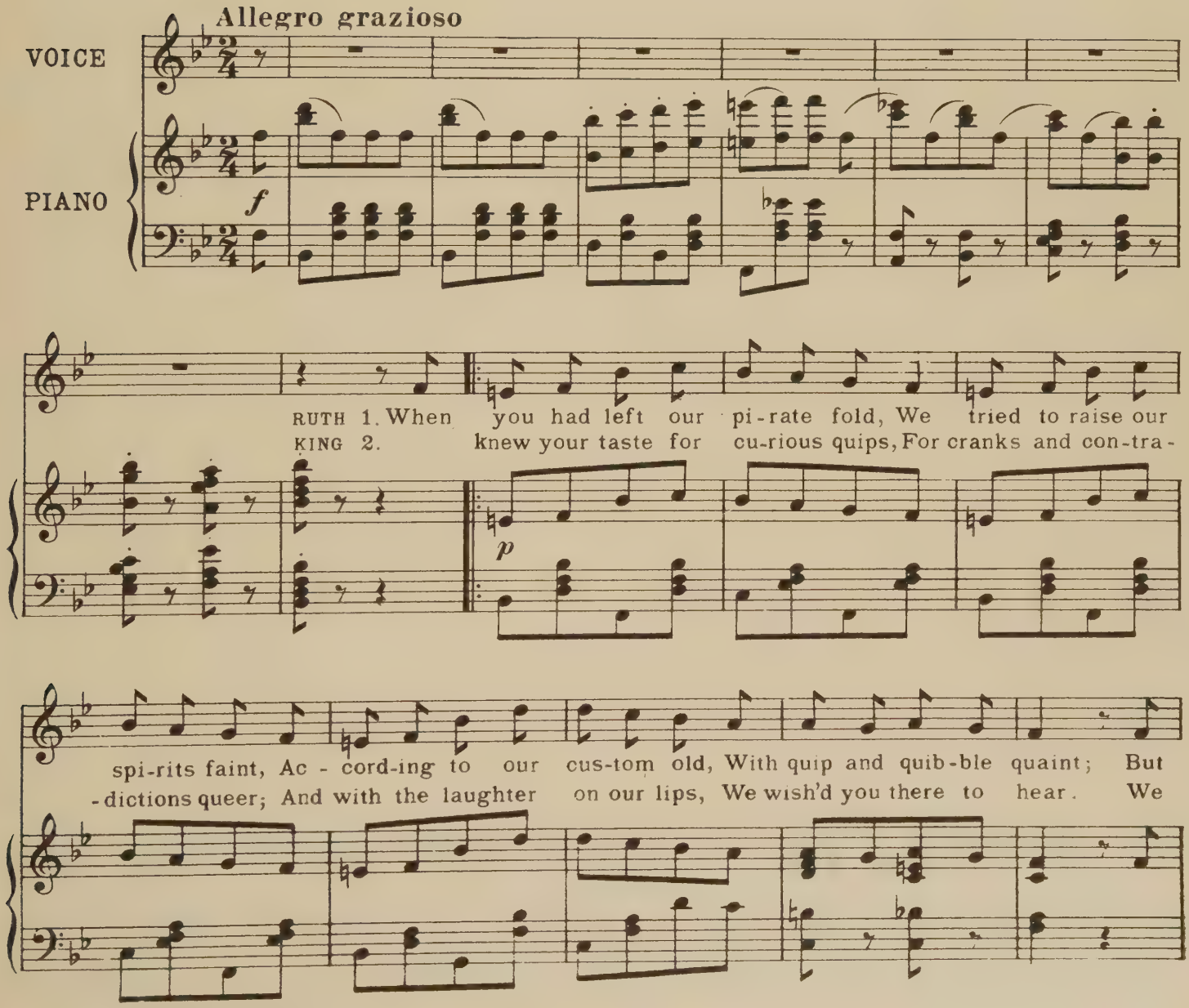
(**King** *and* **Ruth** *hold a pistol to each ear.*)

King. Have mercy on us, hear us, ere you slaughter.

Frederic. I do not think I ought to listen to you.
Yet, mercy should alloy our stern resentment,
And so I will be merciful— say on!

WHEN YOU HAD LEFT OUR PIRATE FOLD

Sung by RUTH, FREDERIC and The PIRATE KING


Allegro grazioso
VOICE
PIANO
f
RUTH 1. When you had left our pi-rate fold, We tried to raise our
KING 2. knew your taste for cu-rious quips, For cranks and con-tra-
p
spi-rits faint, Ac - cord-ing to our cus-tom old, With quip and quib-ble quaint; But
-dictions queer; And with the laughter on our lips, We wish'd you there to hear. We

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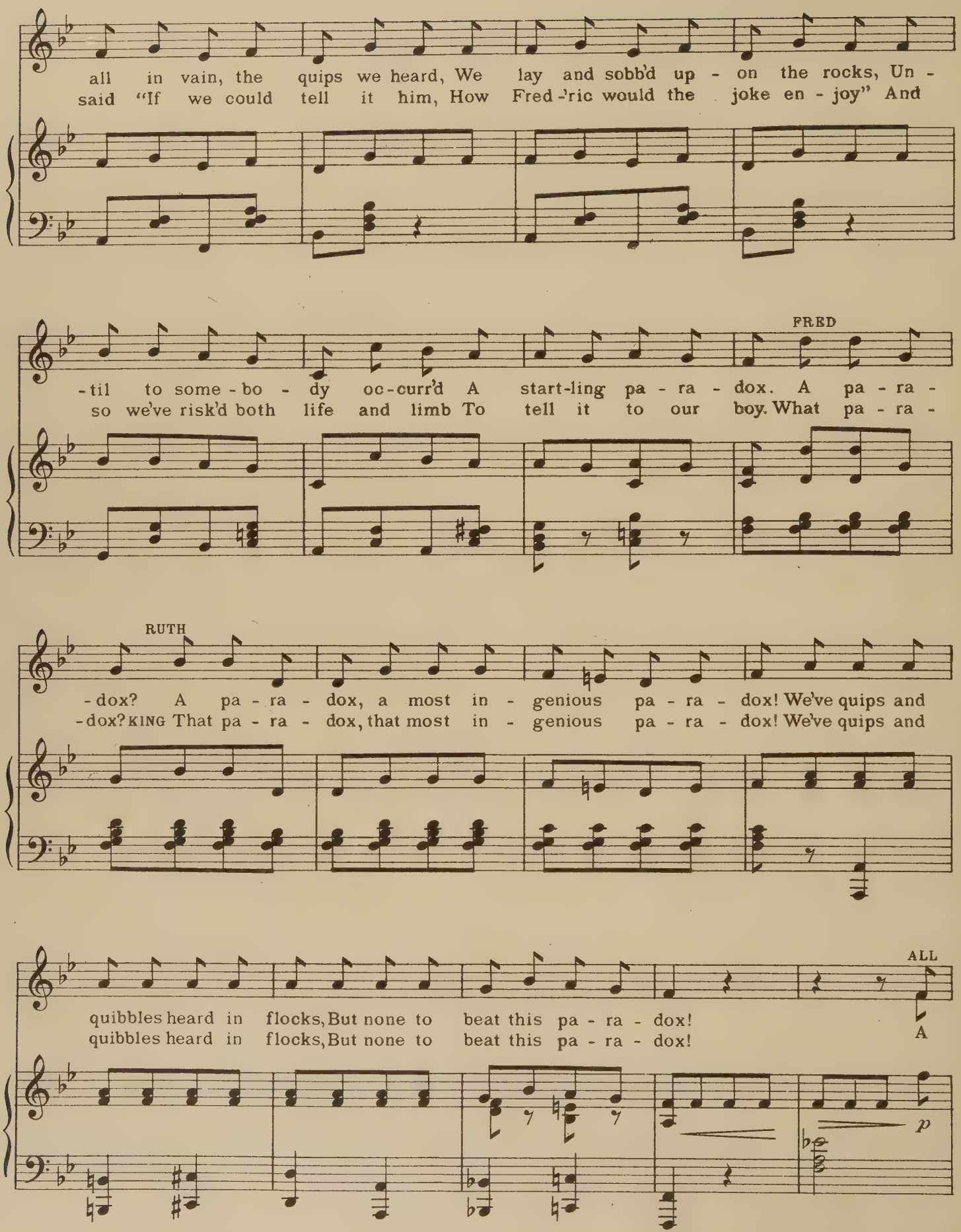
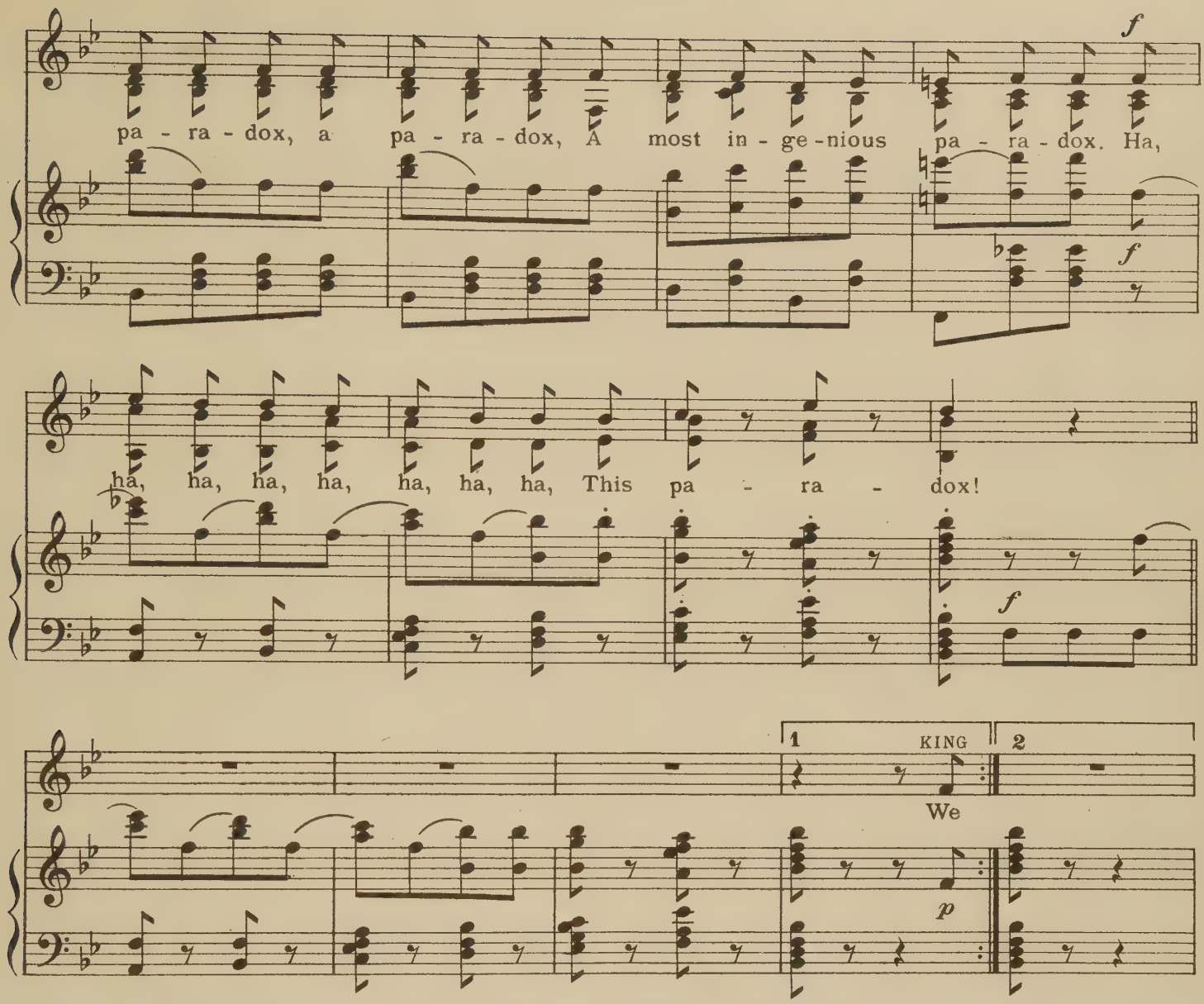
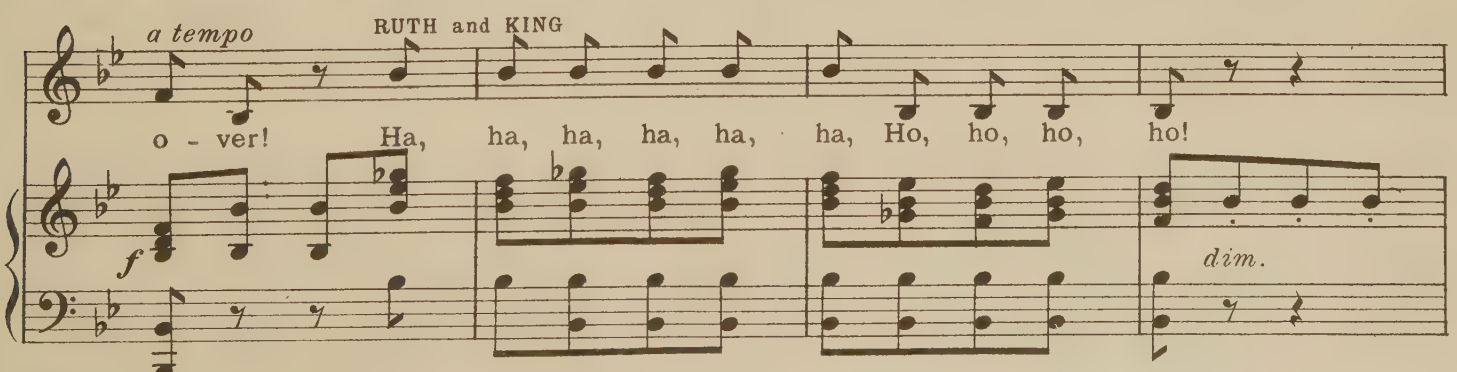
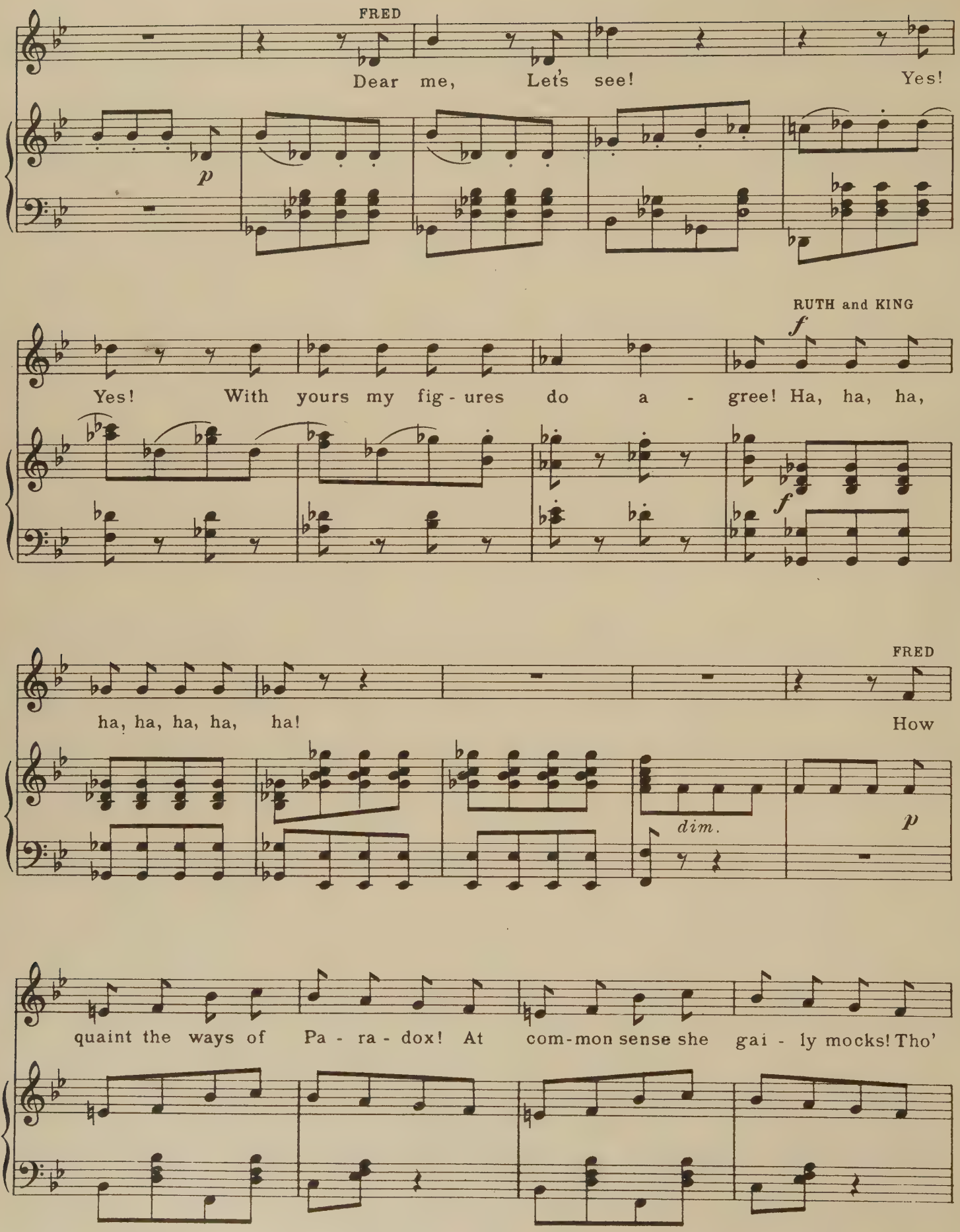

all in vain, the quips we heard, We lay and sobb'd up - on the rocks, Un -
said "If we could tell it him, How Fred-'ric would the joke en - joy" And
FRED
-til to some - bo - dy oc-curr'd A start-ling pa - ra - dox. A pa - ra -
so we've risk'd both life and limb To tell it to our boy. What pa - ra -
RUTH
-dox? A pa - ra - dox, a most in - genious pa - ra - dox! We've quips and
-dox? KING That pa - ra - dox, that most in - genious pa - ra - dox! We've quips and
ALL
quibbles heard in flocks, But none to beat this pa - ra - dox!
quibbles heard in flocks, But none to beat this pa - ra - dox!
A
p

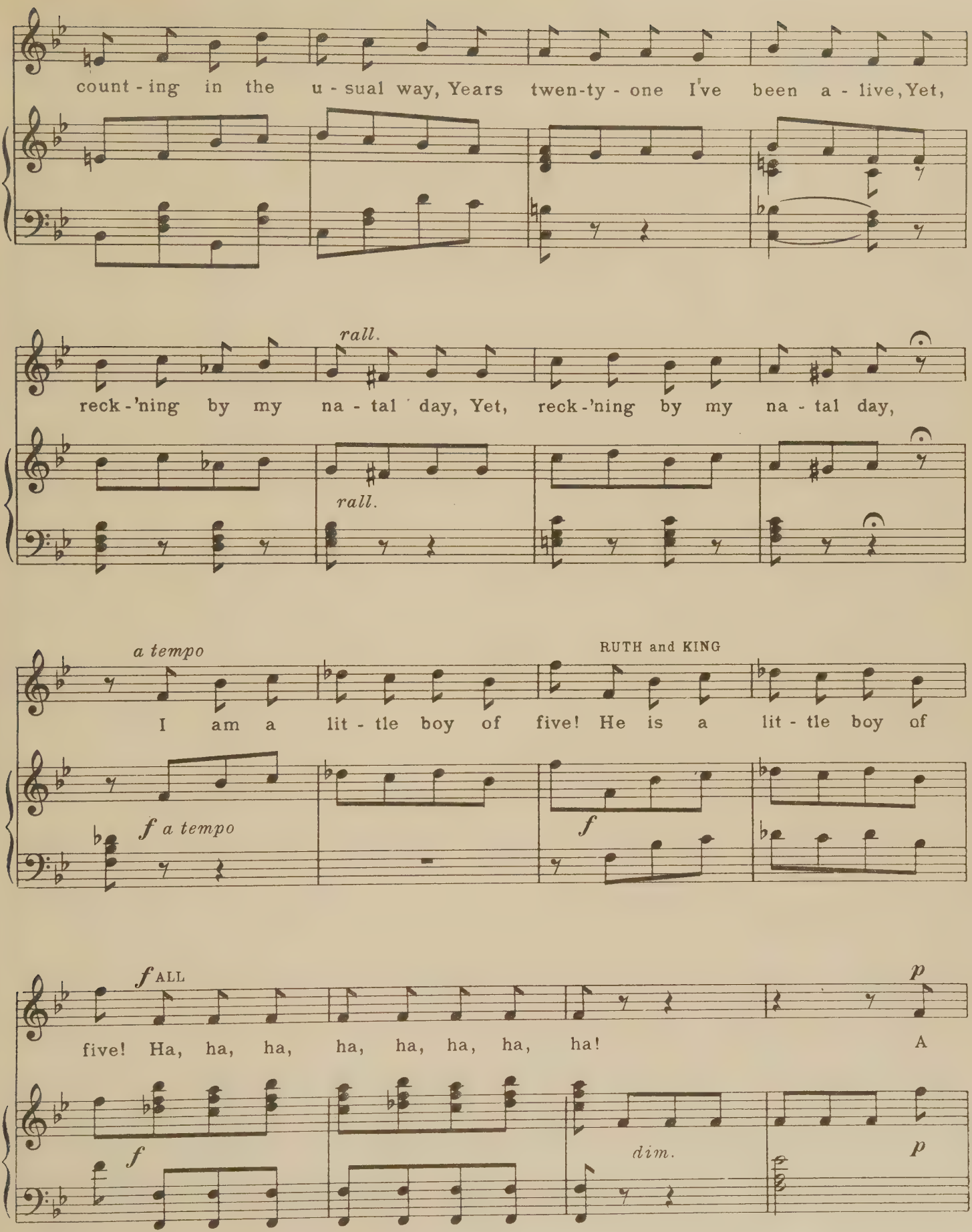


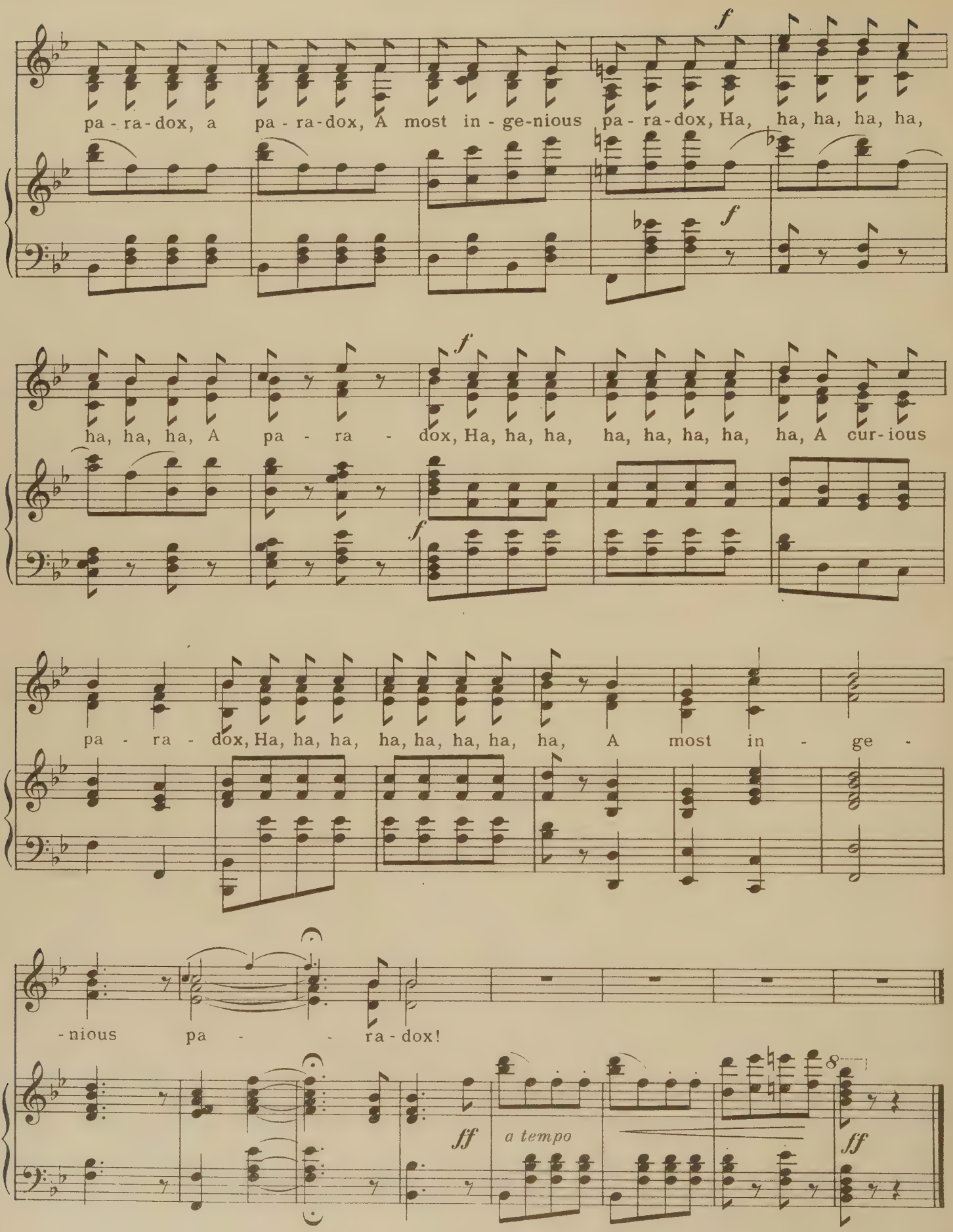
The following is sung as a monologue by The PIRATE KING

For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've no desire to be disloyal, Some person in authority— I don't know who— very likely the Astronomer Royal, Has decided that, although for such a beastly month as February, twenty-eight days as a rule are plenty: One year in every four his days shall be reckoned as nine-and-twenty. Through some singular coincidence— I shouldn't be surprised if it were owing to the agency of an ill-natured fairy, You are the victim of this clumsy arrangement, having been born in leap-year, on the twenty-ninth of February, And so, by a simple arithmetical process, you'll easily discover, That tho' you've lived twenty-one years, yet, if we go by birthdays, you're only five and a little bit *(segue)*




FRED
Dear me, Let's see! Yes!
p
RUTH and KING
f
Yes! With yours my fig - ures do a - gree! Ha, ha, ha,
f
FRED
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! How
dim.
p
quaint the ways of Pa - ra - dox! At com-mon sense she gai - ly mocks! Tho'

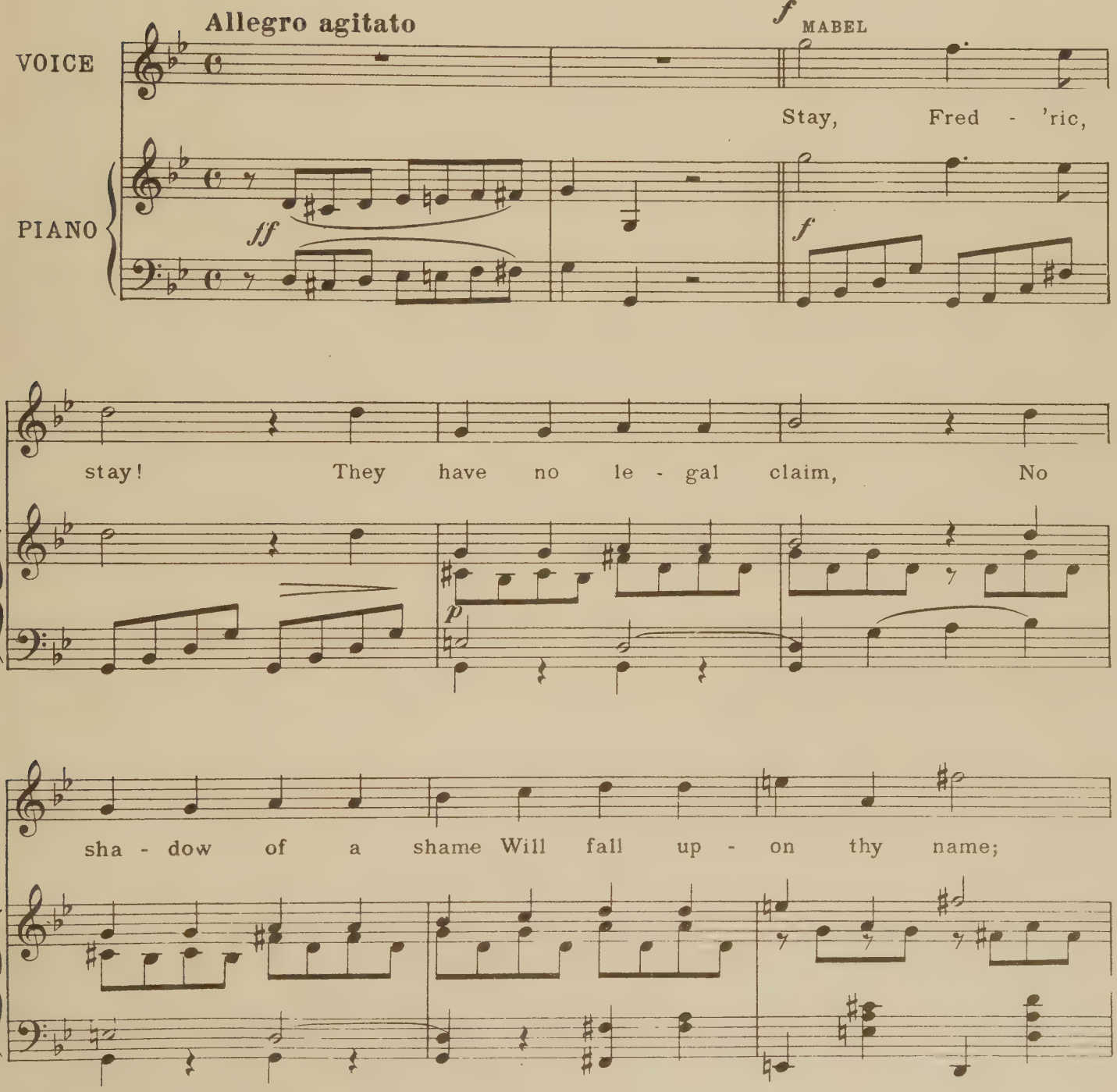

count - ing in the u - sual way, Years twen-ty - one I've been a - live, Yet,
rall.
reck - 'ning by my na - tal day, Yet, reck - 'ning by my na - tal day,
rall.
a tempo
RUTH and KING
I am a lit - tle boy of five! He is a lit - tle boy of
f a tempo
f
f ALL
p
five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A
f
dim.
p


pa - ra - dox, a pa - ra - dox, A most in - ge-nious pa - ra - dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, A pa - ra - dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, A cur - ious
pa - ra - dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, A most in - ge -
- nious pa - - ra - dox!
a tempo

Mabel is deeply affected when she learns that Frederic is once more bound to the pirates. To her woman's mind, the argument that Frederic must serve until his twenty-first birthday even although he, having been born on a 29th of February, has so far only achieved five such anniversaries, savours of a legal quibble. Vainly she pleads with him — the duty-bound young man is adamant.

AH, LEAVE ME NOT TO PINE ALONE

Sung by MABEL and FREDERIC



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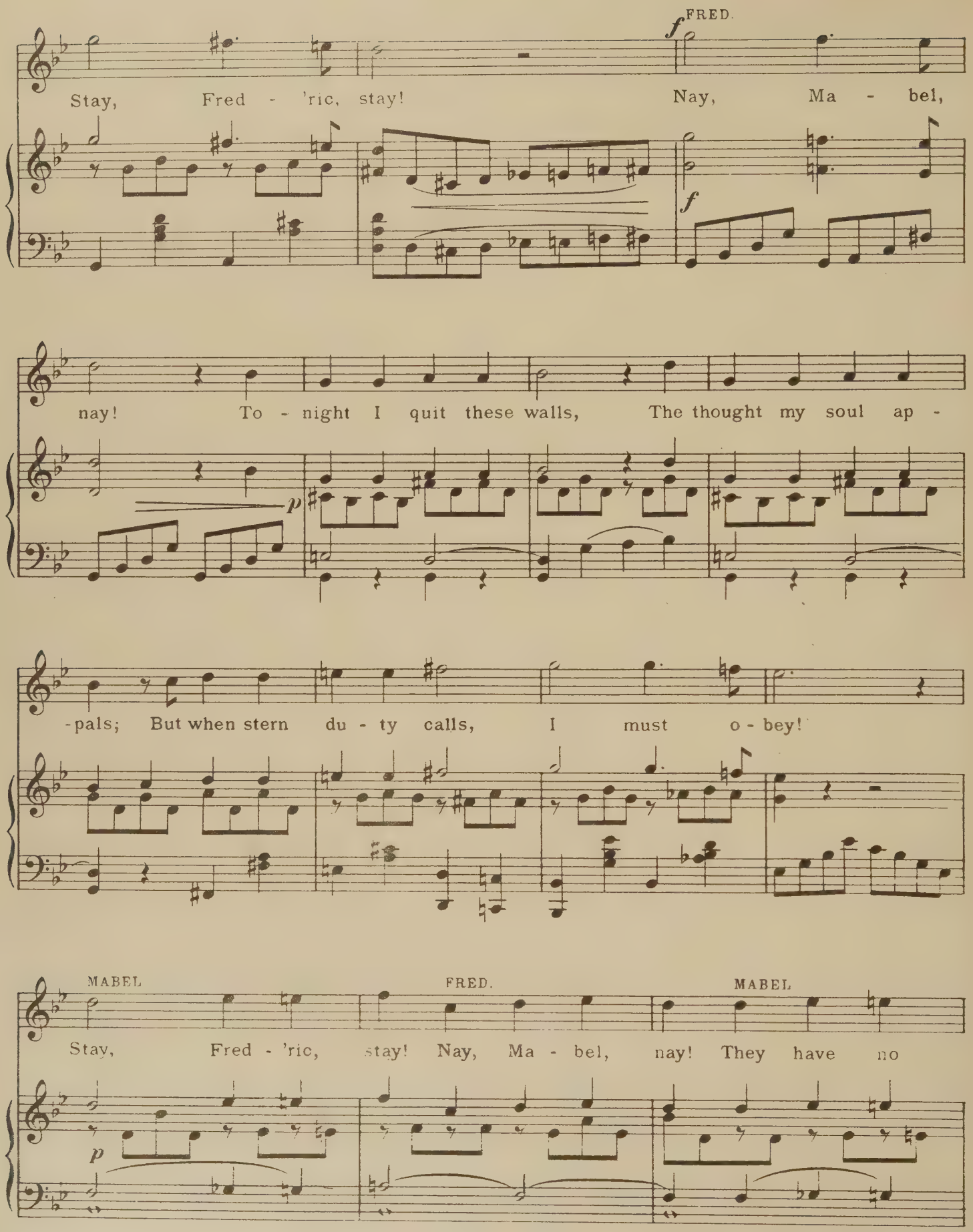
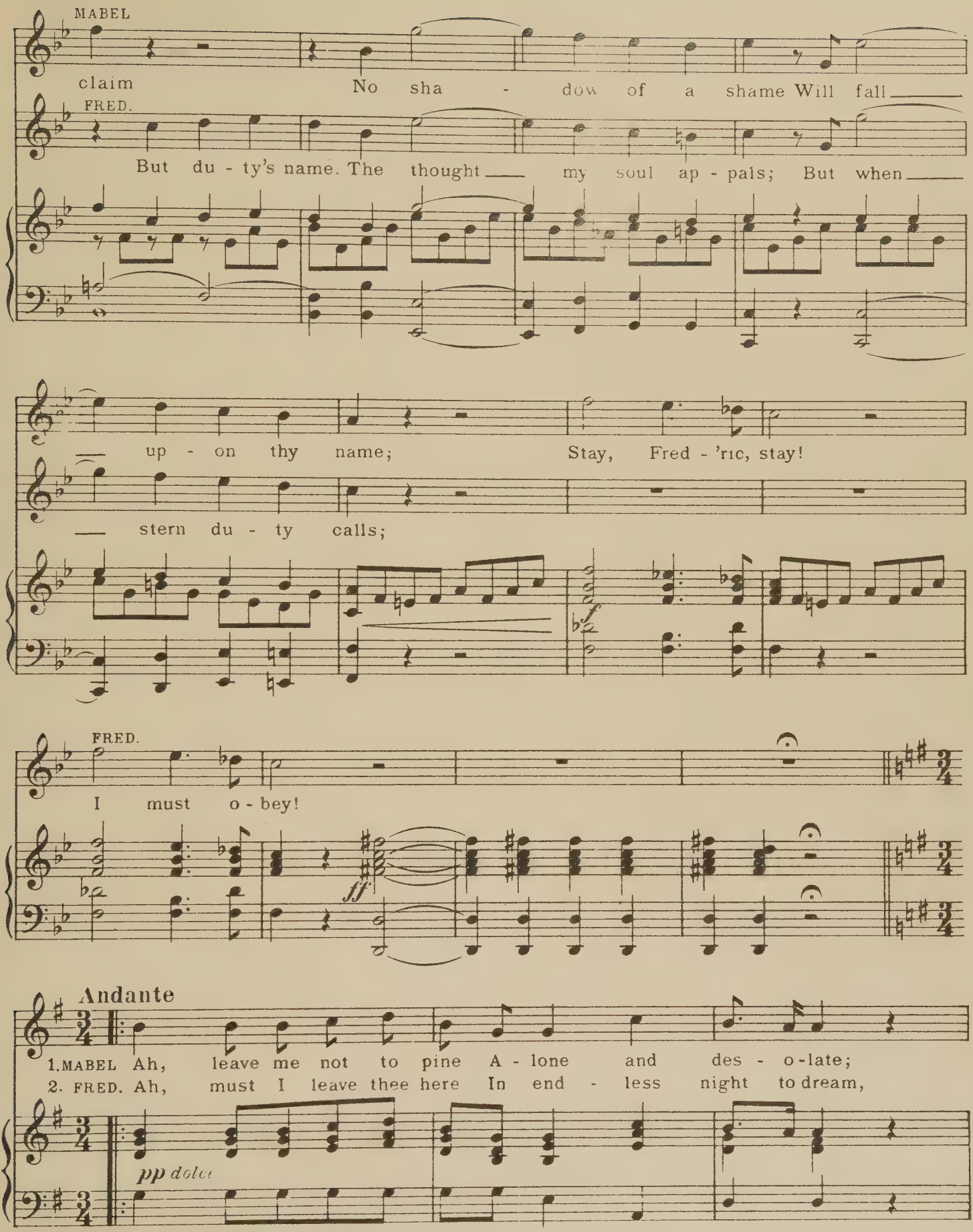
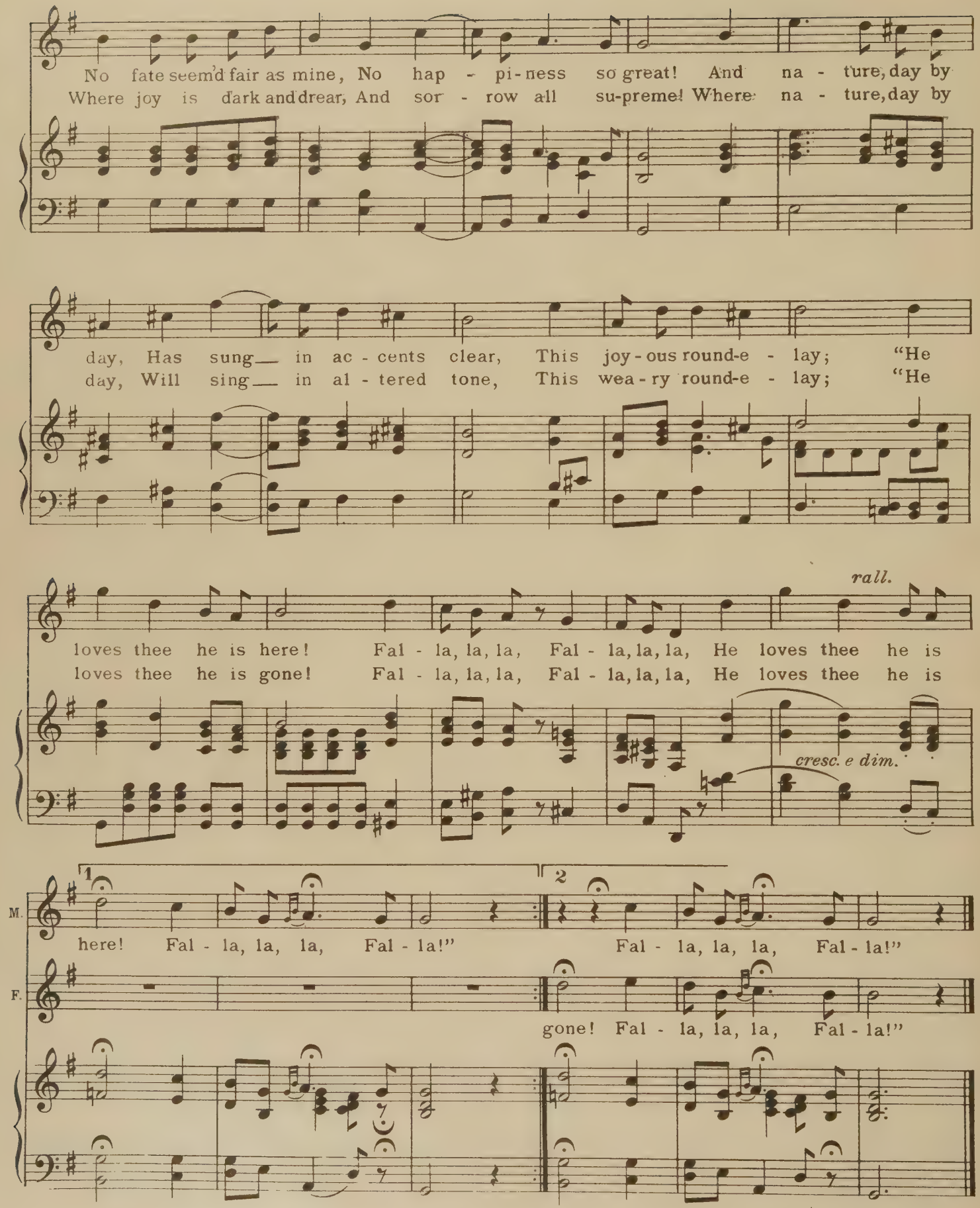

FRED.
Stay, Fred - 'ric, stay! Nay, Ma - bel,
nay! To - night I quit these walls, The thought my soul ap -
-pals; But when stern du - ty calls, I must o - bey!
MABEL
FRED.
MABEL
Stay, Fred - 'ric, stay! Nay, Ma - bel, nay! They have no


MABEL
claim No sha - dow of a shame Will fall
FRED.
But du - ty's name. The thought my soul ap - pals; But when
up - on thy name; Stay, Fred - 'ric, stay!
stern du - ty calls;
FRED.
I must o - bey!
Andante
1. MABEL Ah, leave me not to pine A - lone and des - o - late;
2. FRED. Ah, must I leave thee here In end - less night to dream,


No fate seem'd fair as mine, No hap - pi-ness so great! And na - ture, day by
Where joy is dark and drear, And sor - row all su-preme! Where na - ture, day by
day, Has sung in ac - cents clear, This joy-ous round-e - lay; "He
day, Will sing in al - tered tone, This wea-ry round-e - lay; "He
rall.
loves thee he is here! Fal - la, la, la, Fal - la, la, la, He loves thee he is
loves thee he is gone! Fal - la, la, la, Fal - la, la, la, He loves thee he is
cresc. e dim.
1
2
M.
here! Fal - la, la, la, Fal - la!"
Fal - la, la, la, Fal - la!"
F.
gone! Fal - la, la, la, Fal - la!"

Frederic's policemen, whom he was to have led against the pirates, are much upset when they learn that he has gone over to the enemy. Honest fellows that they are, they have difficulty in understanding the delicate motives which have led to their leader's change of front. They are agreed that when duty enters into a question it may make a difference; but still, they are perplexed, and say so.

Sergeant. No matter; our course is clear. We must do our best to capture these pirates alone. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to all— but we should have thought of that before we joined the force.

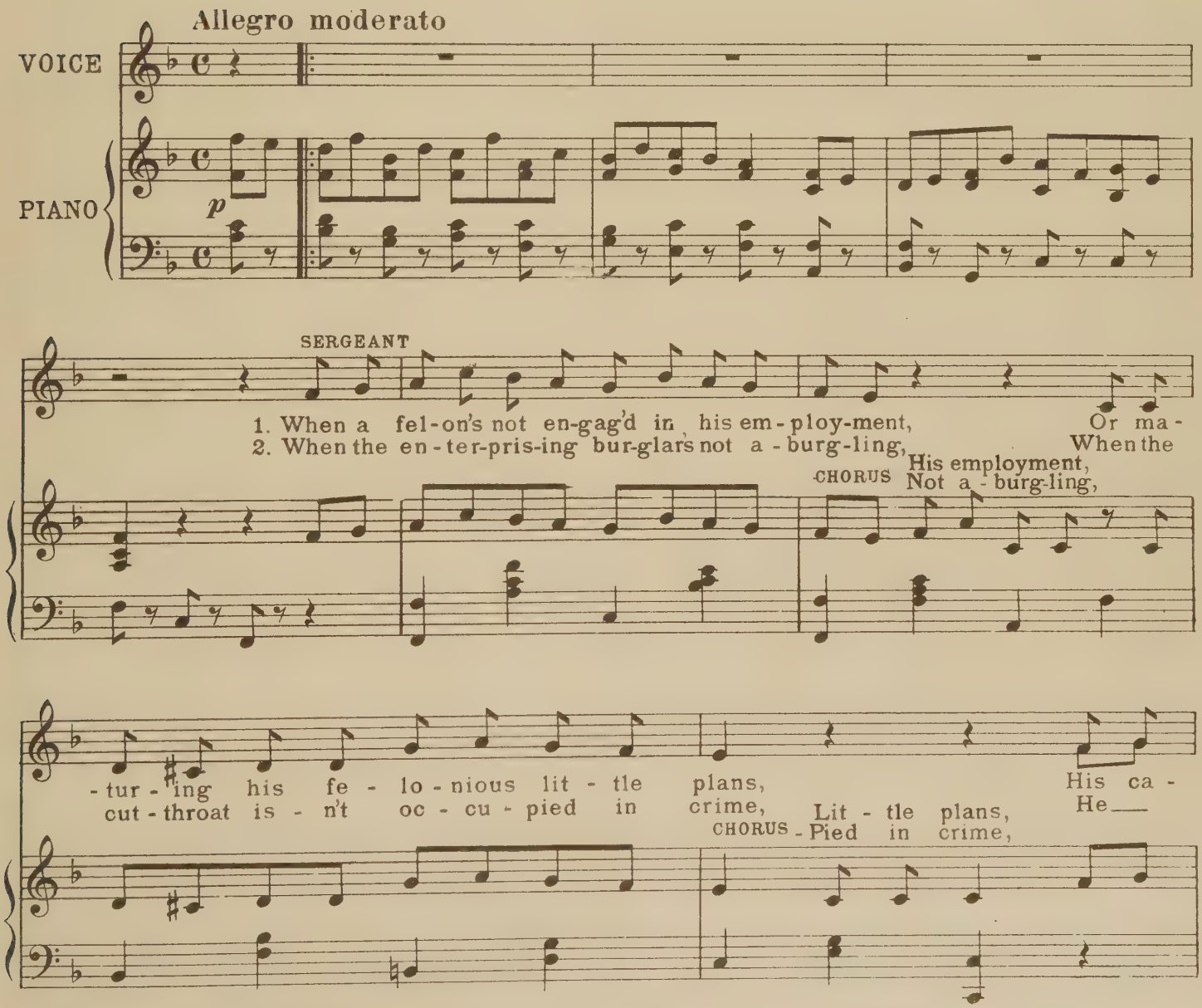
All. We should!

Sergeant. It is too late now!

All. It is!

THE POLICEMAN'S SONG

Sung by SERGEANT with CHORUS of POLICE


Allegro moderato
VOICE
PIANO
p
SERGEANT
1. When a fel-on's not en-gag'd in his em-ploy-ment, Or ma-
2. When the en-ter-pris-ing bur-glars not a-burg-ling, When the
CHORUS His employment,
CHORUS Not a-burg-ling,
-tur-ing his fe-lo-nious lit-tle plans, His ca-
cut-throat is-n't oc-cu-pied in crime, Lit-tle plans, He—
CHORUS Pied in crime,

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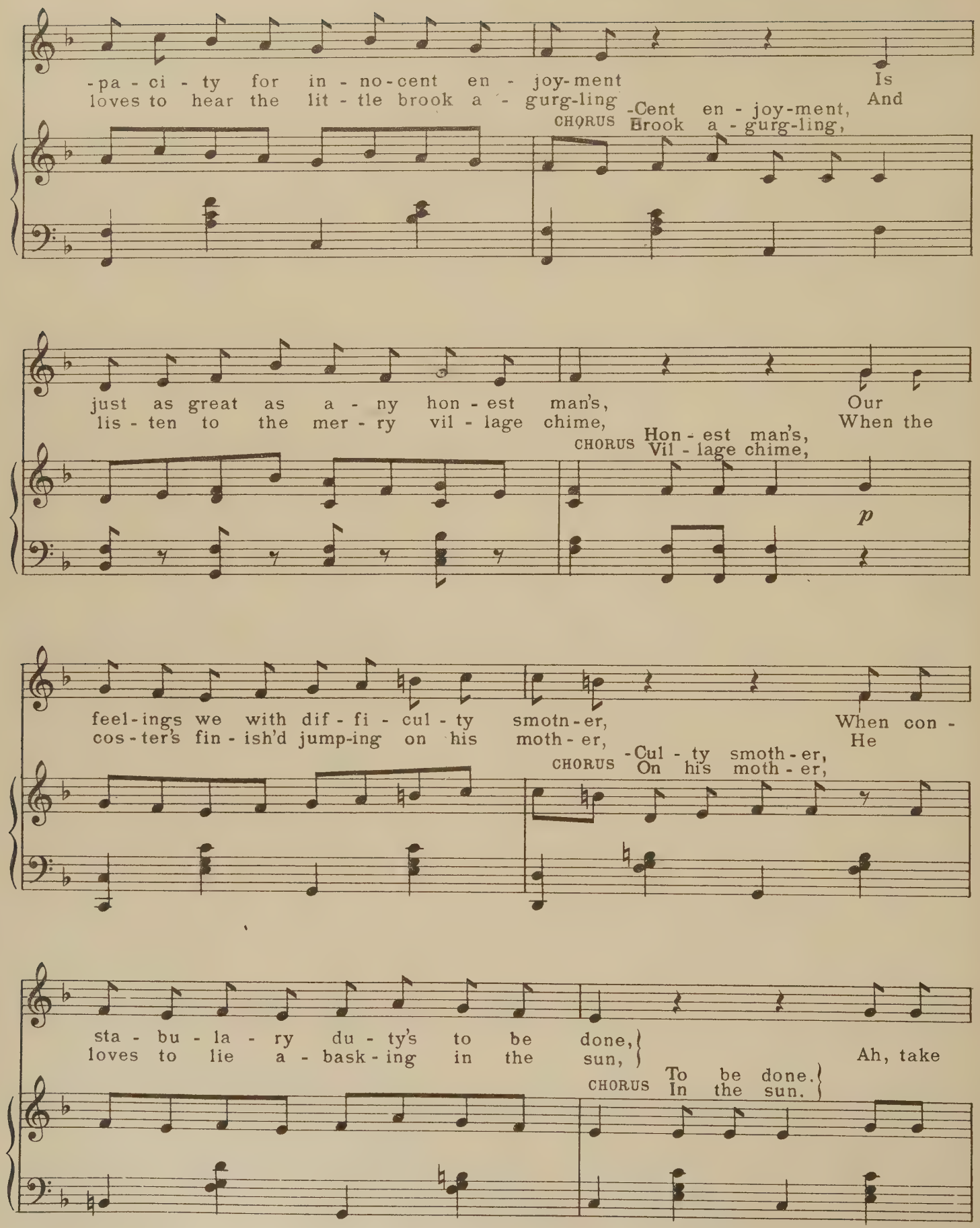
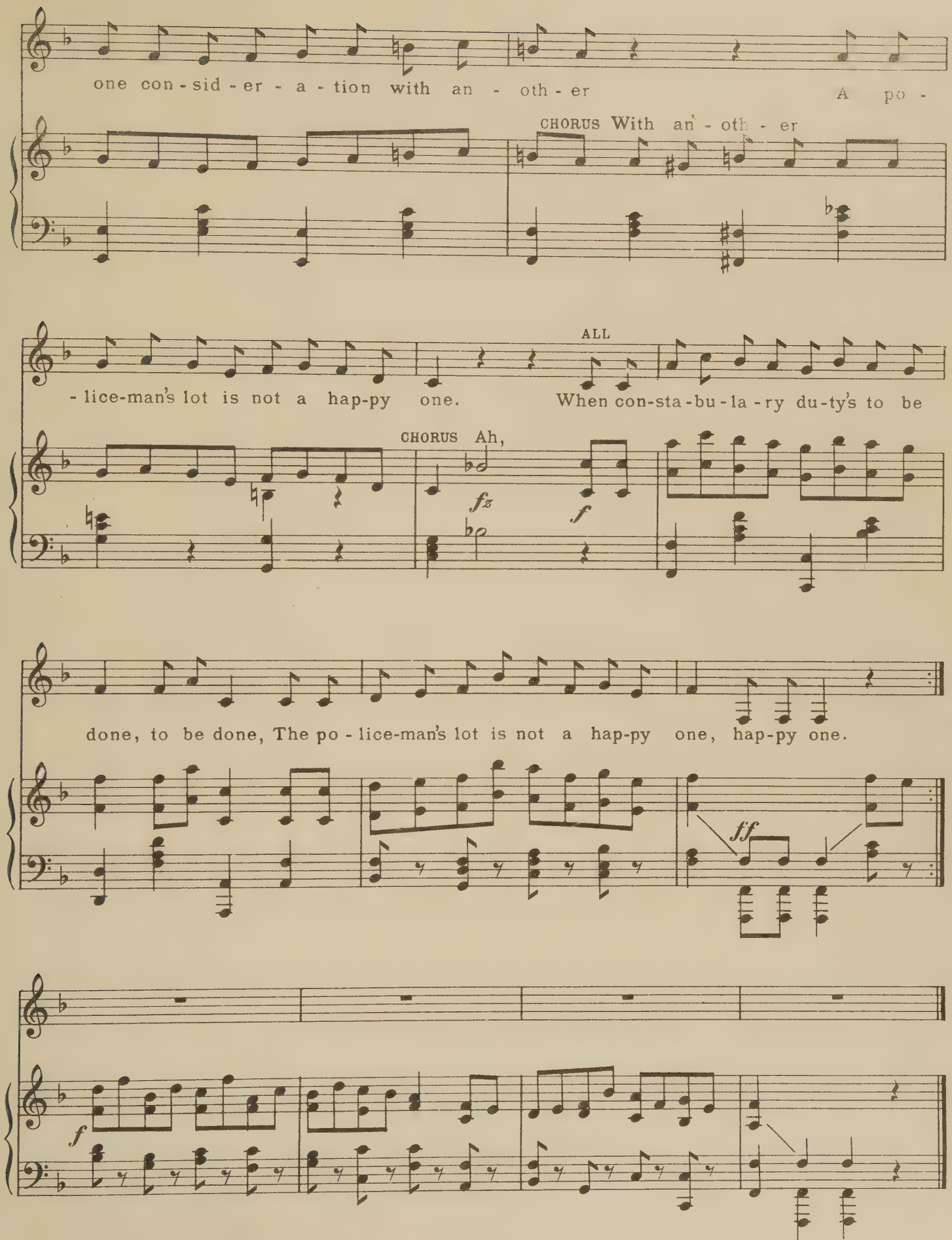
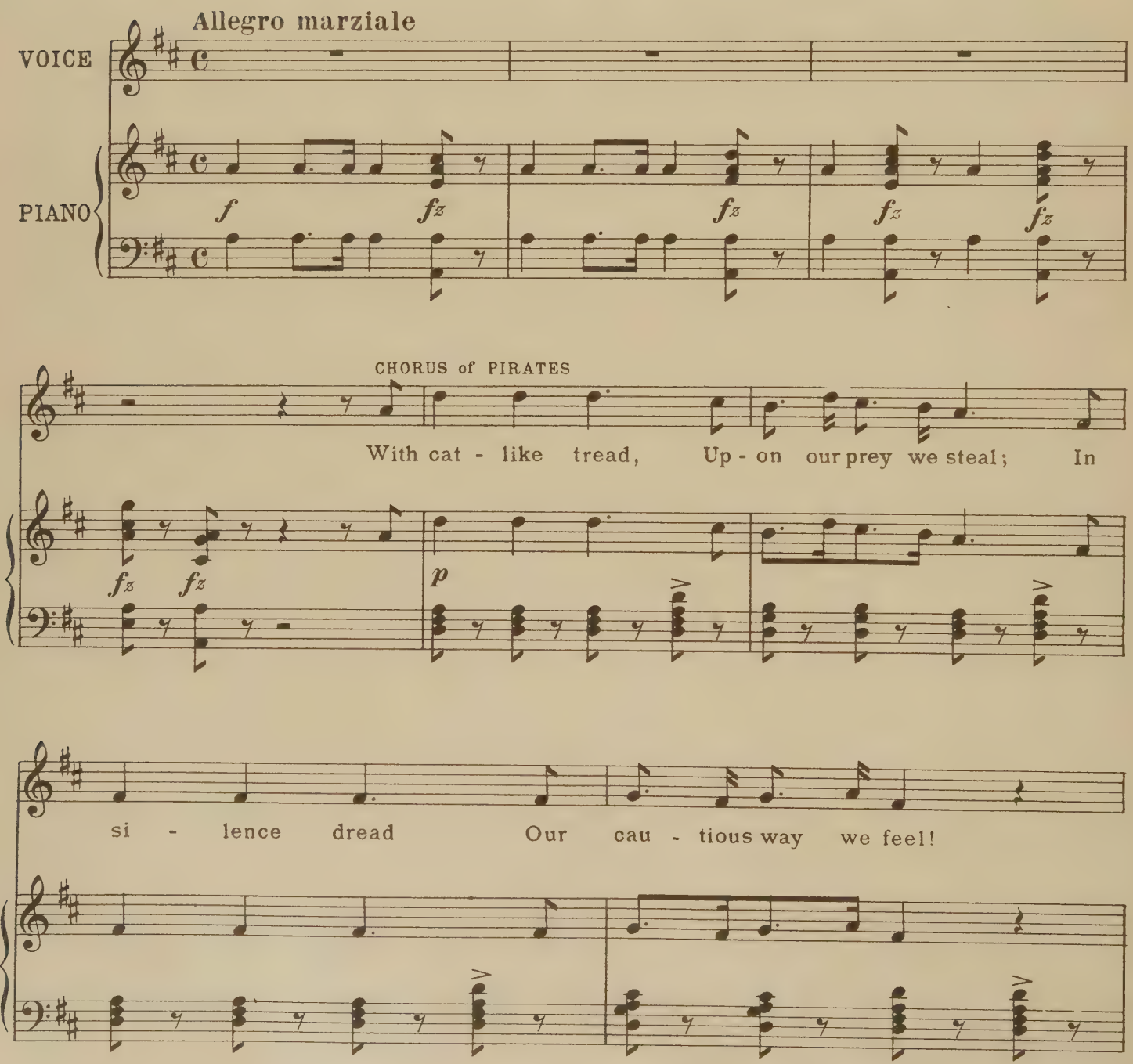

-pa - ci - ty for in - no-cent en - joy-ment Is
loves to hear the lit - tle brook a - gurg-ling And
CHORUS -Cent en - joy-ment,
Brook a - gurg-ling,
just as great as a - ny hon - est man's, Our
lis - ten to the mer - ry vil - lage chime, When the
CHORUS Hon - est man's,
Vil - lage chime,
p
feel-ings we with dif - fi - cul - ty smotn-er, When con -
cos - ter's fin - ish'd jump-ing on his moth - er, He
CHORUS -Cul - ty smoth - er,
On his moth - er,
sta - bu - la - ry du - ty's to be done,
loves to lie a - bask - ing in the sun,
Ah, take
CHORUS To be done.
In the sun.


one con - sid - er - a - tion with an - oth - er
A po -
CHORUS With an - oth - er
- lice-man's lot is not a hap-py one.
ALL
When con-sta-bu-la-ry du-ty's to be
CHORUS Ah,
fz
f
done, to be done, The po - lice-man's lot is not a hap-py one, hap-py one.
ff
f

Once more under the brave black flag, Frederic has felt it his duty to tell the Pirate King of the low and cunning ruse employed by the General in the rescue of his daughters. The sea-wolf is furious and plans an immediate attack upon General Stanley's castle. Even as the police are preparing to attack, the pirates are heard approaching, and the Sergeant of Police has barely time to conceal his force before the enemy are seen advancing. The Pirate Lieutenant is laden with a various and formidable assortment of burglar's tools.

WITH CAT-LIKE TREAD

Sung by SAMUEL with CHORUS of PIRATES and POLICE



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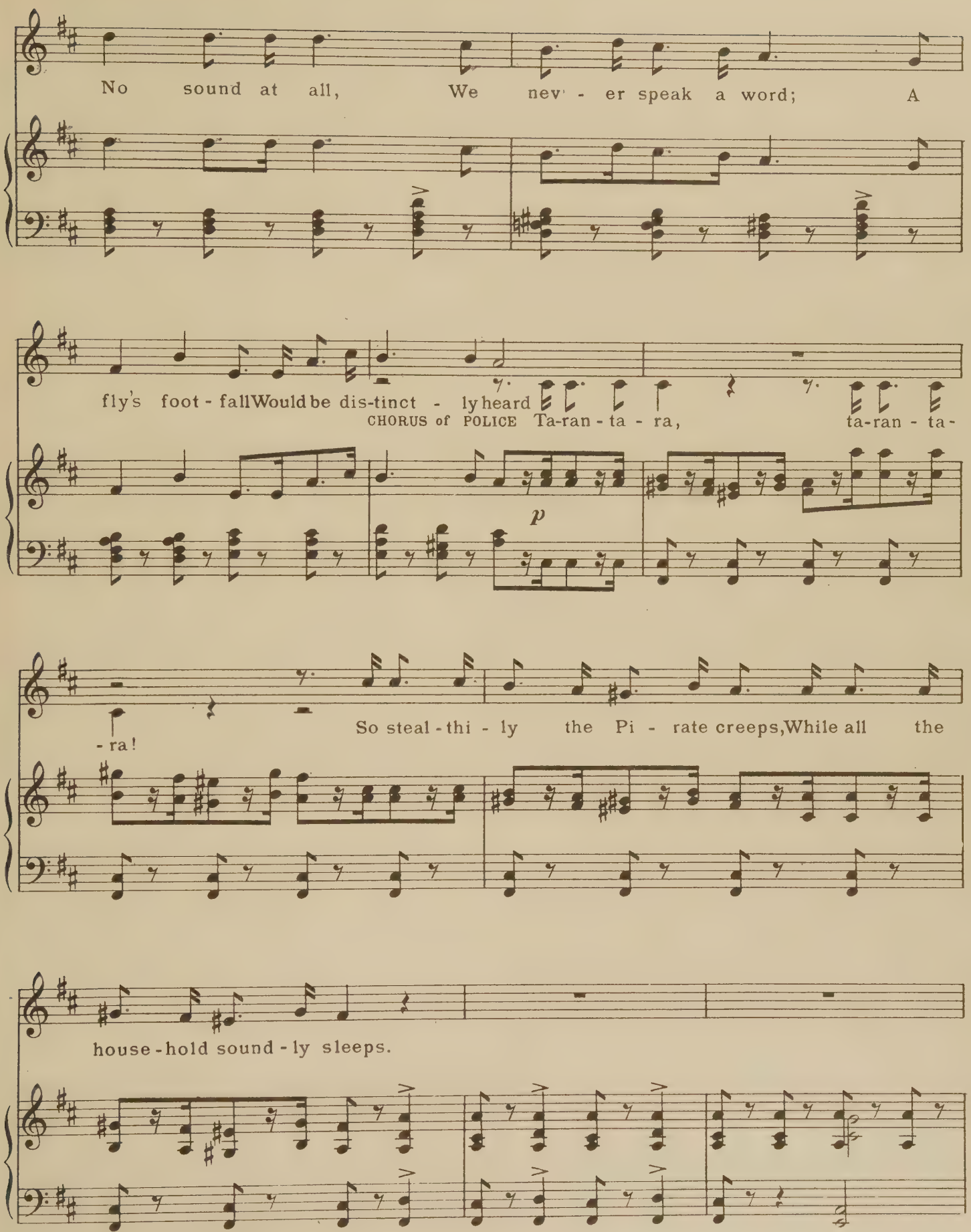
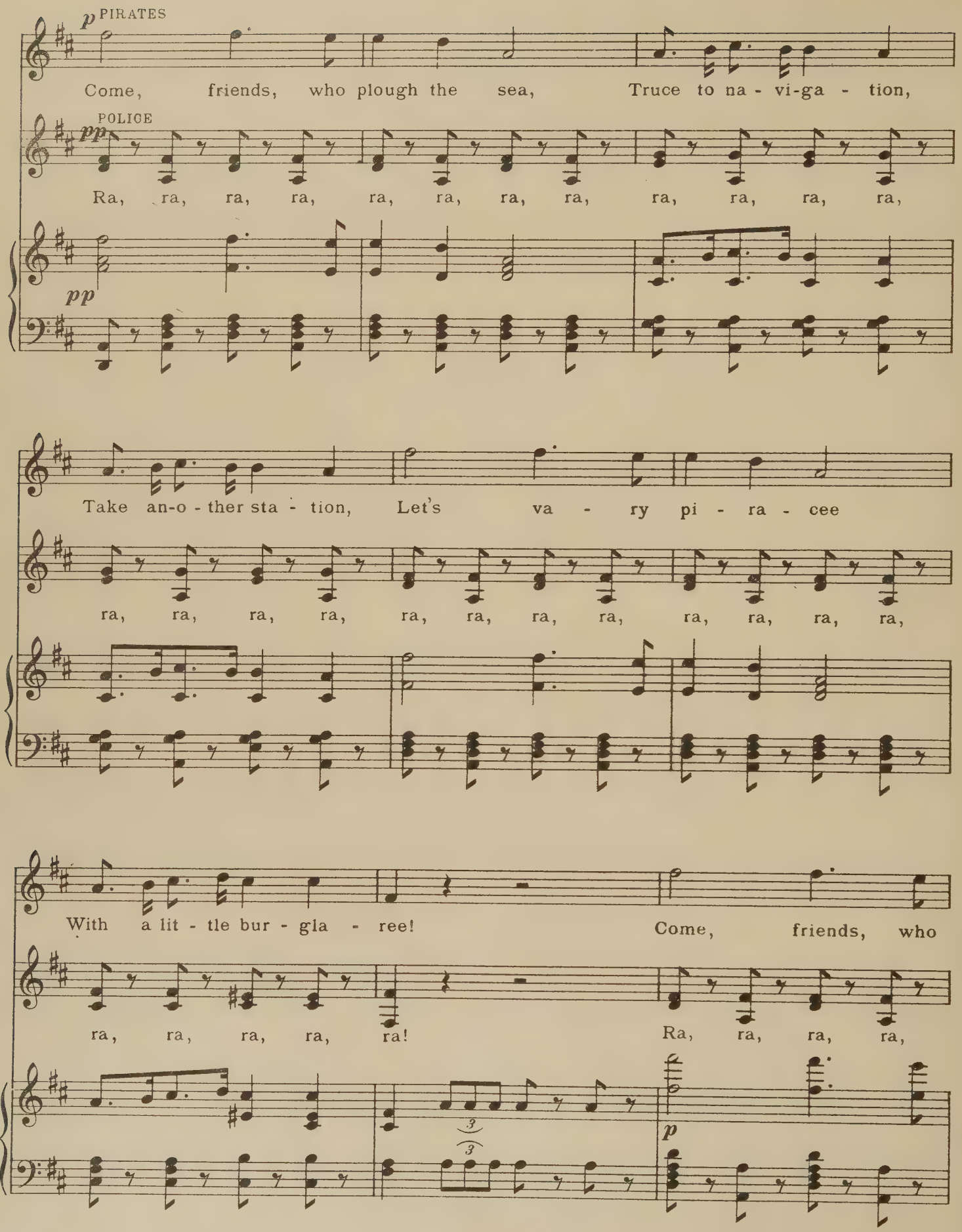
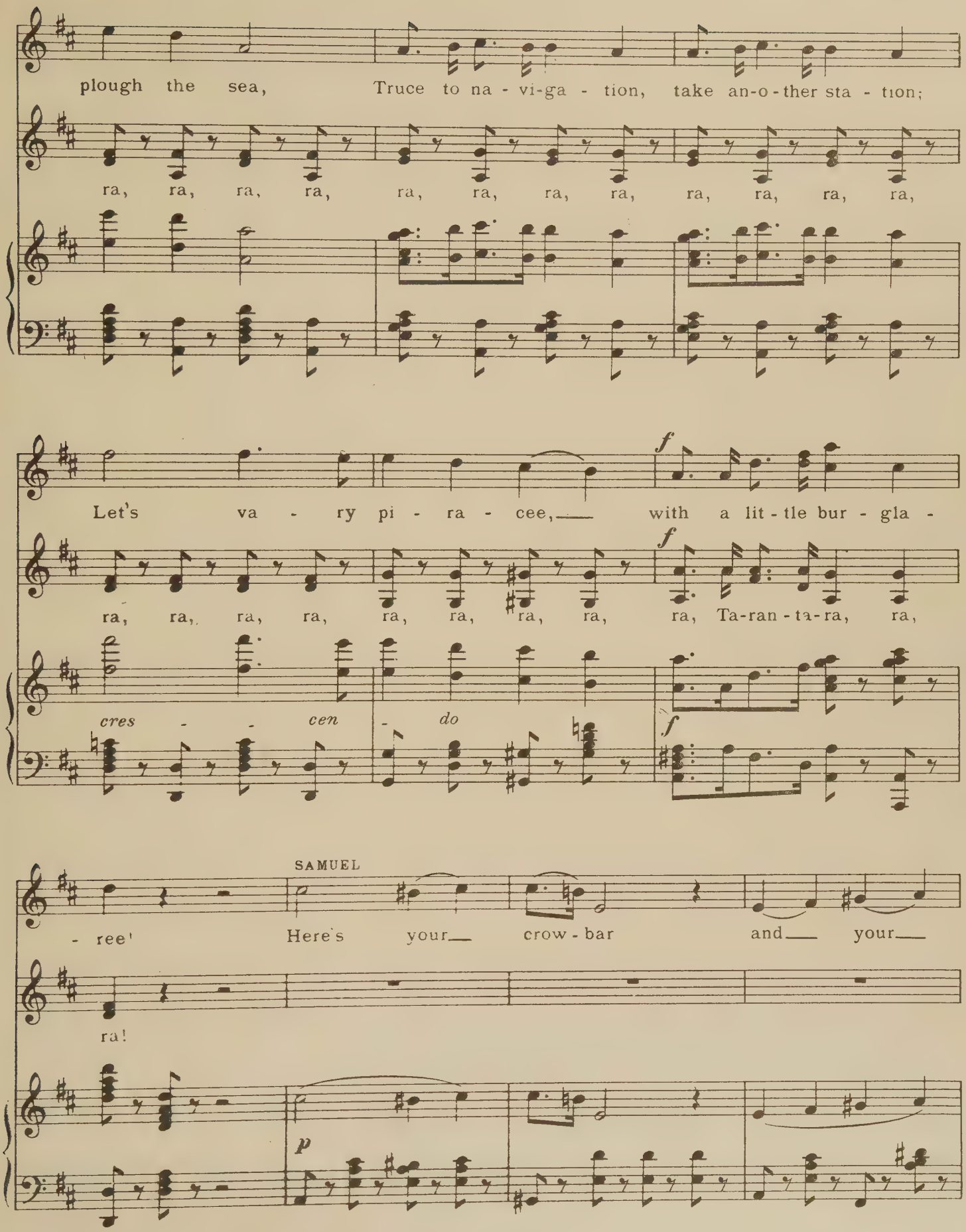
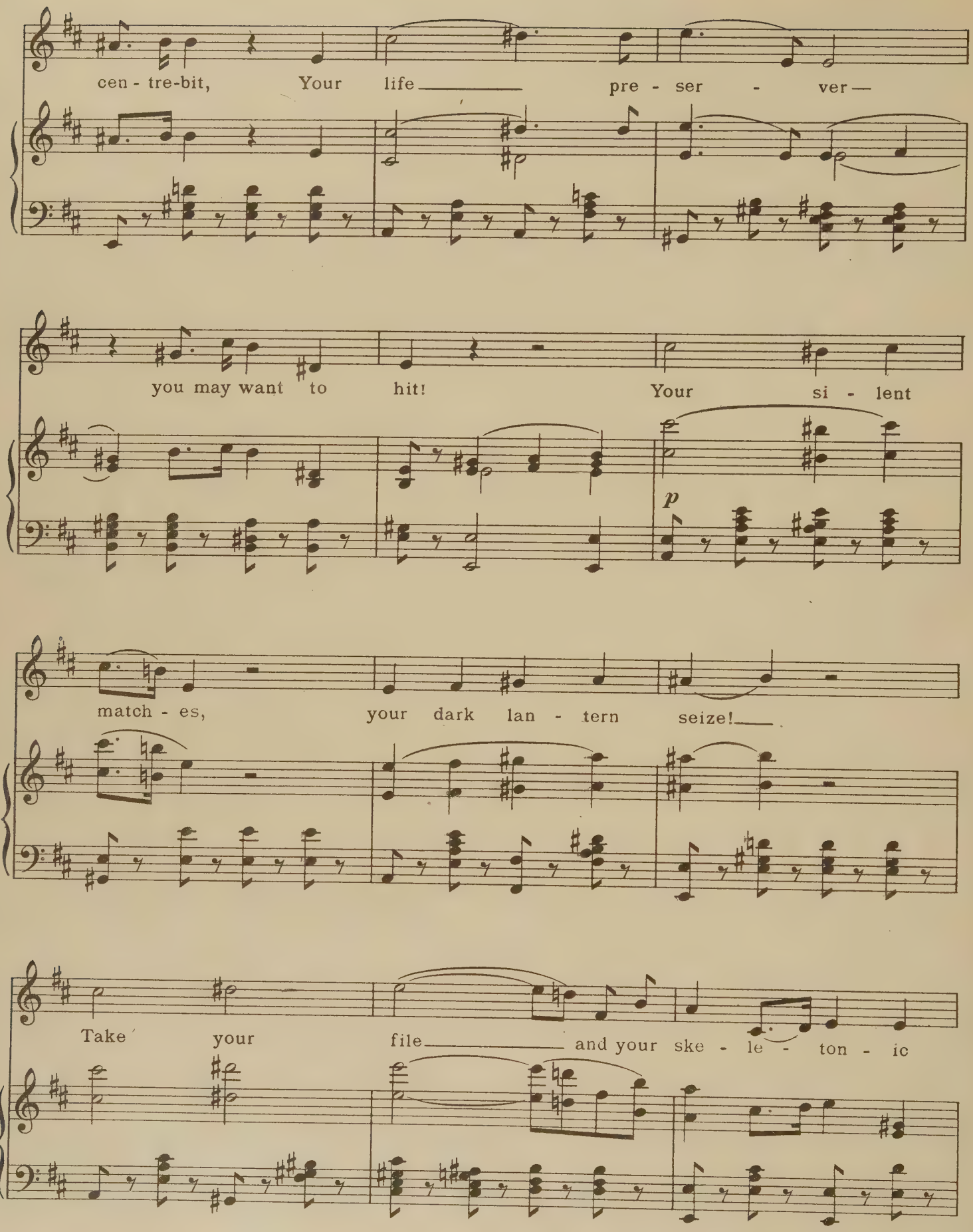
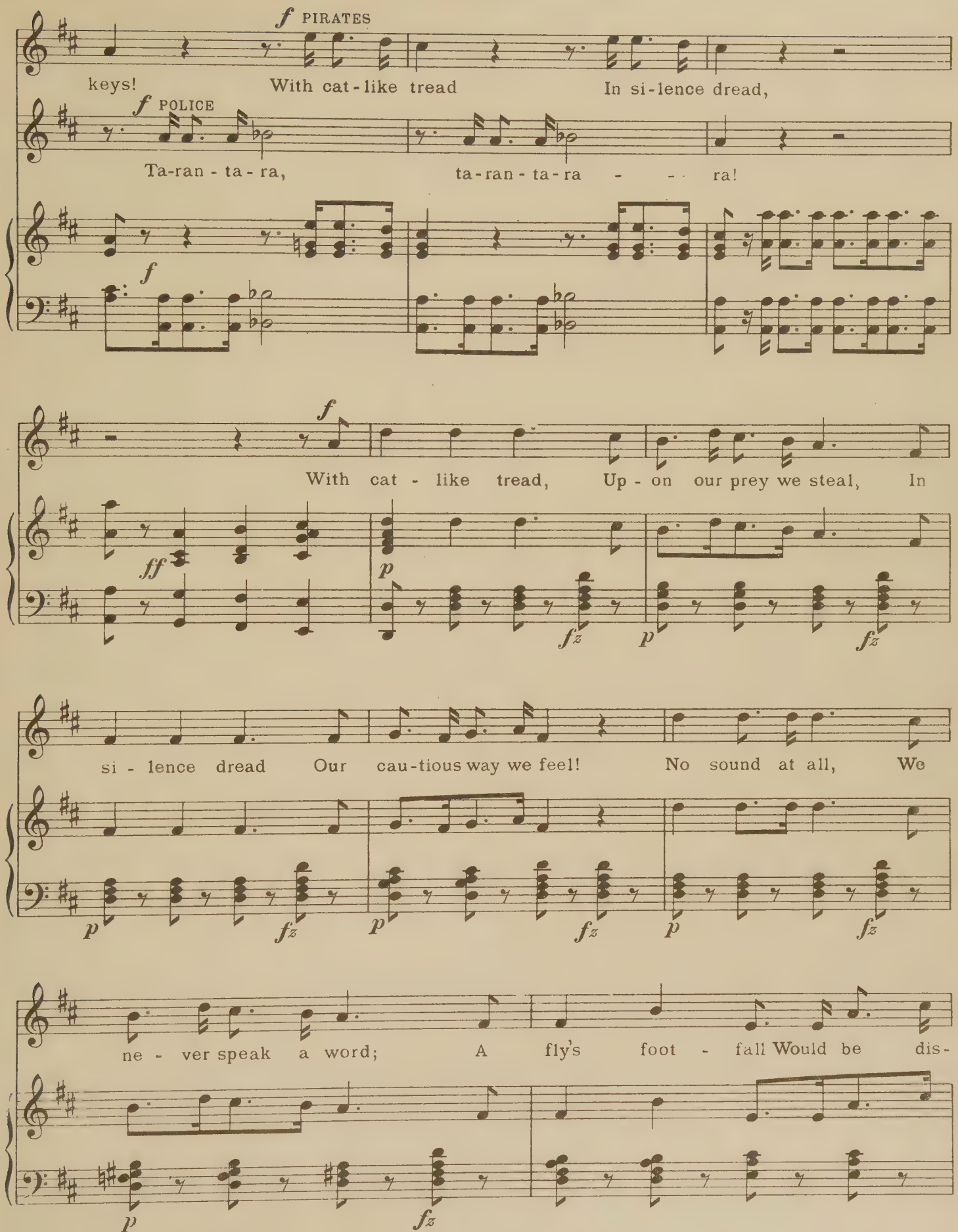
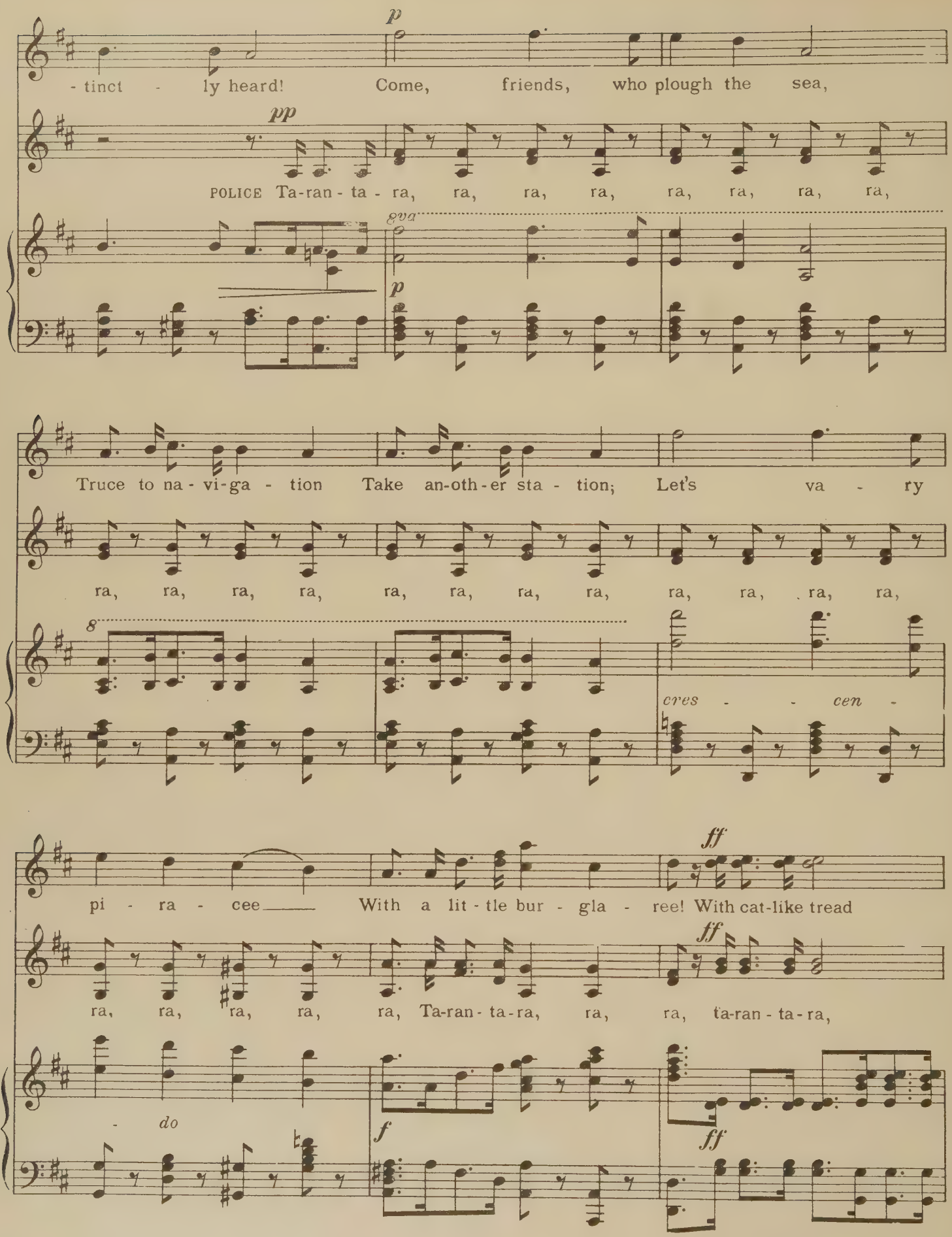

No sound at all, We nev - er speak a word; A
fly's foot - fall Would be dis-tinct - ly heard
CHORUS of POLICE Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-
p
- ra!
So steal - thi - ly the Pi - rate creeps, While all the
house - hold sound - ly sleeps.

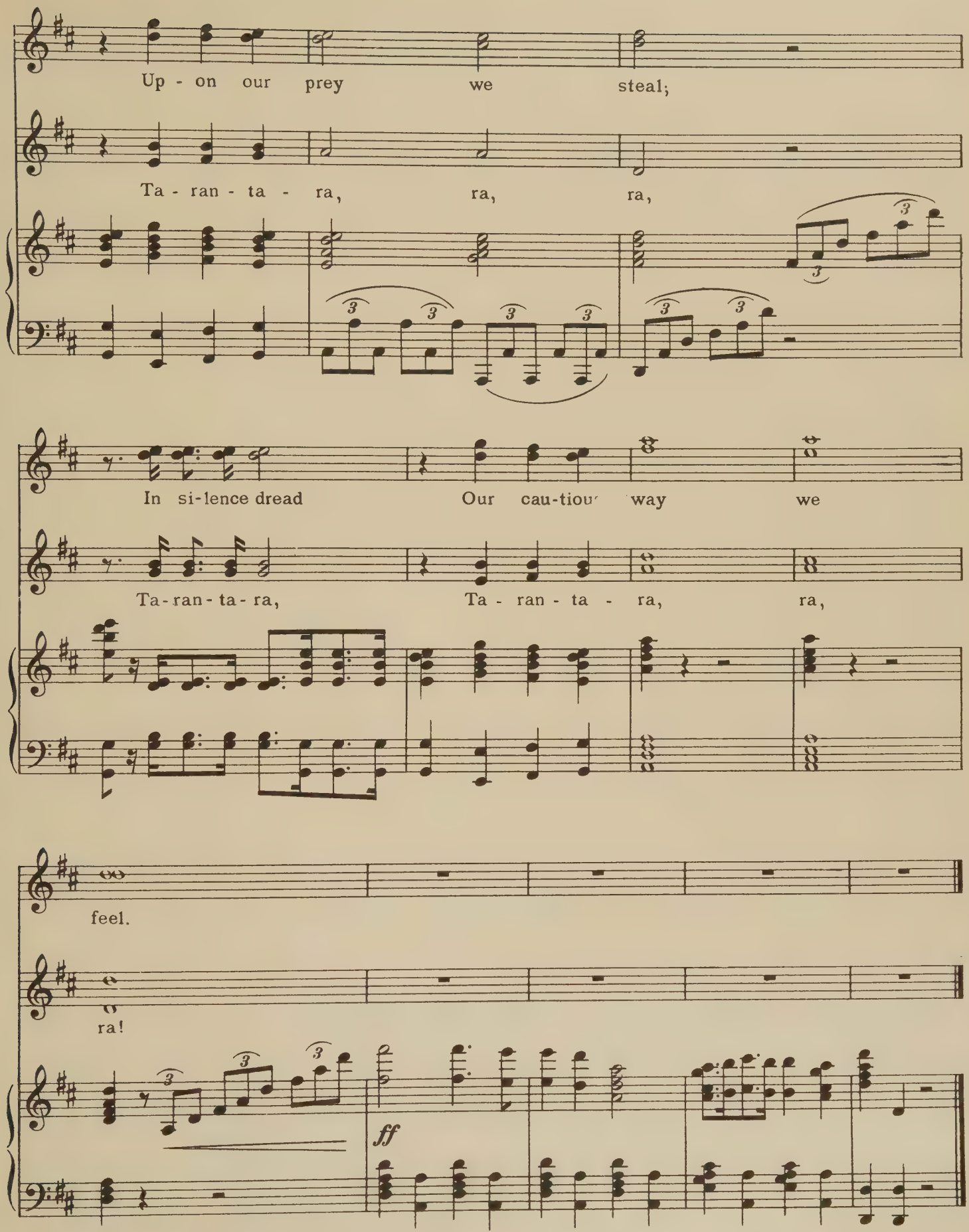

p PIRATES
Come, friends, who plough the sea, Truce to na - vi-ga - tion,
pp POLICE
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
pp
Take an-o - ther sta - tion, Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
With a lit - tle bur - gla - ree! Come, friends, who
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra! Ra, ra, ra, ra,
3
3
p


plough the sea, Truce to na - vi-ga - tion, take an-o-ther sta - tion;
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee, with a lit - tle bur - gla -
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, Ta-ran - ta-ra, ra,
cres - - cen - do
SAMUEL
- ree! Here's your crow - bar and your
ra!


cen - tre-bit, Your life pre - ser - ver—
you may want to hit! Your si - lent
p
match - es, your dark lan - tern seize!
Take your file and your ske - le - ton - ic


f PIRATES
keys! With cat-like tread In si-lence dread,
f POLICE
Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra - - ra!
f
With cat - like tread, Up - on our prey we steal, In
ff
p
fz
si - lence dread Our cau-tious way we feel! No sound at all, We
ne - ver speak a word; A fly's foot - fall Would be dis-


p
- tinct - ly heard! Come, friends, who plough the sea,
pp
POLICE Ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
8va
p
Truce to na - vi-ga - tion Take an-oth-er sta - tion; Let's va - ry
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
8
cres - - cen -
ff
pi - ra - cee With a lit - tle bur - gla - ree! With cat-like tread
ff
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, Ta-ran - ta-ra, ra, ra, ta-ran - ta-ra,
- do
f
ff

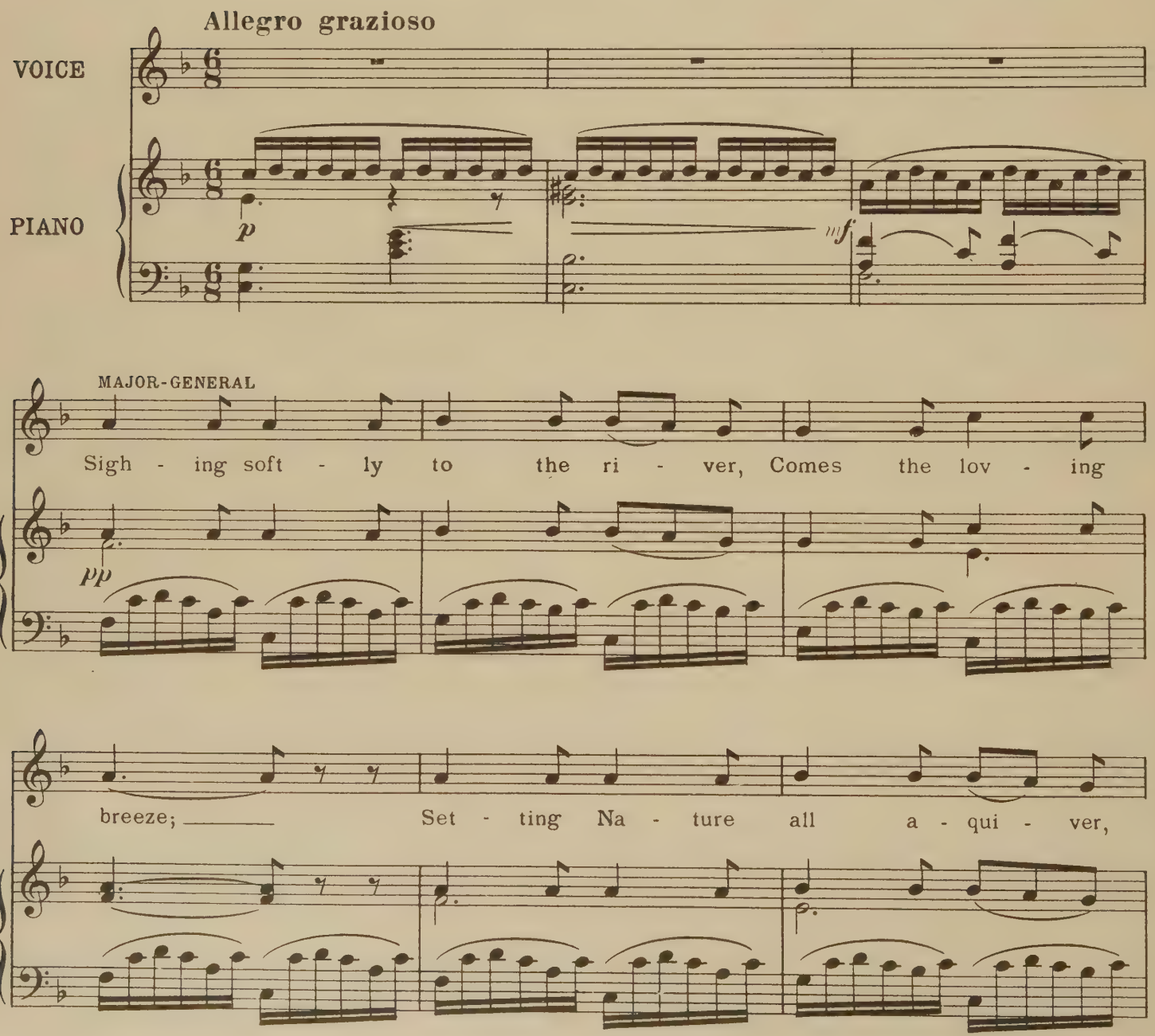

Up - on our prey we steal;
Ta - ran - ta - ra, ra, ra,
In si-lence dread Our cau-tious way we
Ta-ran-ta-ra, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ra,
feel.
ra!
ff

The General, still troubled over the matter of his falsehood to the Pirate King is having another restless night. While tossing upon his bed he hears a noise, and clad in a dressing gown and carrying a light he comes out to investigate.

General. No, all is still
In dale, on hill;
My mind is set at ease.
So still the scene —
It must have been
The sighing of the breeze.

SOFTLY SIGHING TO THE RIVER

Sung by MAJOR-GENERAL with CHORUS of PIRATES and POLICE


Allegro grazioso
VOICE
PIANO
p
mf
MAJOR-GENERAL
Sigh - ing soft - ly to the ri - ver, Comes the lov - ing
pp
breeze; Set - ting Na - ture all a - qui - ver,

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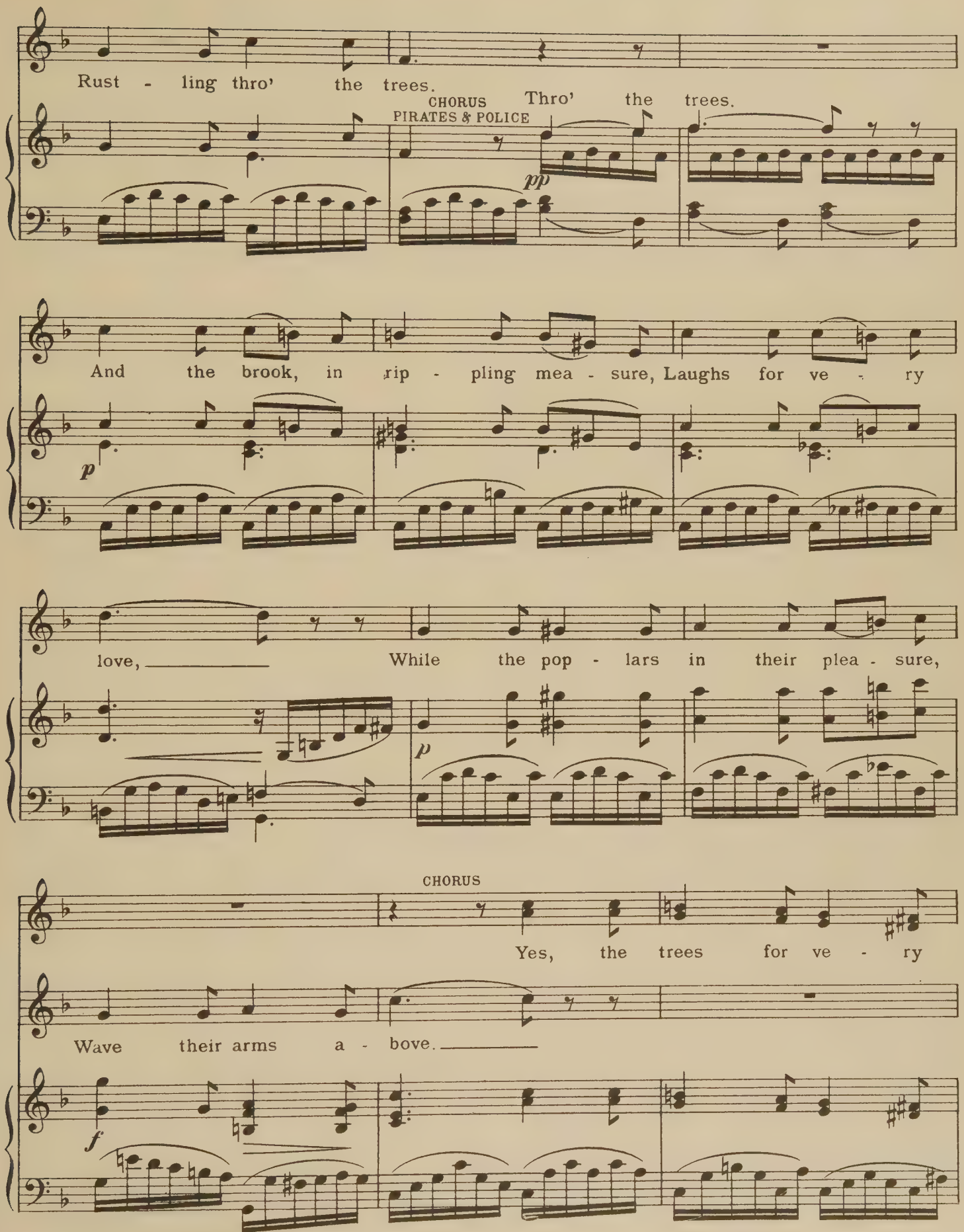
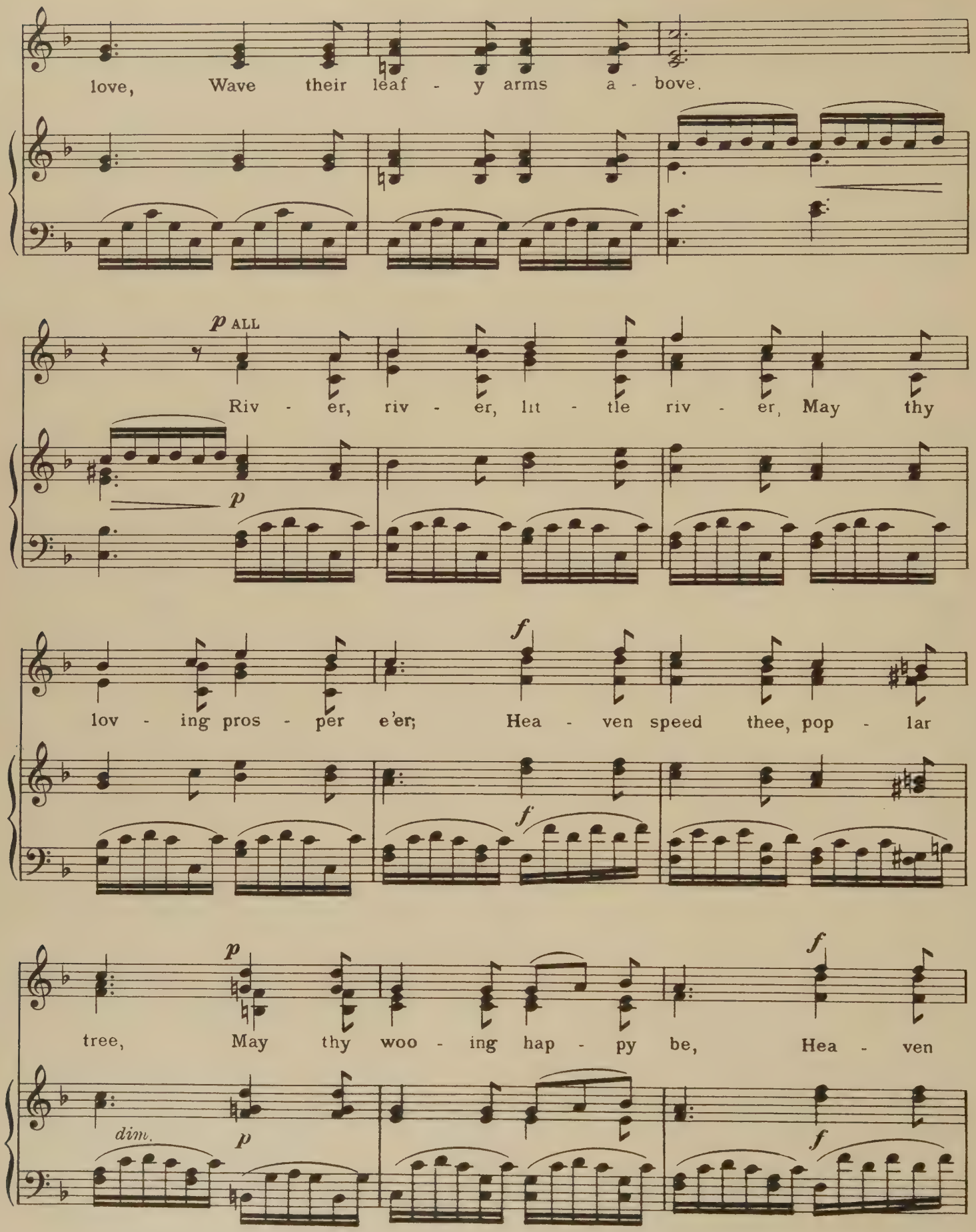
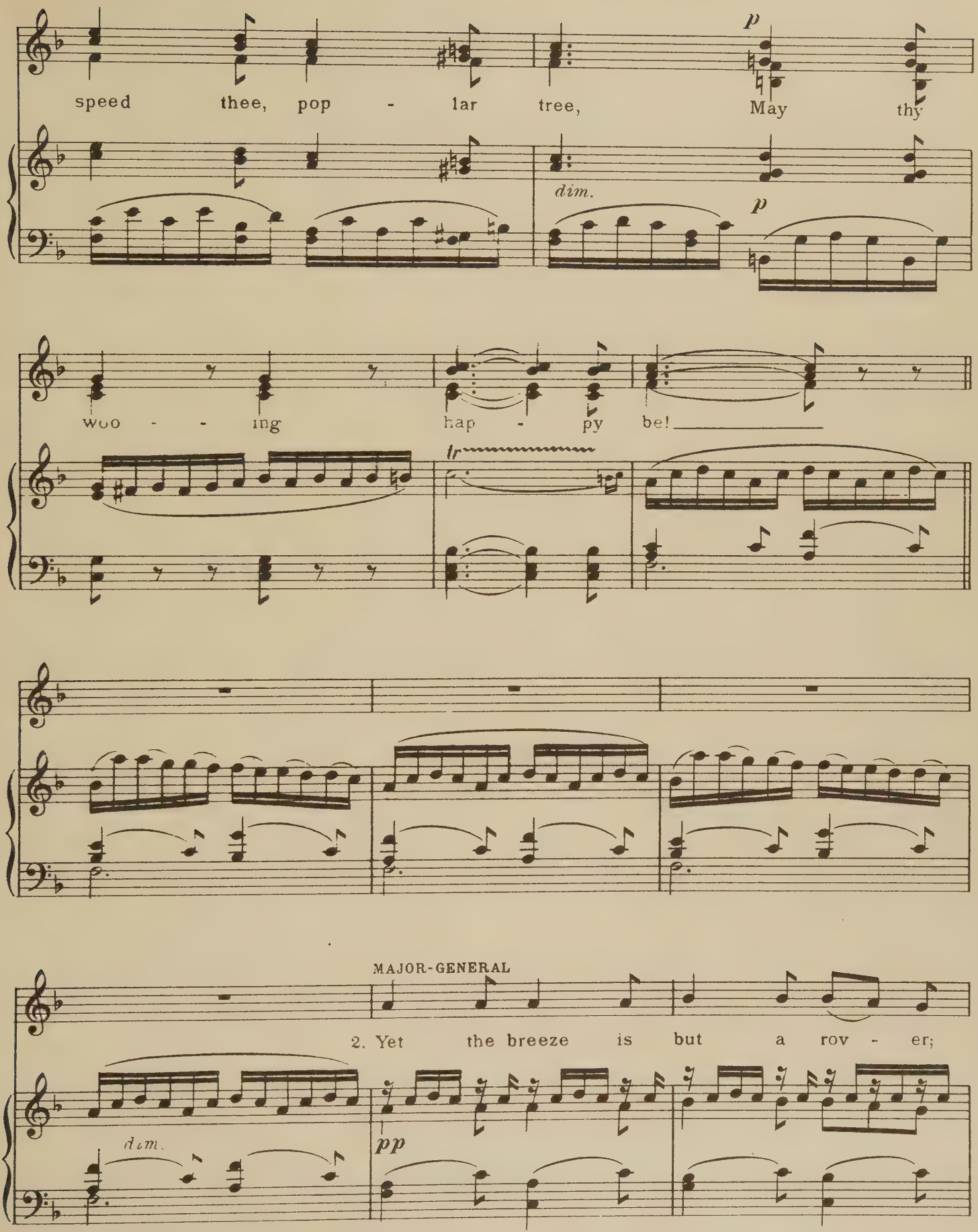
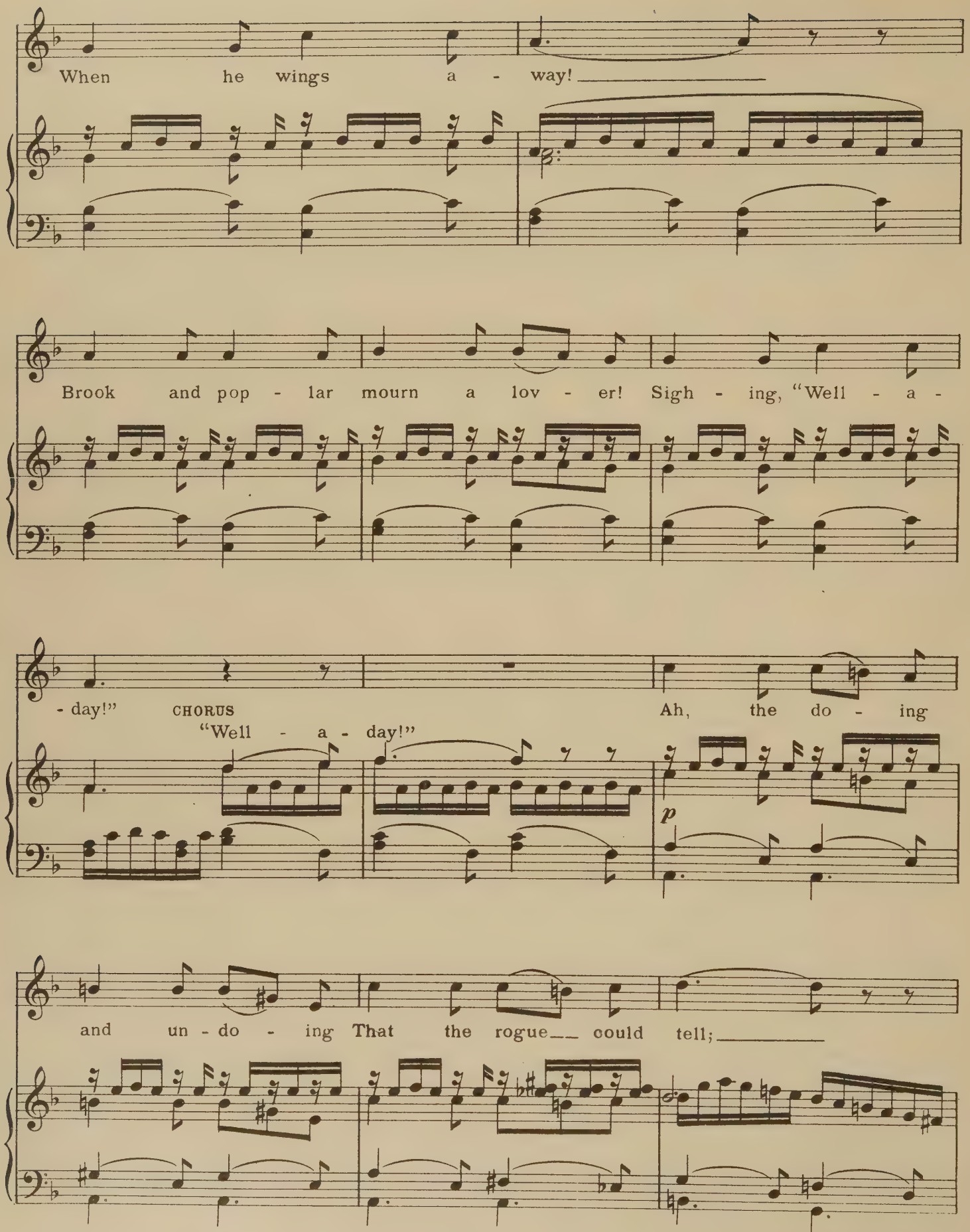
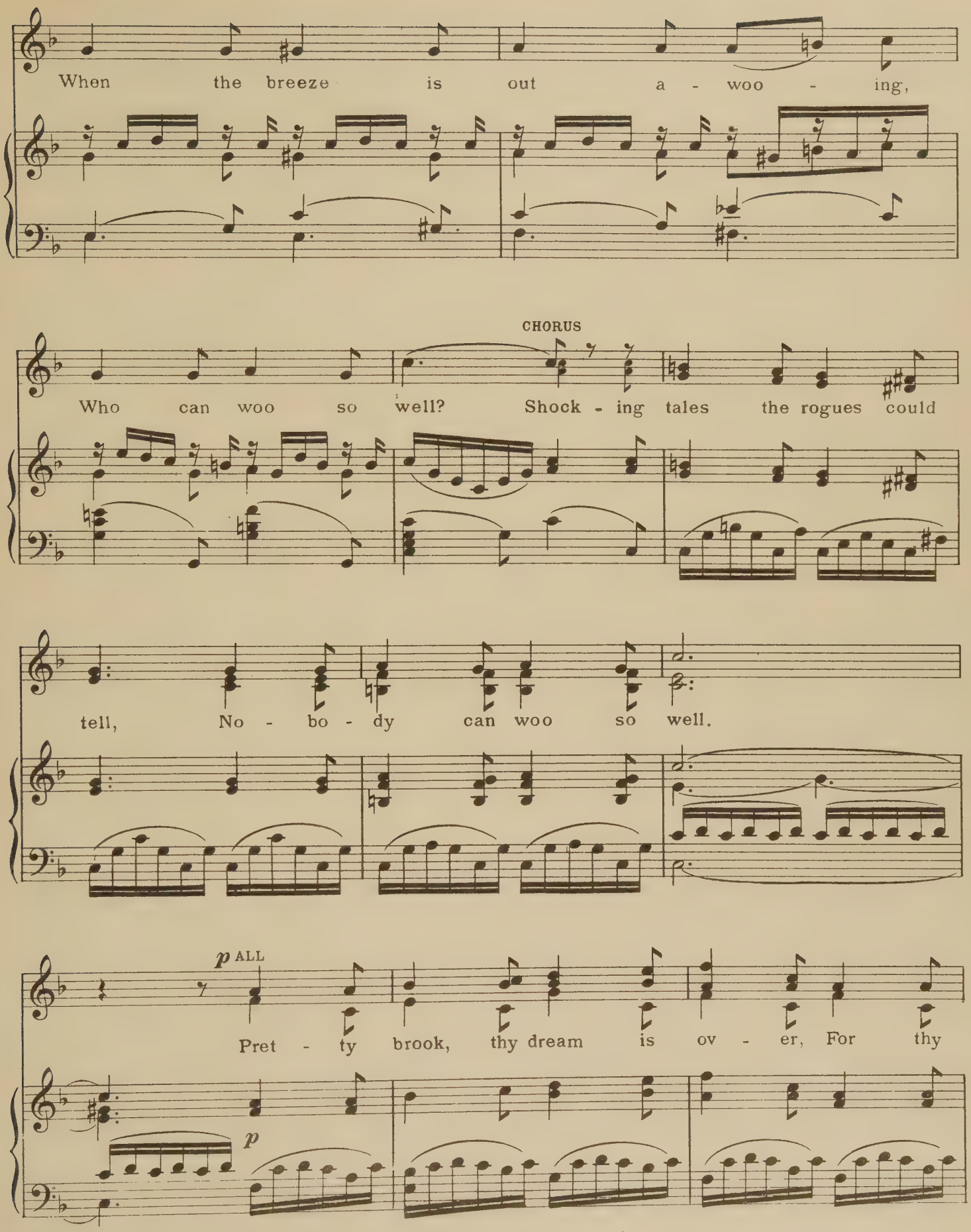
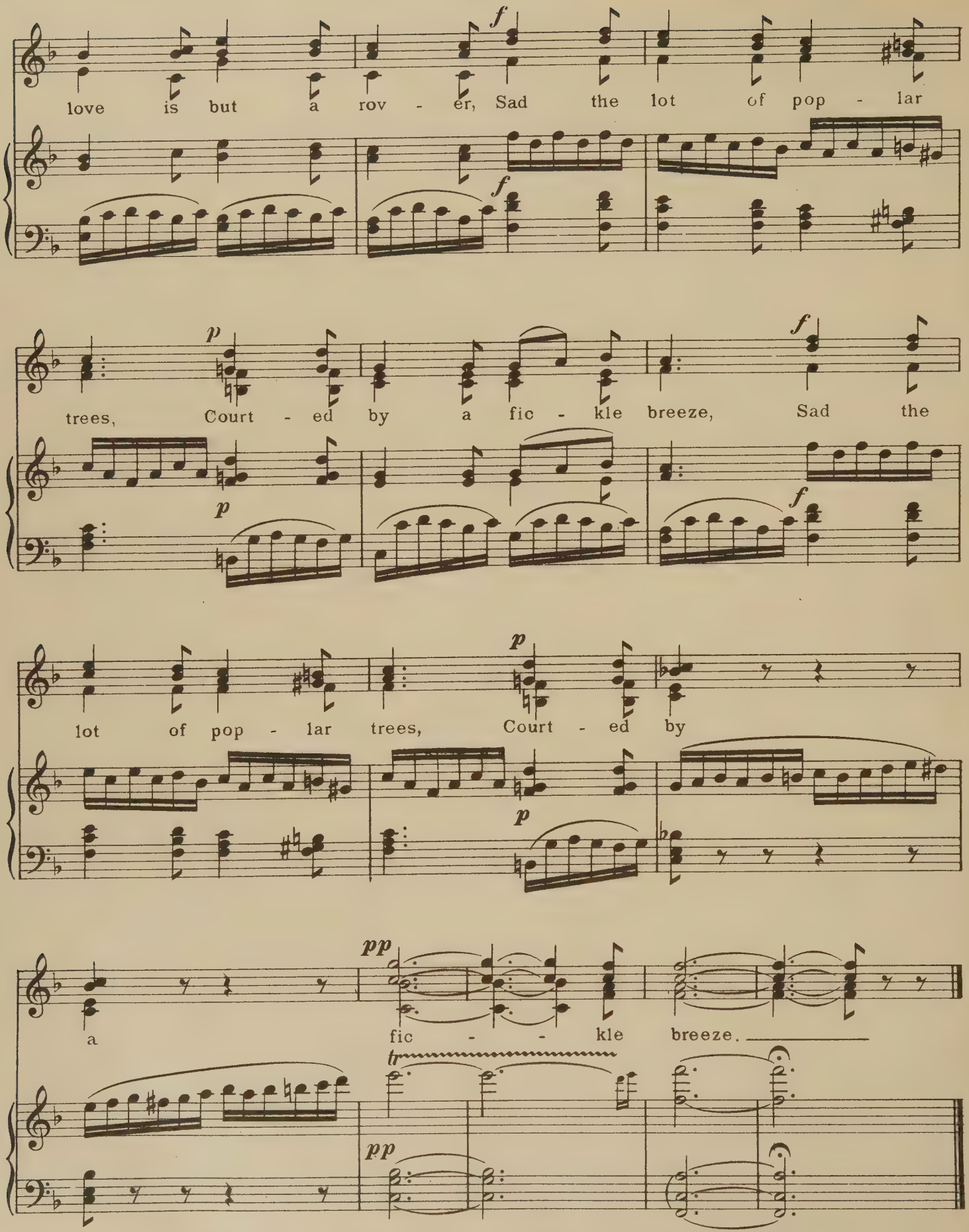

Rust - ling thro' the trees.
CHORUS
PIRATES & POLICE
Thro' the trees.
pp
And the brook, in rip - pling mea - sure, Laughs for ve - ry
p
love, While the pop - lars in their plea - sure,
p
CHORUS
Yes, the trees for ve - ry
Wave their arms a - bove.
f


love, Wave their leaf - y arms a - bove.
p ALL
Riv - er, riv - er, lit - tle riv - er, May thy
p
lov - ing pros - per e'er; Hea - ven speed thee, pop - lar
f
f
p
tree, May thy woo - ing hap - py be, Hea - ven
f
dim.
p
f


speed thee, pop - lar tree, May thy
p
dim.
p
woo - - ing hap - py be!
tr
MAJOR-GENERAL
2. Yet the breeze is but a rov - er;
dim.
pp


When he wings a - way!
Brook and pop - lar mourn a lov - er! Sigh - ing, "Well - a -
- day!" CHORUS "Well - a - day!"
Ah, the do - ing
p
and un - do - ing That the rogue could tell;


When the breeze is out a - woo - ing,
CHORUS
Who can woo so well? Shock - ing tales the rogues could
tell, No - bo - dy can woo so well.
p ALL
Pret - ty brook, thy dream is ov - er, For thy
p


love is but a rov - er, Sad the lot of pop - lar
trees, Court - ed by a fic - kle breeze, Sad the
lot of pop - lar trees, Court - ed by
a fic - - kle breeze.

The complete Vocal Score of "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE" *(Price 7/- net).*
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THE SORCERER

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS

THE SORCERER was first produced at the Opera Comique on November 17, 1877. It was really the first of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, as it was preceded only by "Trial by Jury." In THE SORCERER George Grossmith made his first appearance in the operas, being cast for the part of John Wellington Wells.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AND ORIGINAL CAST

SIR MARMADUKE POINTDEXTRE (an Elderly Baronet) MR. TEMPLE
ALEXIS (of the Grenadier Guards—his Son) - MR. BENTHAM
DR. DALY (Vicar of Ploverleigh) - - MR. BARRINGTON
NOTARY - - - - - MR. CLIFTON
JOHN WELLINGTON WELLS
(of J. W. Wells & Co., Family Sorcerers) - MR. GROSSMITH

LADY SANGAZURE (a Lady of Ancient Lineage)
MRS. HOWARD PAUL
ALINE (her Daughter—betrothed to Alexis) - MISS ALICE MAY
MRS. PARTLET (a Pew Opener) - - MISS EVERARD
CONSTANCE (her Daughter) - - MISS GIULIA WARWICK

Chorus of Villagers.

THE STORY: ACT I

IT is the betrothal day of young Alexis Pointdextre, of the Grenadier Guards, and the lovely Aline, daughter of Lady Sangazure. The village of Ploverleigh, where the happy event is to take place, is en fête and the villagers and tenantry are joyfully anticipating the celebrations to come.

To one among them the day has brought sadness and depression. Pretty little Constance Partlet, daughter of Mrs. Partlet, a pew-opener, confesses to her mother that she is deeply in love with their elderly vicar, Dr. Daly. The vicar, it is true, is a bachelor, and although Mrs. Partlet promises Constance that she will sound the vicar and drop a few gentle hints, it is soon apparent that Dr. Daly has long since put love behind him. Constance, much upset, has, therefore, for the time being, to resign herself to such comfort as her mother can offer.

The time has now come to sign the marriage contract. The young Alexis appears with his father, Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre, to be followed presently by Aline. It is evident that the pair are ideally happy but when, the contract signed, the lovers are left alone for a time it appears that Alexis believes so fervently in marriage that he would, if he had his way, marry off high and low and rich and poor until there were none who had left untasted the cup of matrimony.

Aline sympathises with his aims and as he describes how he has laboured to further the cause so dear to his heart, the girl is roused to fervent enthusiasm. When, however, Alexis, growing bolder, announces that he has arranged for the presence of one Mr. John Wellington Wells, of the old established firm of J. W. Wells & Co., Family Sorcerers in St. Mary Axe, who will administer a love philtre to the villagers, Aline is both scared and doubtful. She thinks the idea is downright wicked and says so, but Alexis is adamant and sends a page to summon the magician.

Mr. Wells is apparently a most accomplished individual, and the firm that he represents an admirable one of its kind. J. W. Wells & Co. can furnish everything that could be wished for, from spells to curses, and he has come prepared with a phial of his Patent Oxy-Hydrogen Love-at-first-sight Philtre.

Alexis explains his aims, and in spite of Aline's protests that some of the villagers are already married, he gives instructions that sufficient of the potion to affect the entire company be added to the contents of a teapot.

Mr. Wells, after assuring Aline that not the least remarkable quality of his philtre is that it leaves married folk unaffected, utters an incantation summoning to his aid all the powers of darkness. He calls up fiends and demons, hags, imps and ghosts, and so potent is the incantation that the spirits lose no time in obeying the summons, scaring Aline so thoroughly that she begs Alexis to seek safety in flight. It is too late, however, to carry out any such intention. The spell is upon them and they must see the business through.

Mr. Wells, with his creatures at hand to do his bidding, goes on with his magic-making and presently pours his philtre into the teapot.

All is now in readiness and the villagers being summoned, each member of the merry party is served with a cup of the now potent tea. Sir Marmaduke welcomes the guests to the feast and all unsuspecting, the revellers make merry together and quaff their tea with a will.

As the minutes pass it becomes evident that the confidence of Wells in the products of his firm has not been misplaced. The charm is working and its victims, completely at a loss to understand what has come over them, become unsteady on their legs, and after a brief struggle against the effects of the drug fall insensible to the ground.

THE SORCERER

Written by
W. S. GILBERT

Composed by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

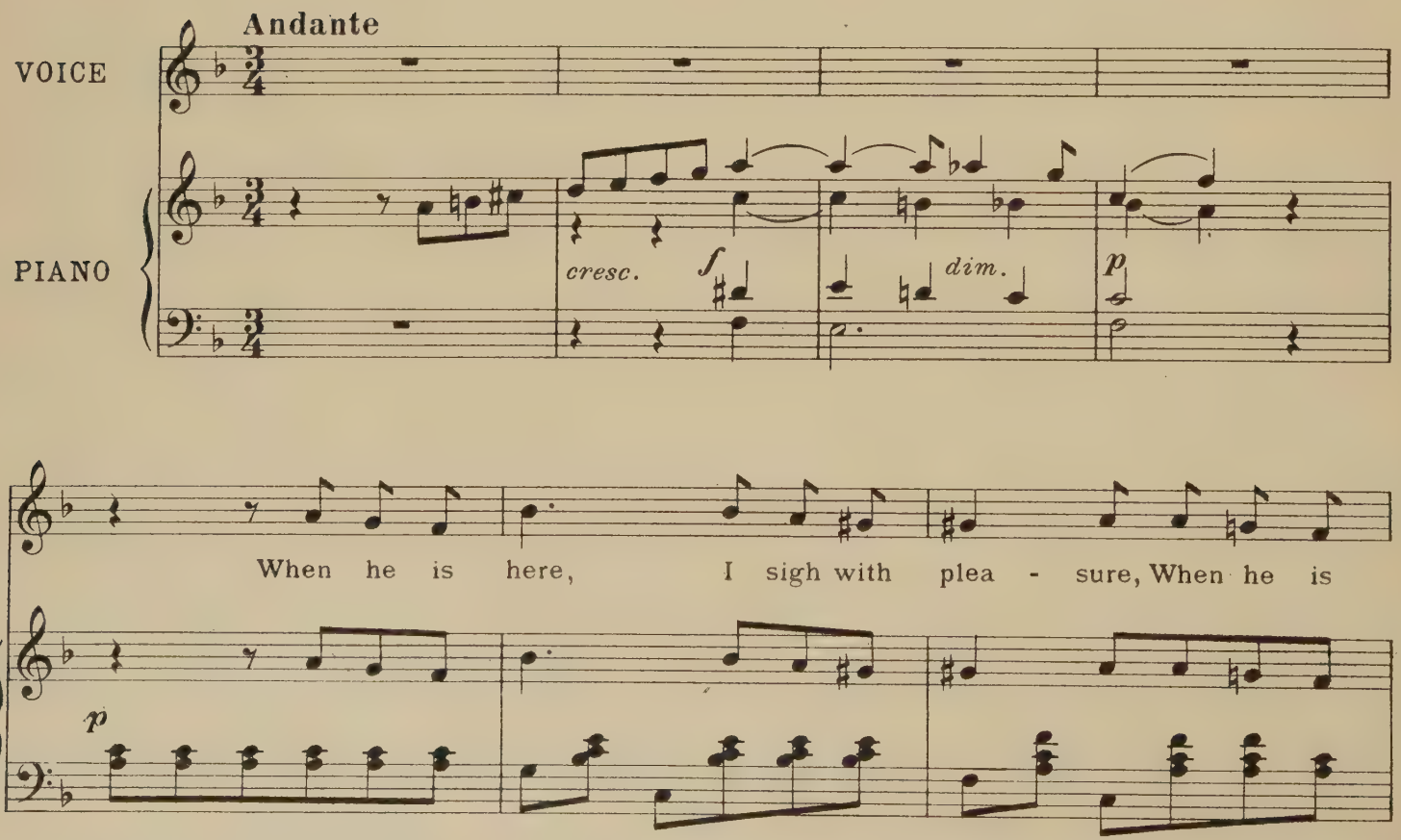
Act I

Scene:– *Exterior of Sir Marmaduke's Elizabethan Mansion*

The villagers of Ploverleigh have assembled to witness the betrothal of their squire's son, Alexis Pointdextre, to the lovely Aline, daughter of Lady Sangazure. All are in the best of spirits; all save one, and she, Constance, daughter of Mrs. Partlet, a pew opener, is sad and depressed. Her mother, much concerned over Constance's strange reaction to such a happy event, bids her explain.

WHEN HE IS HERE

Sung by CONSTANCE



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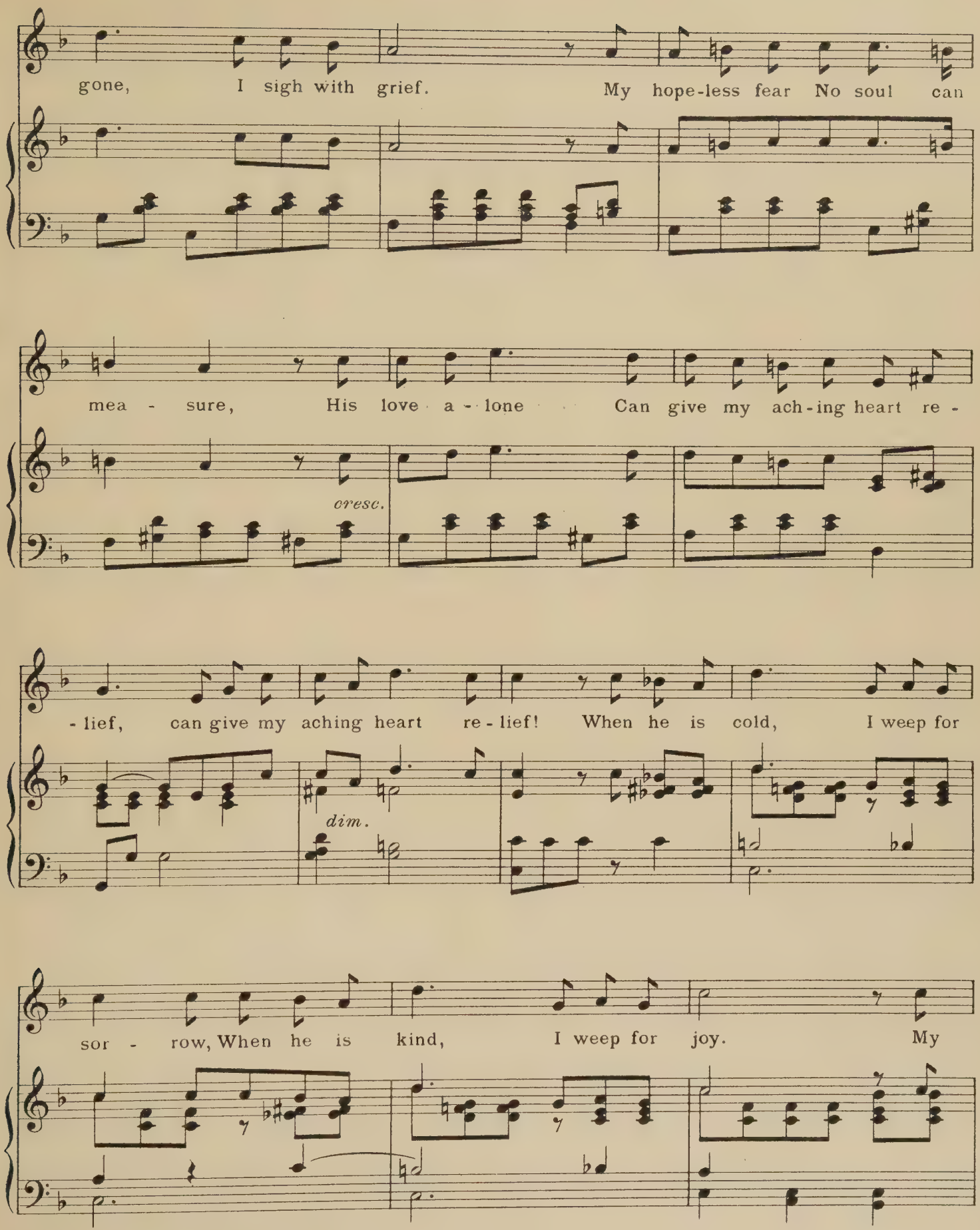
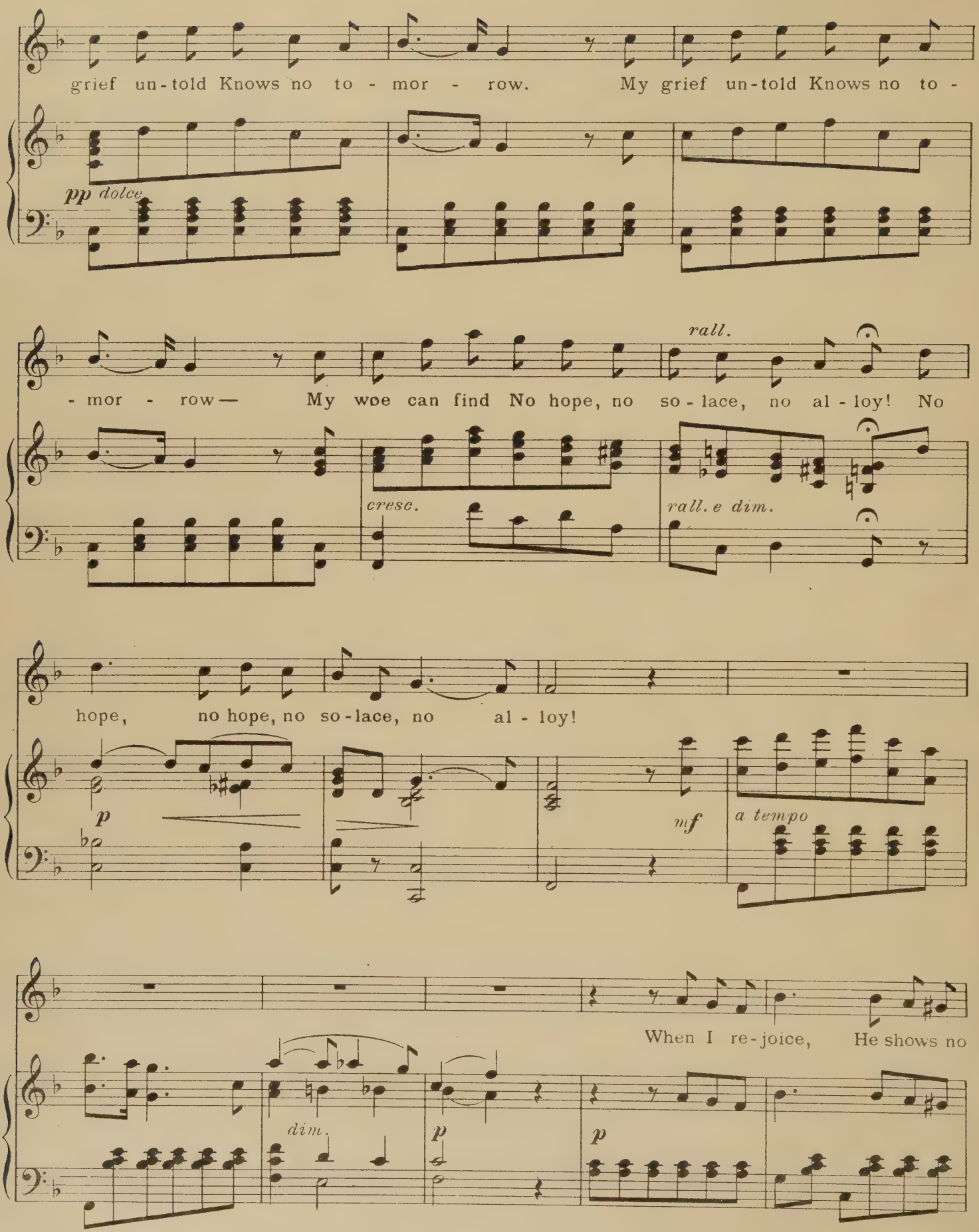
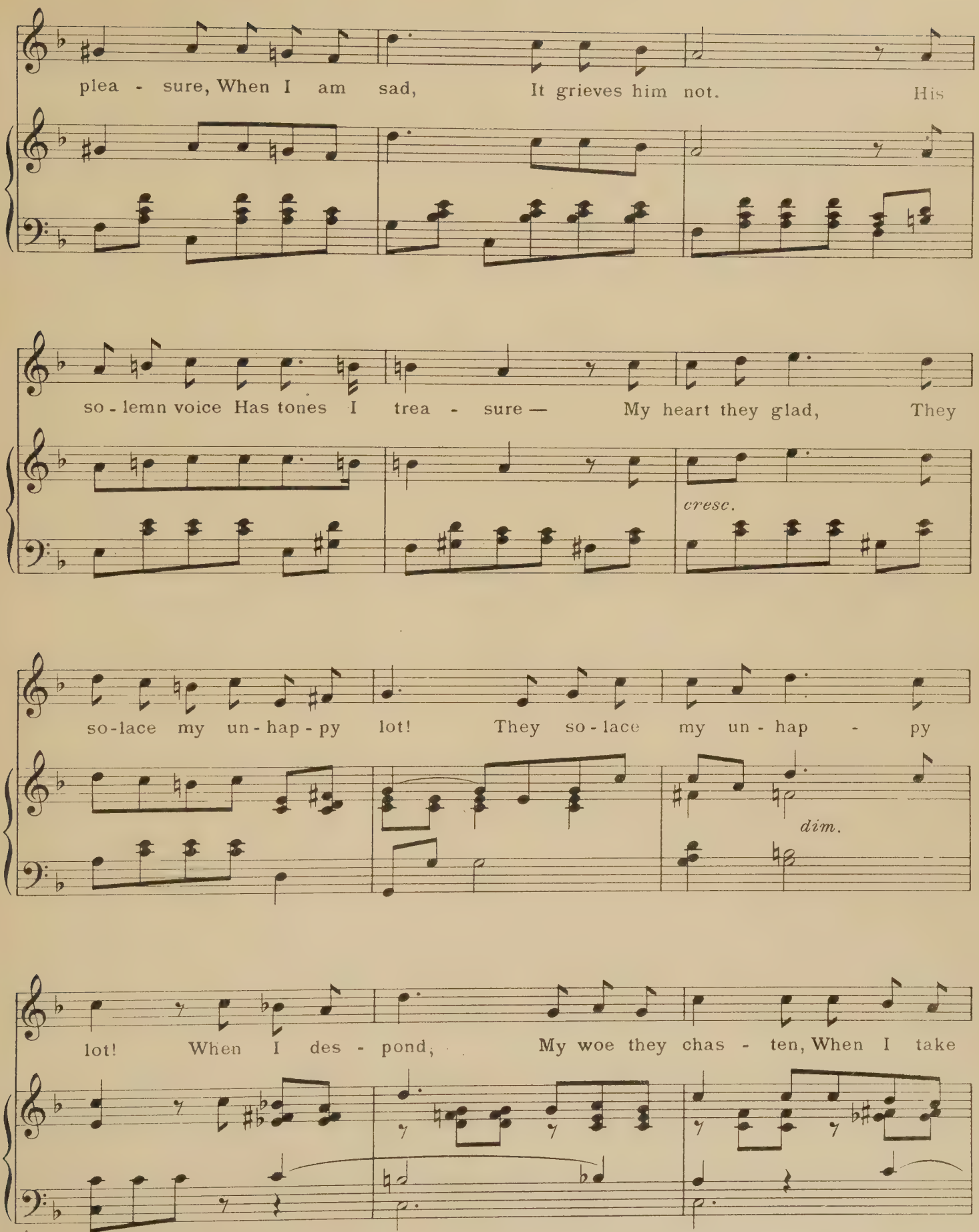
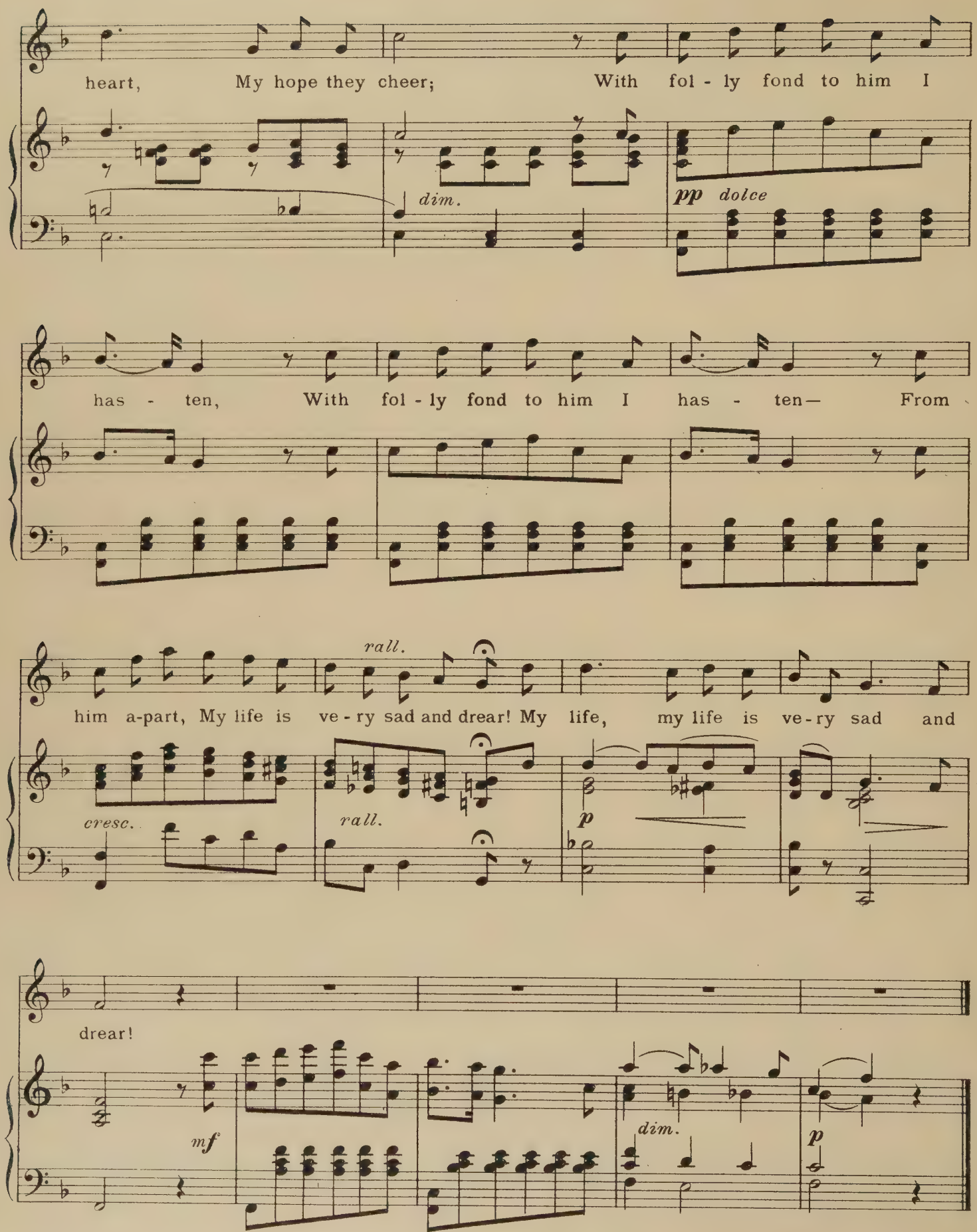

gone, I sigh with grief. My hope-less fear No soul can
mea - sure, His love a - lone Can give my ach-ing heart re -
cresc.
- lief, can give my aching heart re - lief! When he is cold, I weep for
dim.
sor - row, When he is kind, I weep for joy. My


grief un-told Knows no to - mor - row. My grief un-told Knows no to -
pp dolce
- mor - row— My woe can find No hope, no so - lace, no al - loy! No
rall.
cresc.
rall. e dim.
hope, no hope, no so-lace, no al - loy!
p
mf
a tempo
When I re-joice, He shows no
dim.
p
p

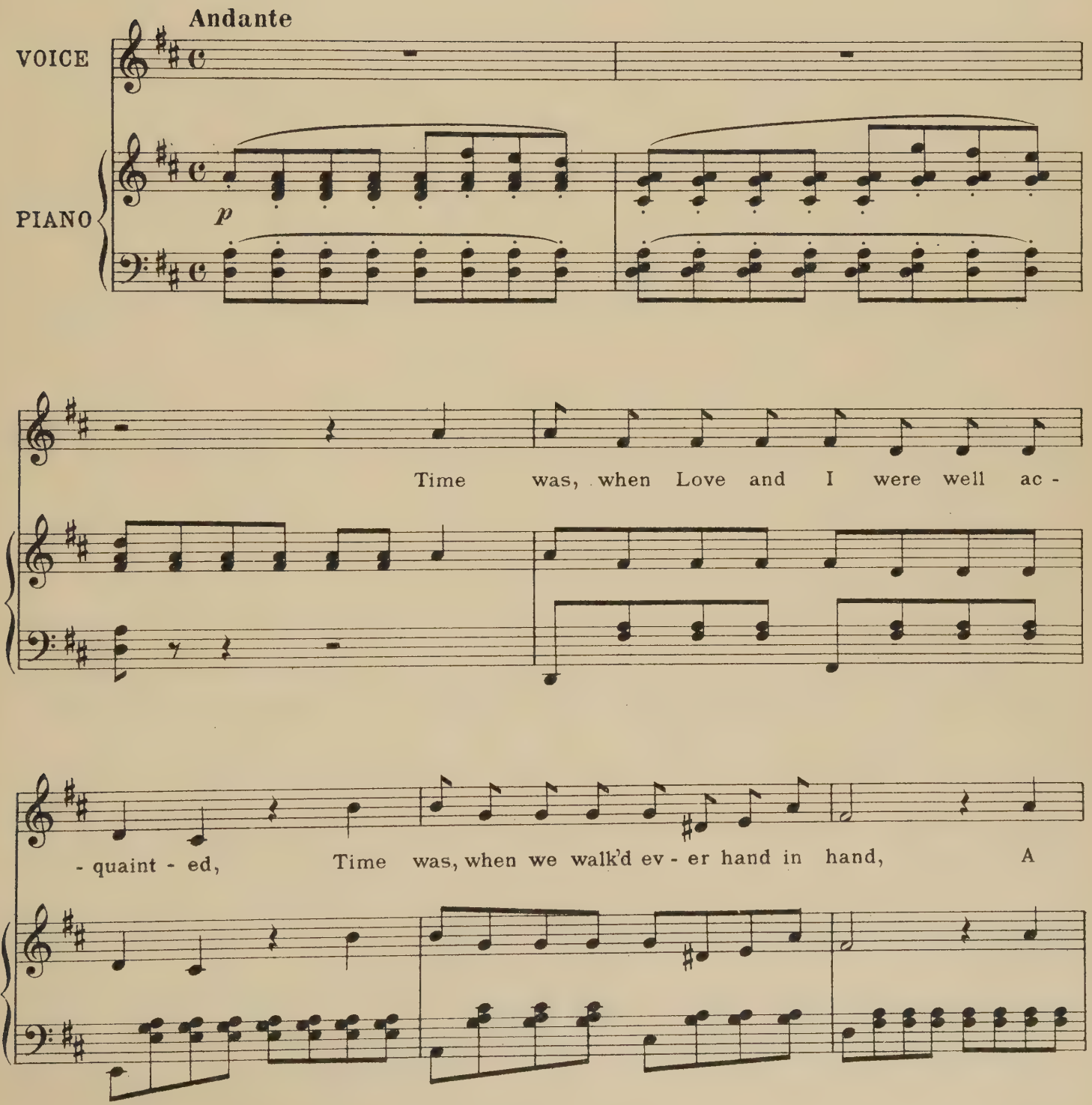

plea - sure, When I am sad, It grieves him not. His
so - lemn voice Has tones I trea - sure — My heart they glad, They
cresc.
so-lace my un - hap - py lot! They so - lace my un - hap - py
dim.
lot! When I des - pond; My woe they chas - ten, When I take


heart, My hope they cheer; With fol - ly fond to him I
dim.
pp dolce
has - ten, With fol - ly fond to him I has - ten— From
rall.
him a-part, My life is ve - ry sad and drear! My life, my life is ve - ry sad and
cresc.
rall.
p
drear!
mf
dim.
p

The romantic atmosphere of a betrothal day is apt to awaken memories of what might have been, in many an elderly heart. Old Dr. Daly, the bachelor vicar of Ploverleigh, finds himself strangely stirred. He ponders wistfully over the old, old days when, a pale young curate, life and love lay all before him.

TIME WAS, WHEN LOVE AND I

Sung by Dr. DALY



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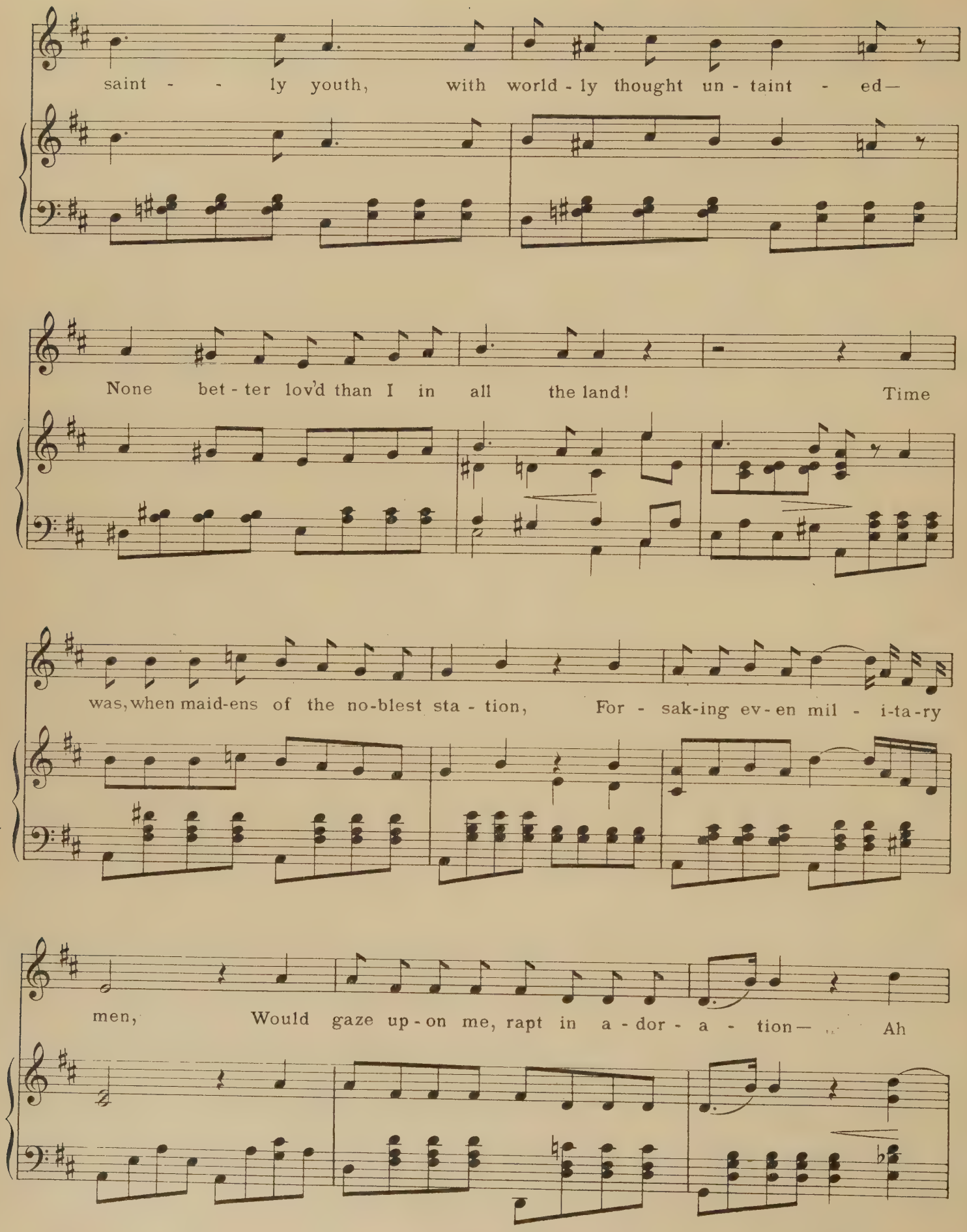
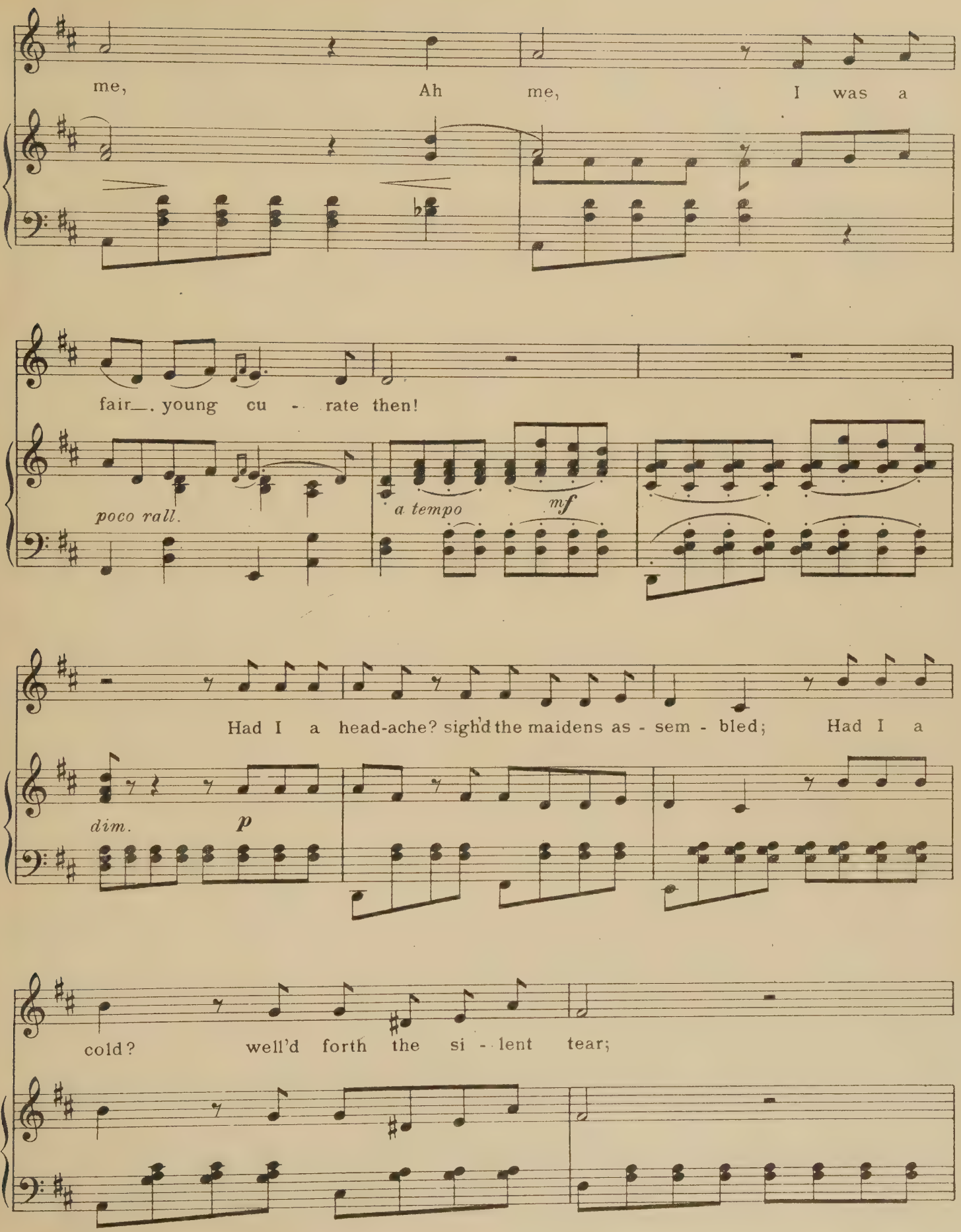
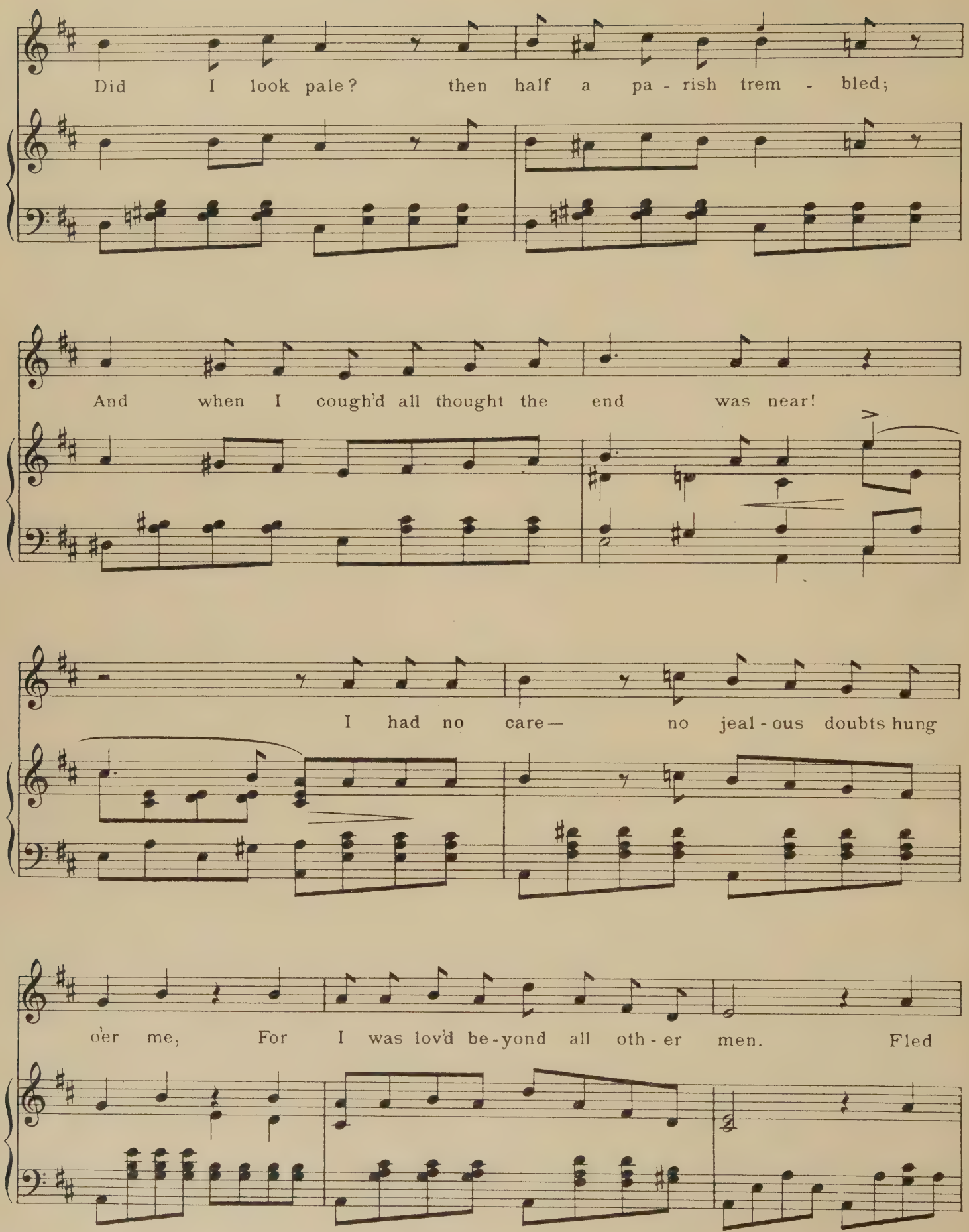
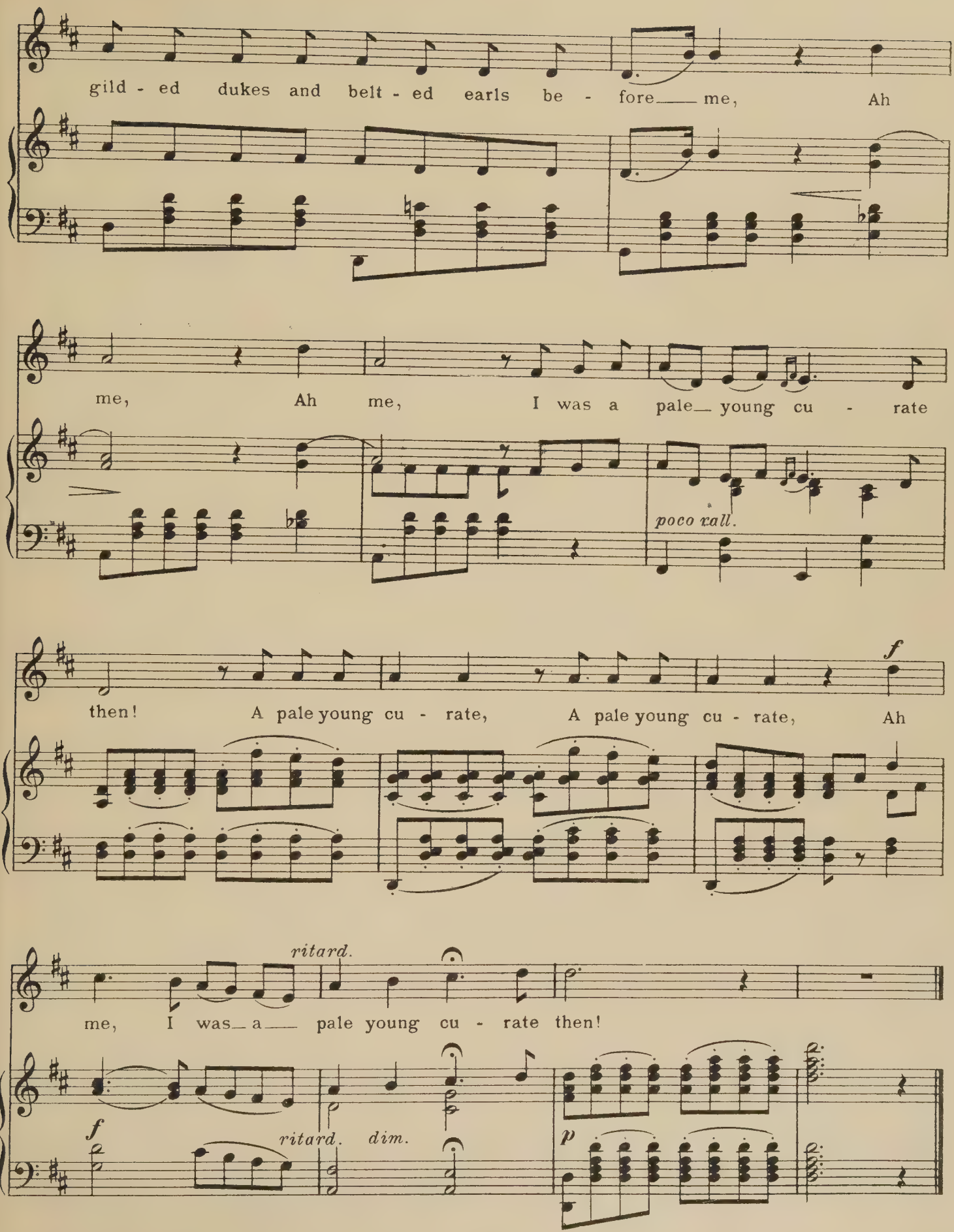

saint - - ly youth, with world - ly thought un - taint - ed—
None bet - ter lov'd than I in all the land! Time
was, when maid-ens of the no-blest sta - tion, For - sak-ing ev - en mil - i-ta-ry
men, Would gaze up - on me, rapt in a - dor - a - tion— Ah


me, Ah me, I was a
fair_. young cu - rate then!
poco rall.
a tempo
mf
Had I a head-ache? sigh'd the maidens as - sem - bled; Had I a
dim.
p
cold? well'd forth the si - lent tear;

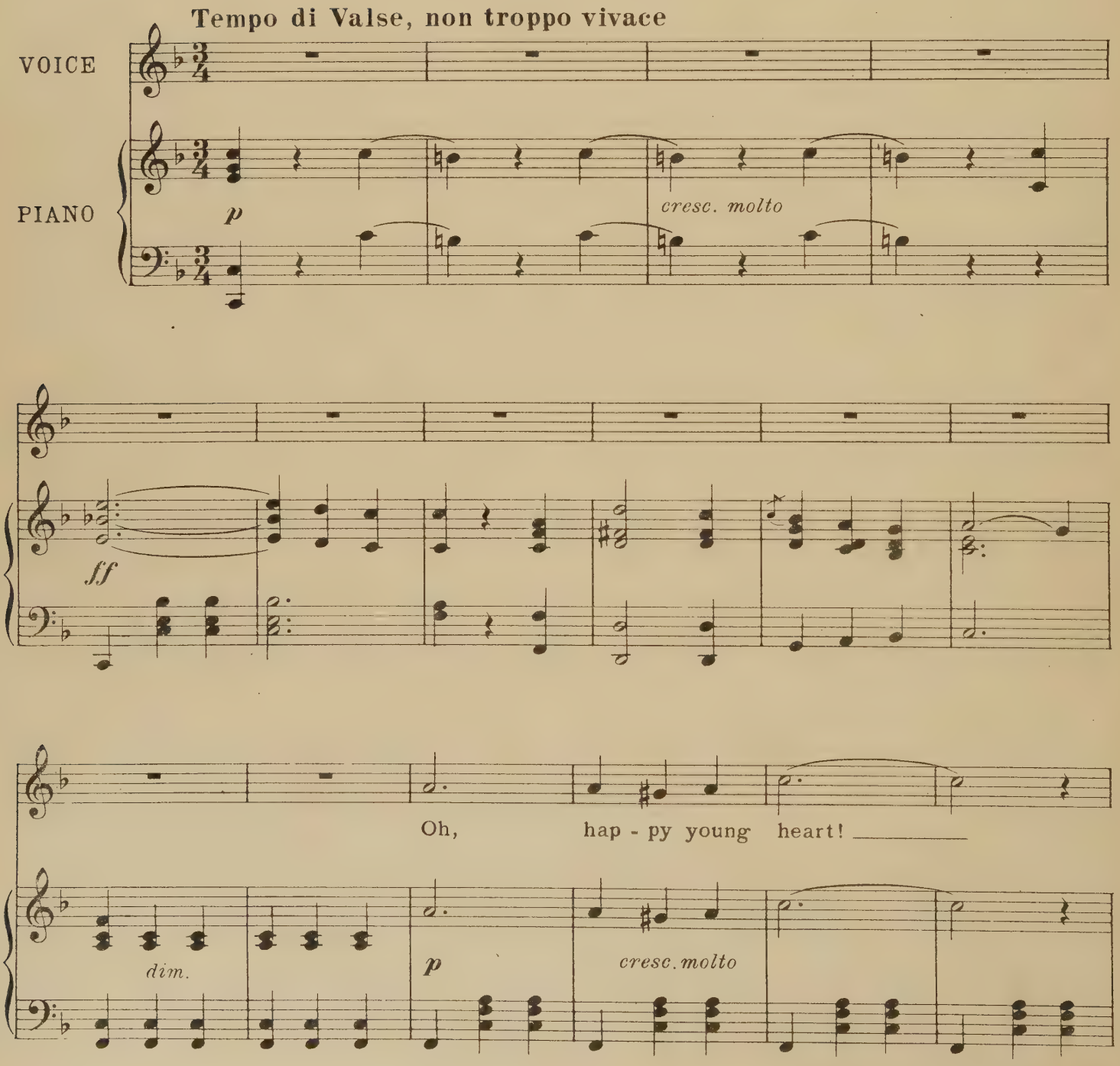

Did I look pale? then half a pa - rish trem - bled;
And when I cough'd all thought the end was near!
I had no care— no jeal - ous doubts hung
o'er me, For I was lov'd be - yond all oth - er men. Fled


gild - ed dukes and belt - ed earls be - fore me, Ah
me, Ah me, I was a pale young cu - rate
poco rall.
then! A pale young cu - rate, A pale young cu - rate, Ah
f
ritard.
me, I was a pale young cu - rate then!
f
ritard. dim.
p

As is the way of a maid on her betrothal morn, Aline's happiness grows with each passing hour. As she appears on the terrace of Sir Marmaduke's mansion, girls press around her with their good wishes. Prettily Aline thanks them and sings a joyful little song.

HAPPY YOUNG HEART

Sung by ALINE



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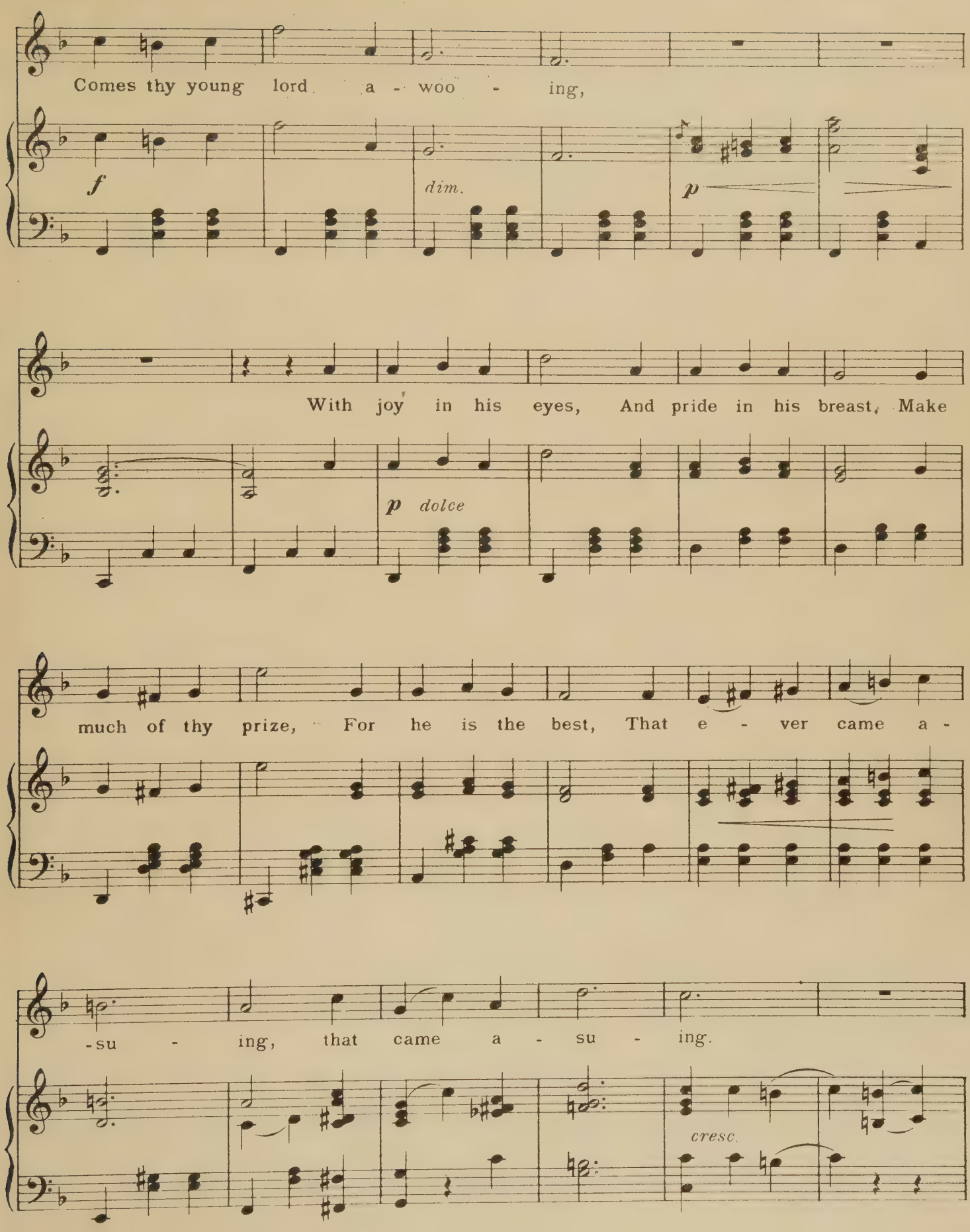
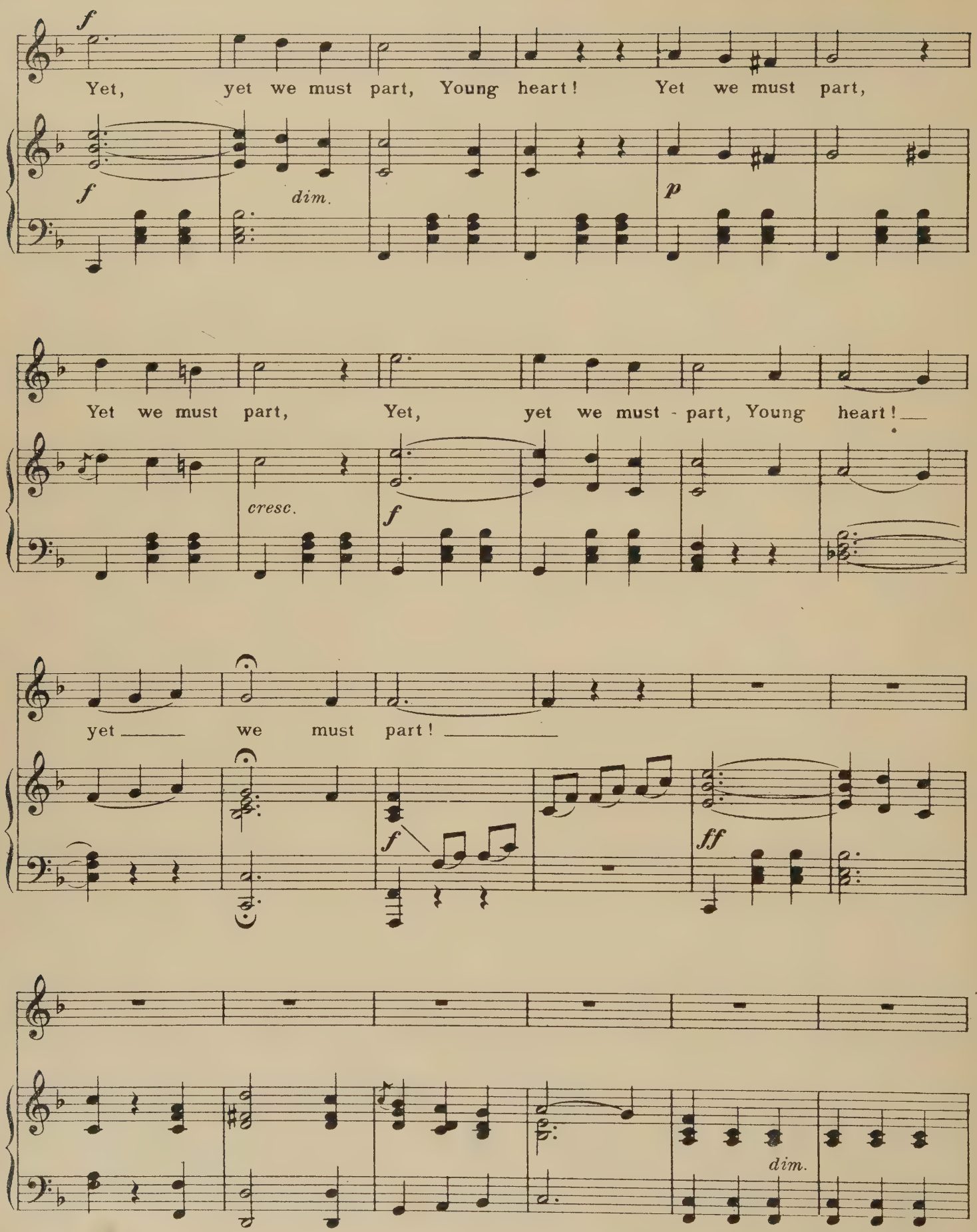
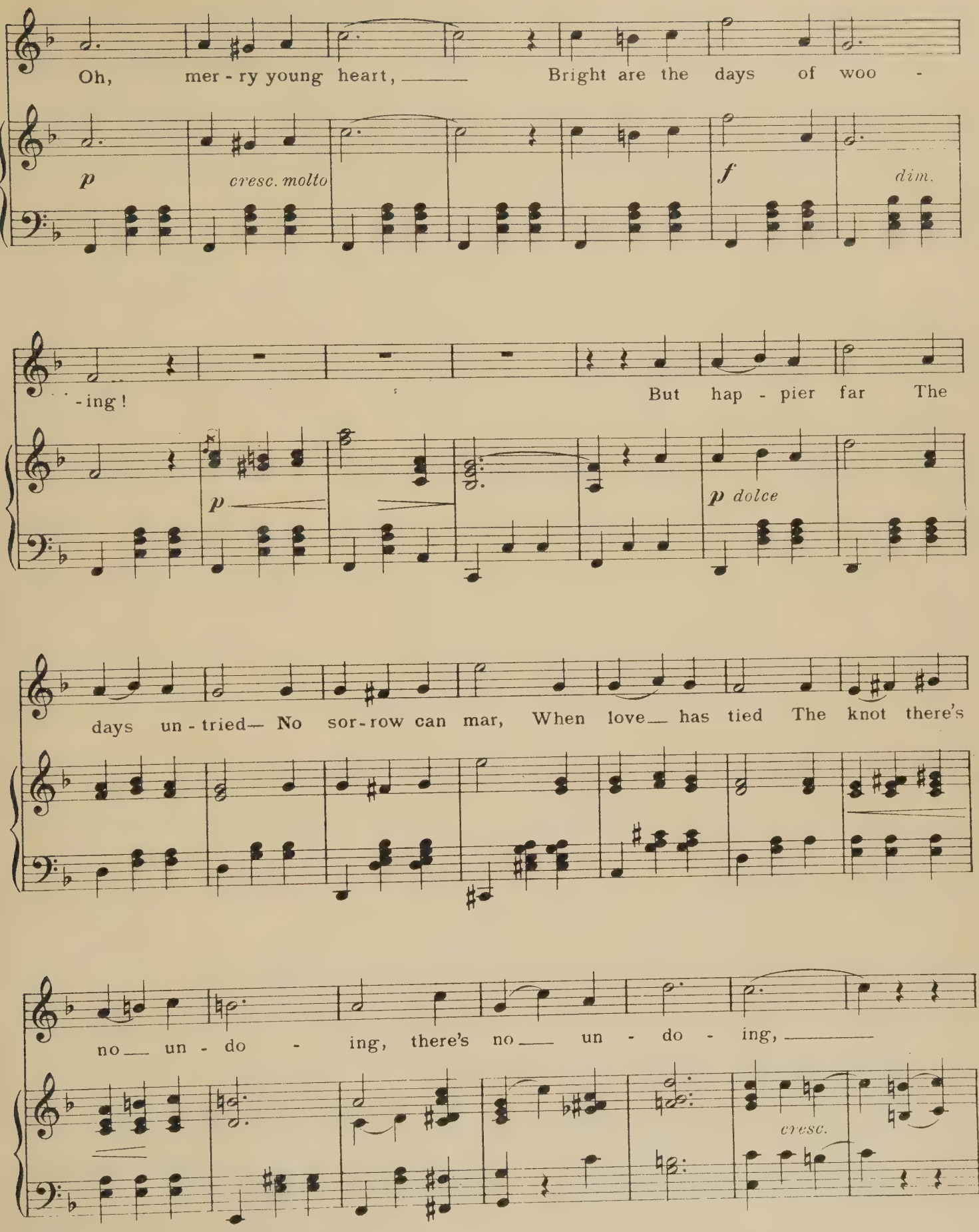
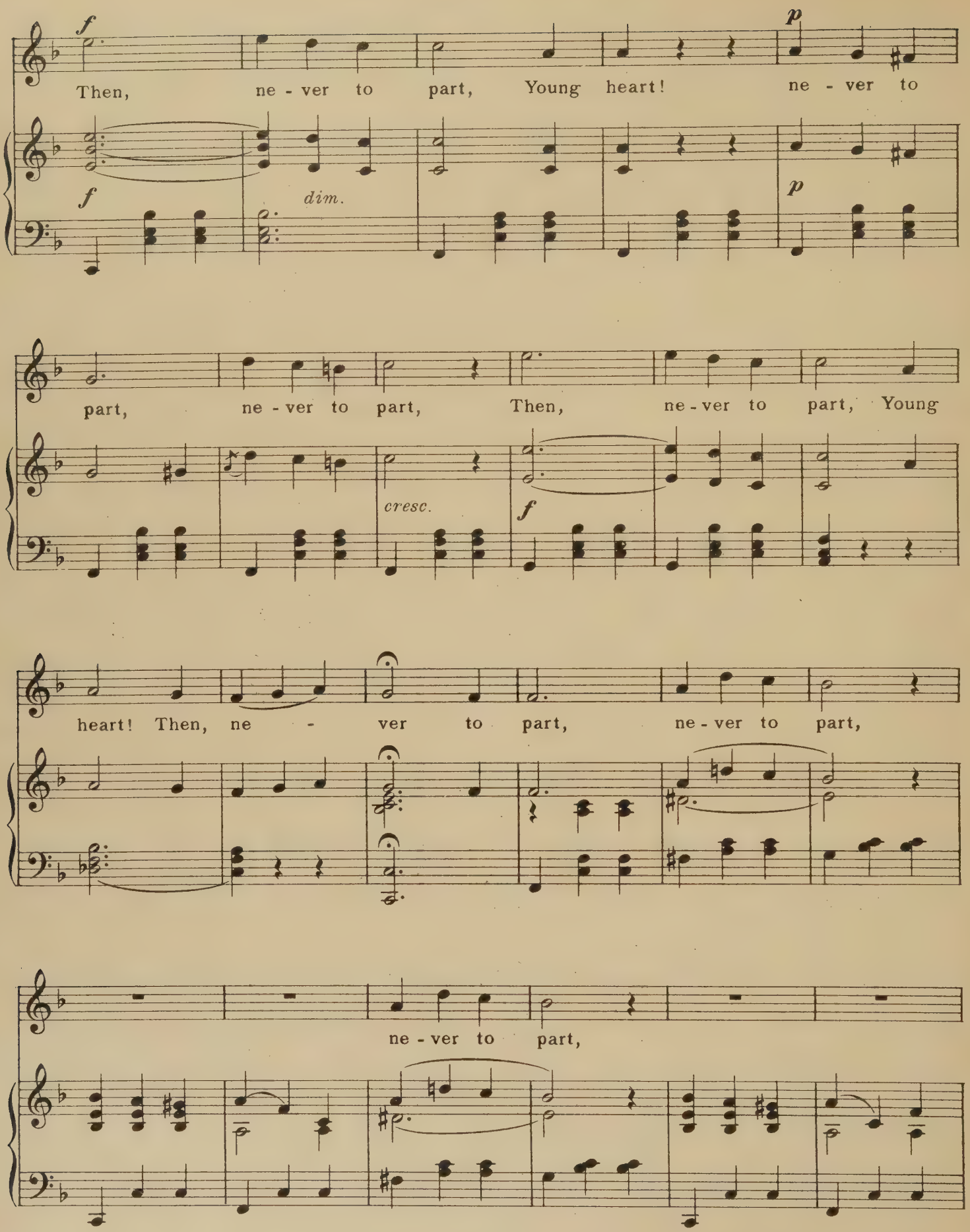
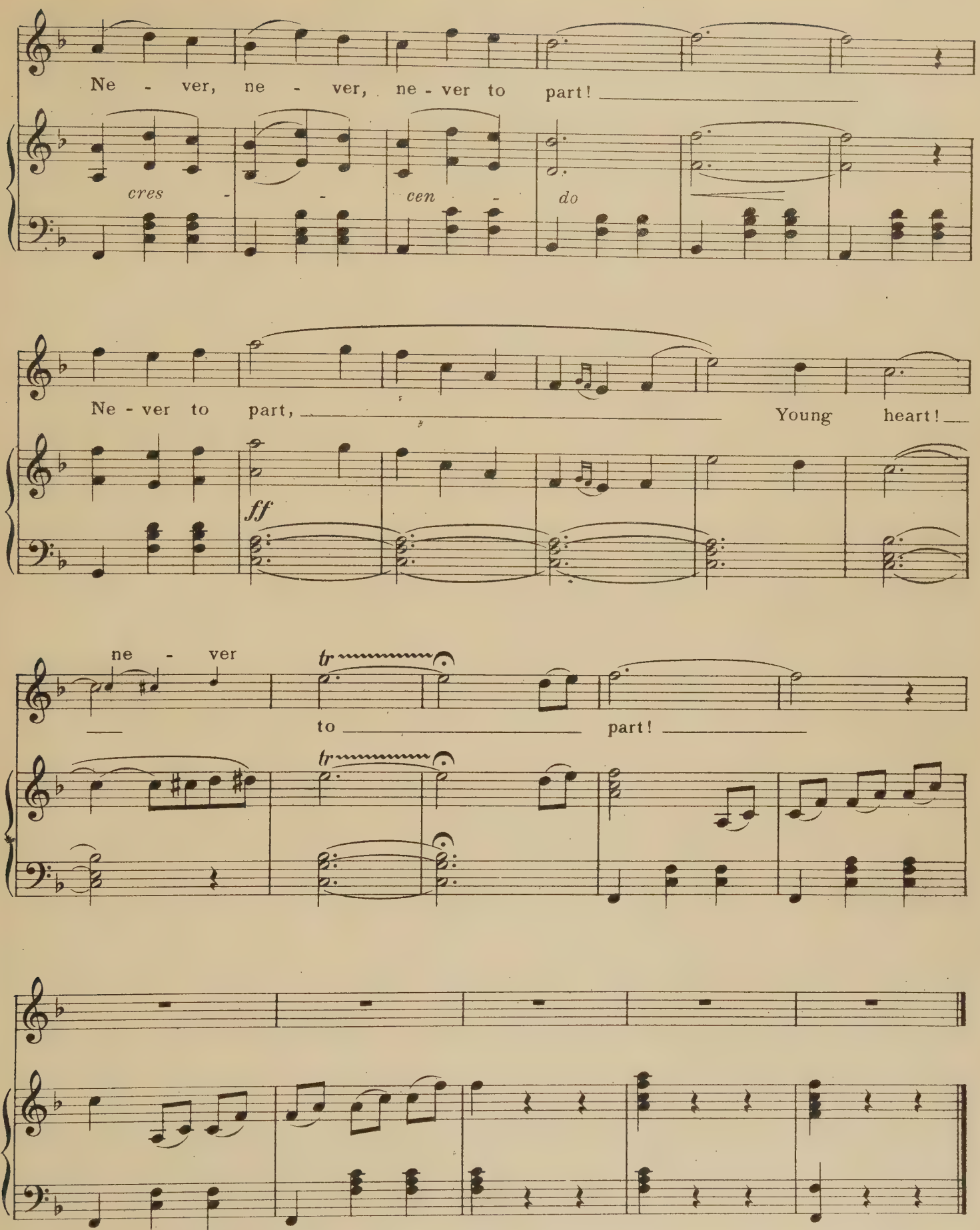

Comes thy young lord a - woo - ing,
f
dim.
p
With joy in his eyes, And pride in his breast, Make
p dolce
much of thy prize, For he is the best, That e - ver came a -
-su - ing, that came a - su - ing.
cresc.


f
Yet, yet we must part, Young heart! Yet we must part,
f
dim.
p
Yet we must part, Yet, yet we must - part, Young heart!
cresc.
f
yet we must part!
f
ff
dim.


Oh, mer - ry young heart, Bright are the days of woo -
p
cresc. molto
f
dim.
- ing!
But hap - pier far The
p
p dolce
days un - tried— No sor - row can mar, When love has tied The knot there's
no un - do - ing, there's no un - do - ing,
cresc.


f
Then, ne - ver to part, Young heart! ne - ver to
p
f
dim.
p
part, ne - ver to part, Then, ne - ver to part, Young
cresc.
f
heart! Then, ne - ver to part, ne - ver to part,
ne - ver to part,


Ne - ver, ne - ver, ne - ver to part!
cres - - cen - do
Ne - ver to part, Young heart!
ff
ne - ver
to part!
tr
tr

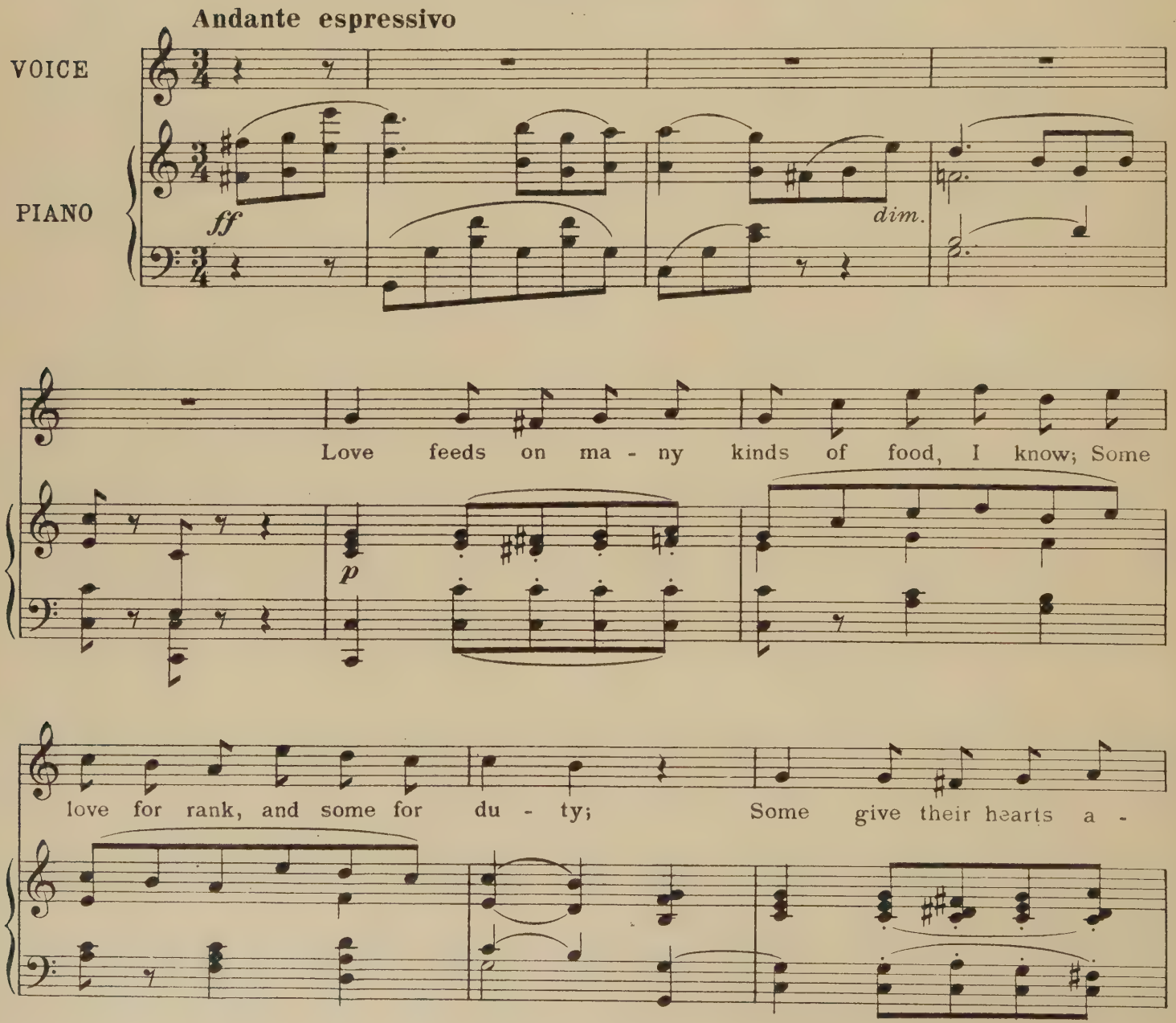
The marriage contract signed, Alexis and Aline are left together. From their conversation it is soon apparent that Alexis is convinced "that in marriage alone is to be found the panacea for every ill". He believes "that men and women should be coupled in matrimony without distinction of rank". He has even lectured in support of his theory, and although working men have received his ideas with acclamation he is forced to admit that the aristocracy has not been so enthusiastic.

Aline. Ah, the working man is the true Intelligence after all!

Alexis. He is a noble creature when he is quite sober. Yes, Aline, true happiness comes of true love, and true love should be independent of external influences. It should live upon itself and by itself— in itself love should live for love alone!

FOR LOVE ALONE

Sung by ALEXIS


Andante espressivo
VOICE
PIANO
ff
dim.
Love feeds on ma - ny kinds of food, I know; Some
p
love for rank, and some for du - ty; Some give their hearts a -

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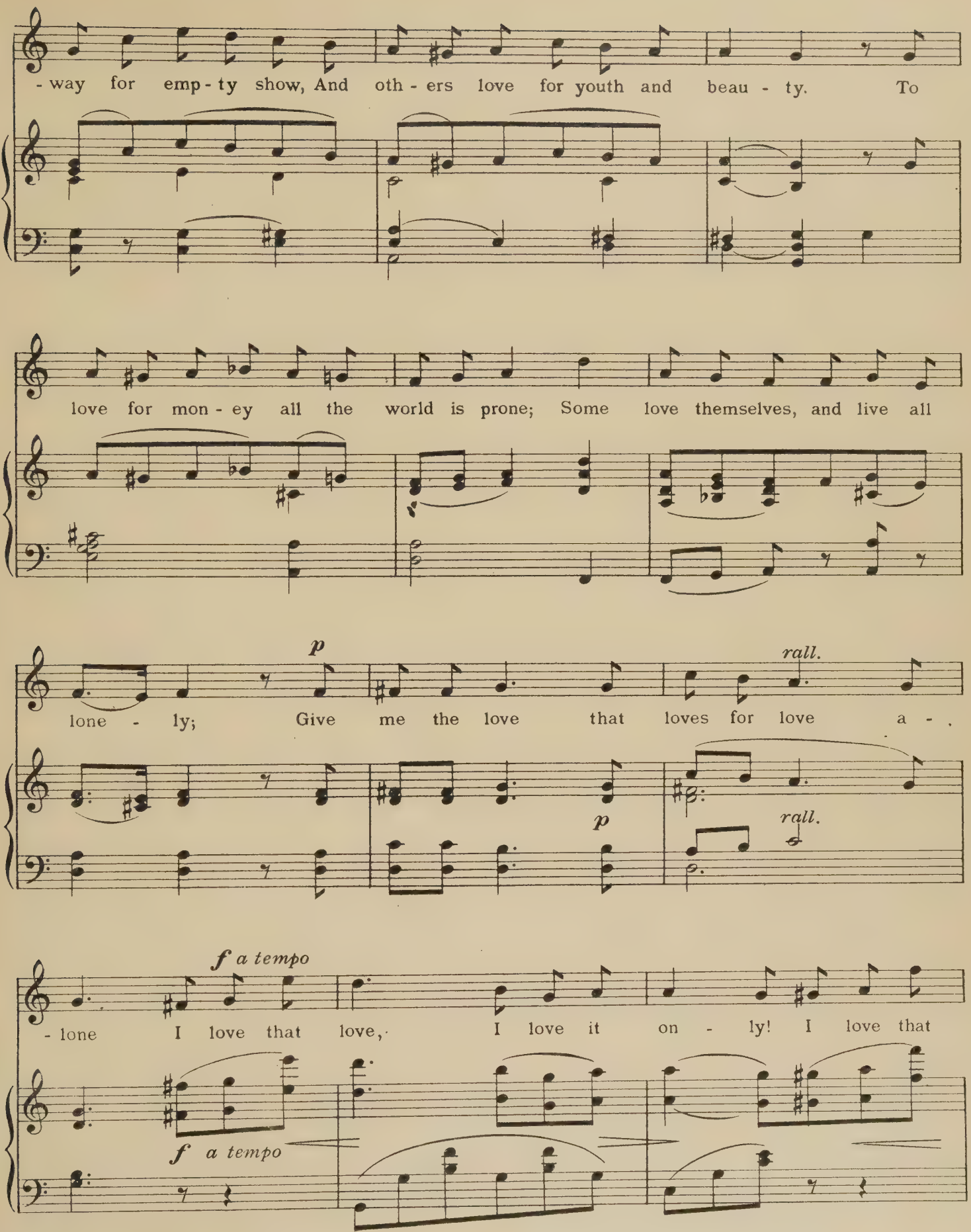
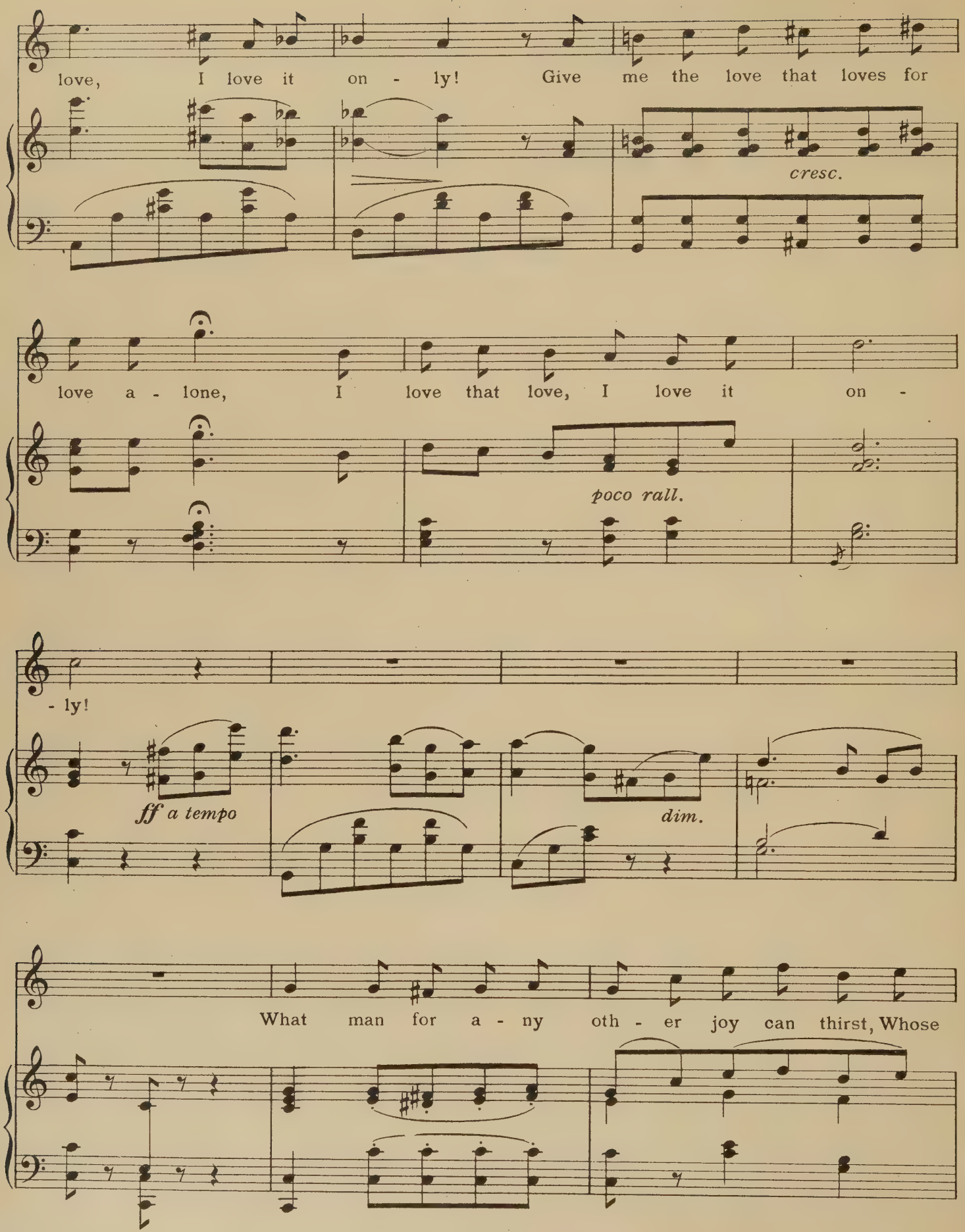
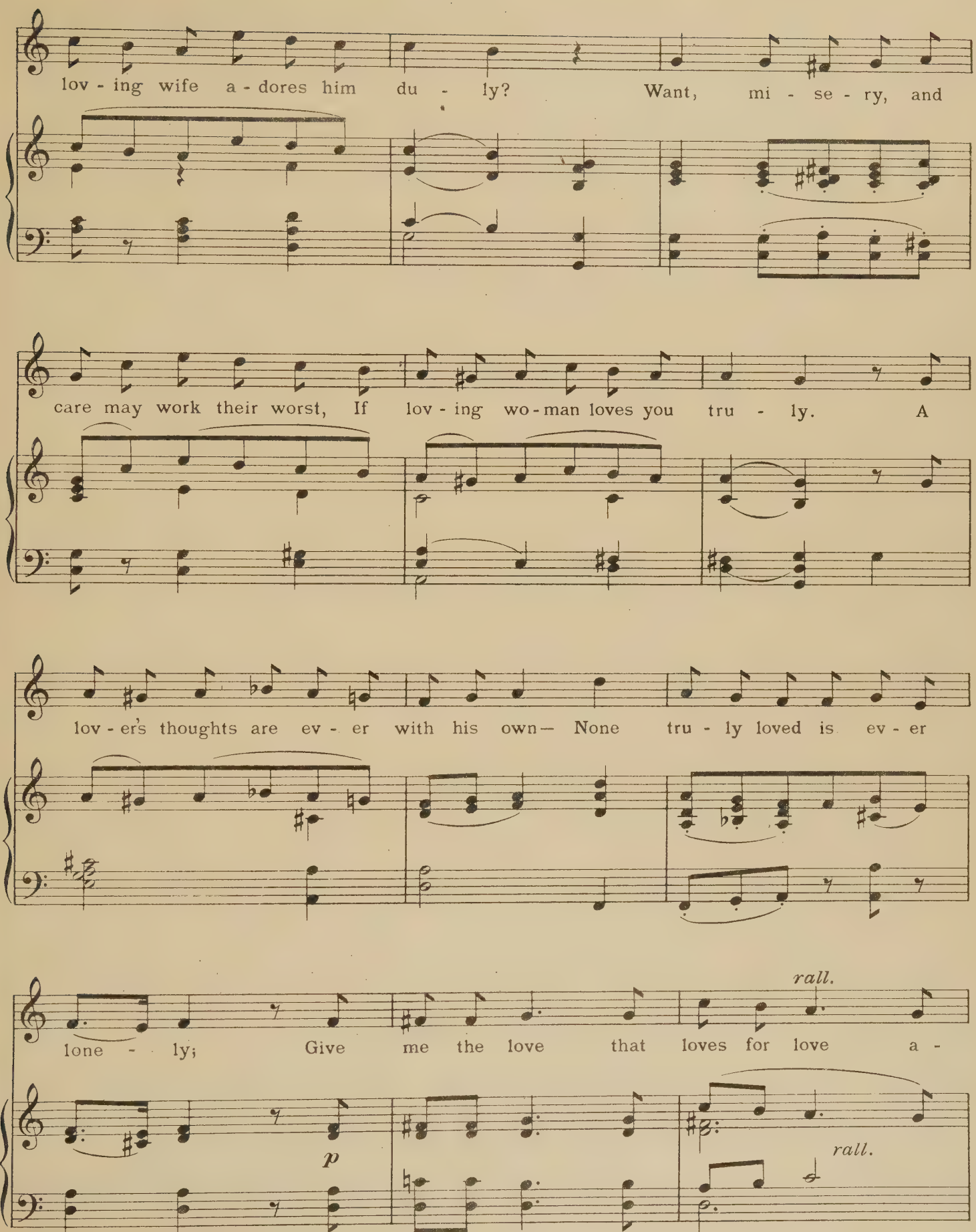
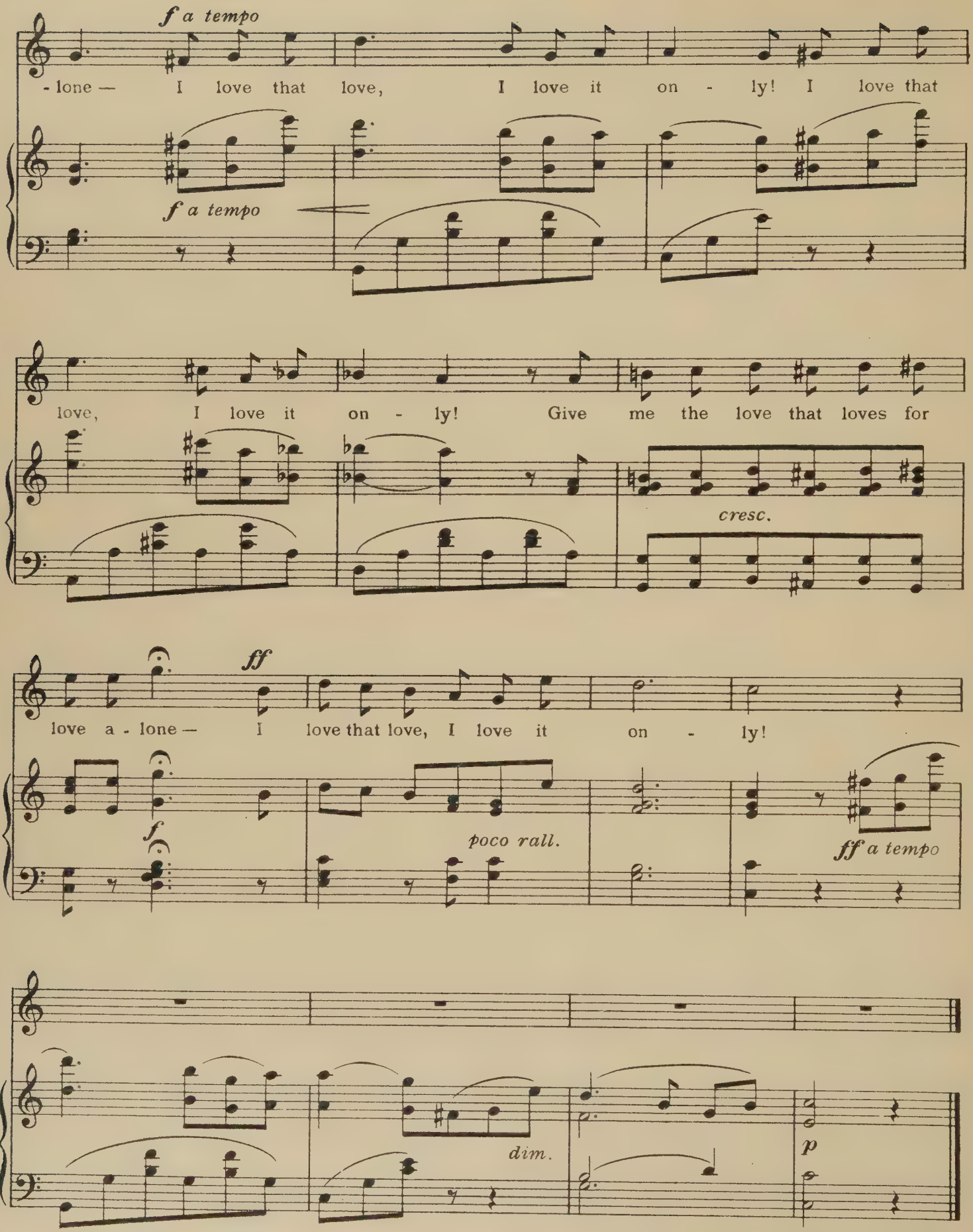

- way for emp - ty show, And oth - ers love for youth and beau - ty. To
love for mon - ey all the world is prone; Some love themselves, and live all
p
lone - ly; Give me the love that loves for love a - .
rall.
p
rall.
f a tempo
- lone I love that love, I love it on - ly! I love that
f a tempo


love, I love it on - ly! Give me the love that loves for
cresc.
love a - lone, I love that love, I love it on -
poco rall.
- ly!
ff a tempo
dim.
What man for a - ny oth - er joy can thirst, Whose


lov - ing wife a - dores him du - ly? Want, mi - se - ry, and
care may work their worst, If lov - ing wo - man loves you tru - ly. A
lov - er's thoughts are ev - er with his own— None tru - ly loved is ev - er
lone - ly; Give me the love that loves for love a -
rall.
p
rall.

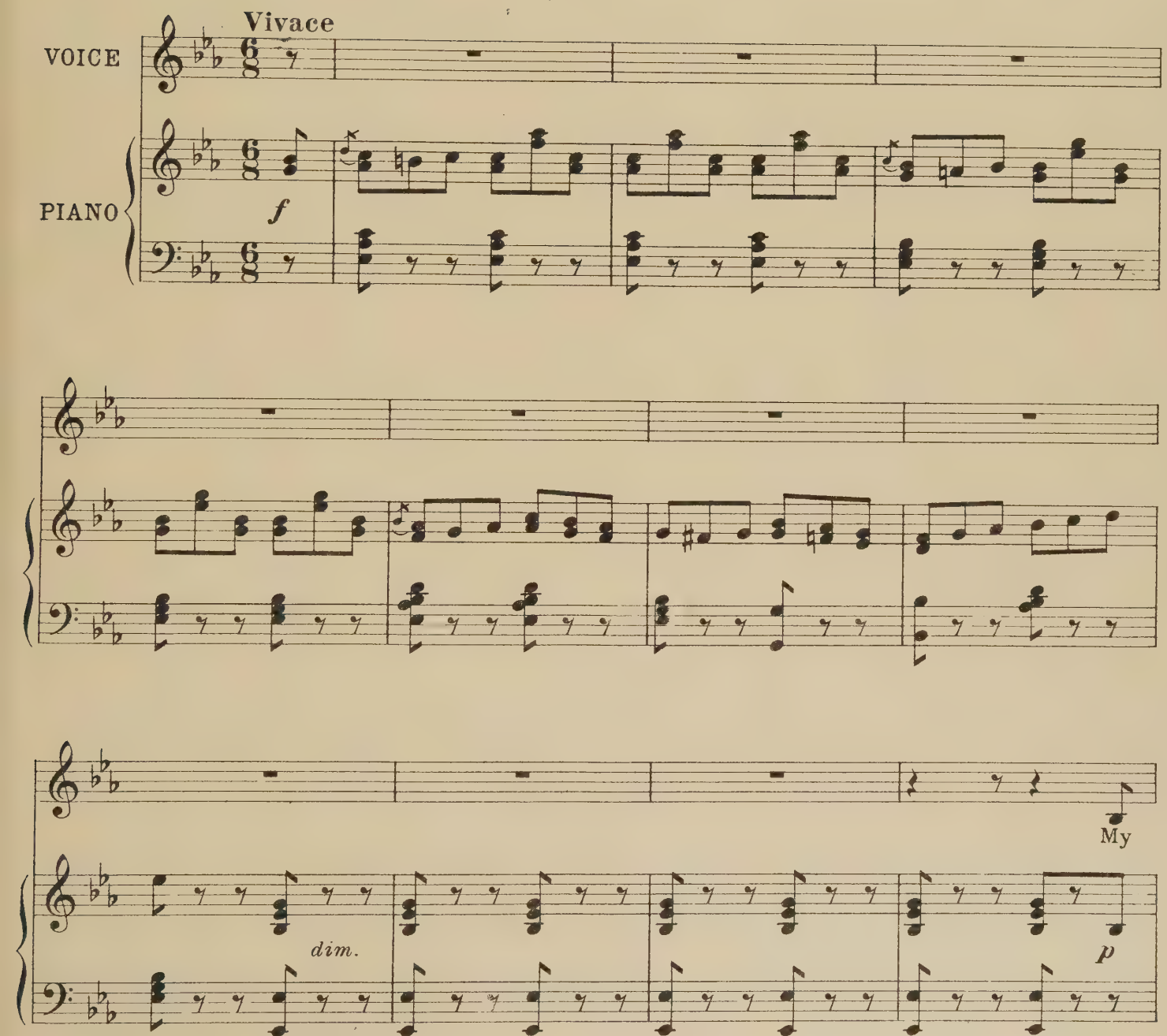

f a tempo
- lone — I love that love, I love it on - ly! I love that
f a tempo
love, I love it on - ly! Give me the love that loves for
cresc.
ff
love a - lone — I love that love, I love it on - ly!
f
poco rall.
ff a tempo
dim.
p

Alexis means well. He believes in his theory, and in his zeal has already decided to experiment upon the villagers of Ploverleigh. He informs Aline that he has in attendance one, Mr. John Wellington Wells, a member of an old established firm of Family Sorcerers. Mr. Wells has brought with him one of his firm's most noted specialities, a patent love-philtre which Alexis proposes shall be administered to the tenantry.

Aline is horrified at the idea and not a little frightened at being brought face to face with a real sorcerer. Womanlike, she stands her ground to hear what Mr. Wells may have to say.

MY NAME IS JOHN WELLINGTON WELLS

Sung by Mr. WELLS



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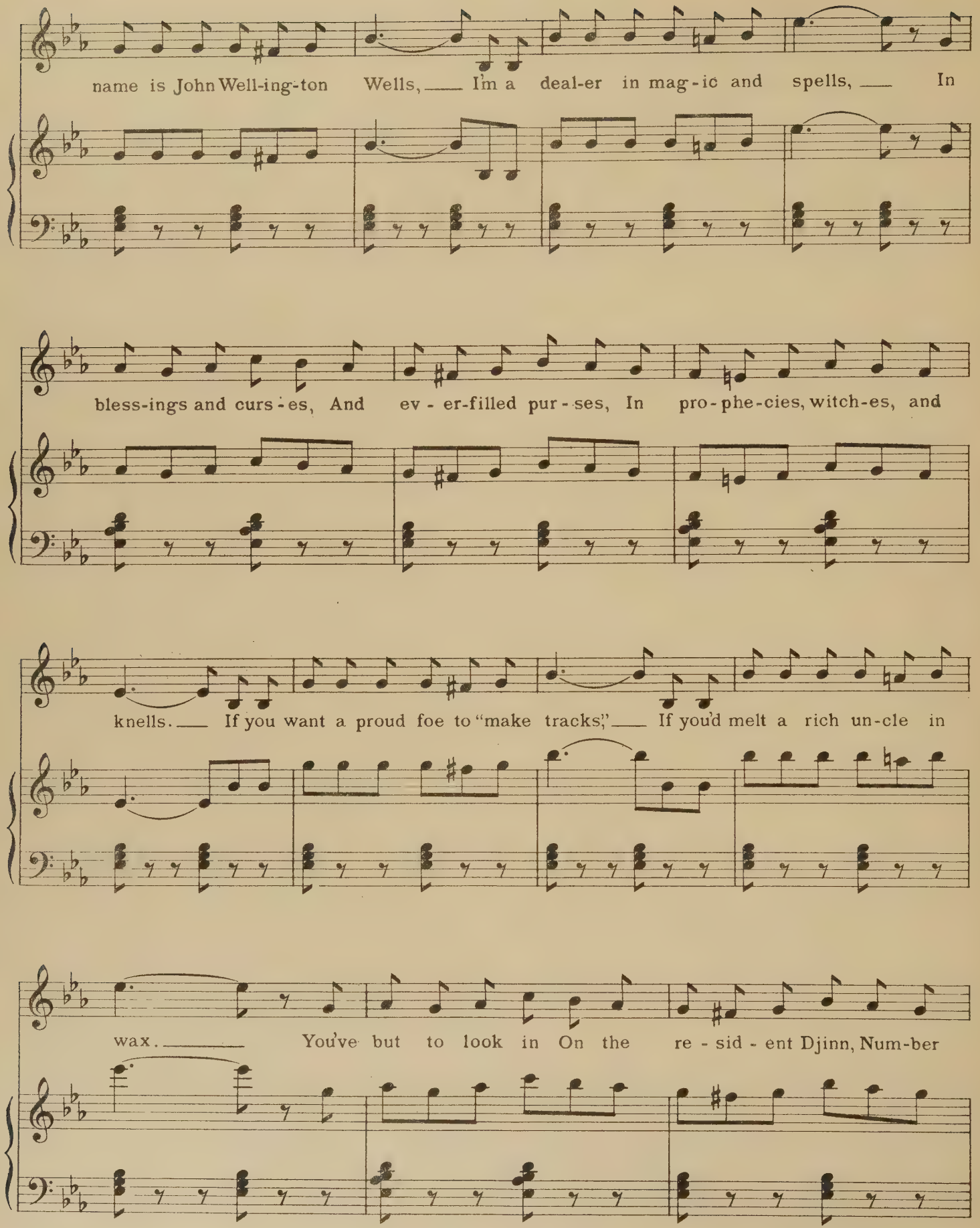
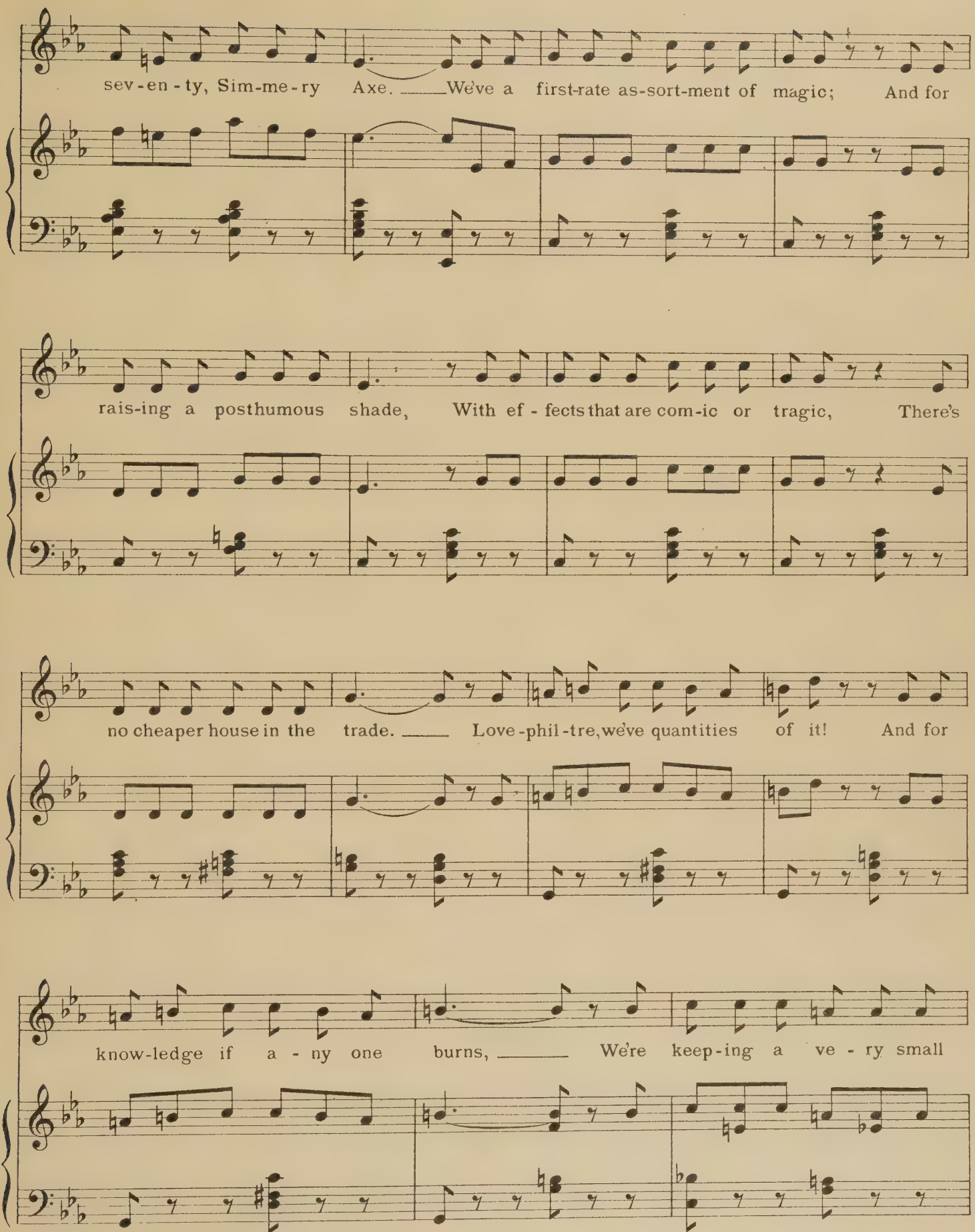
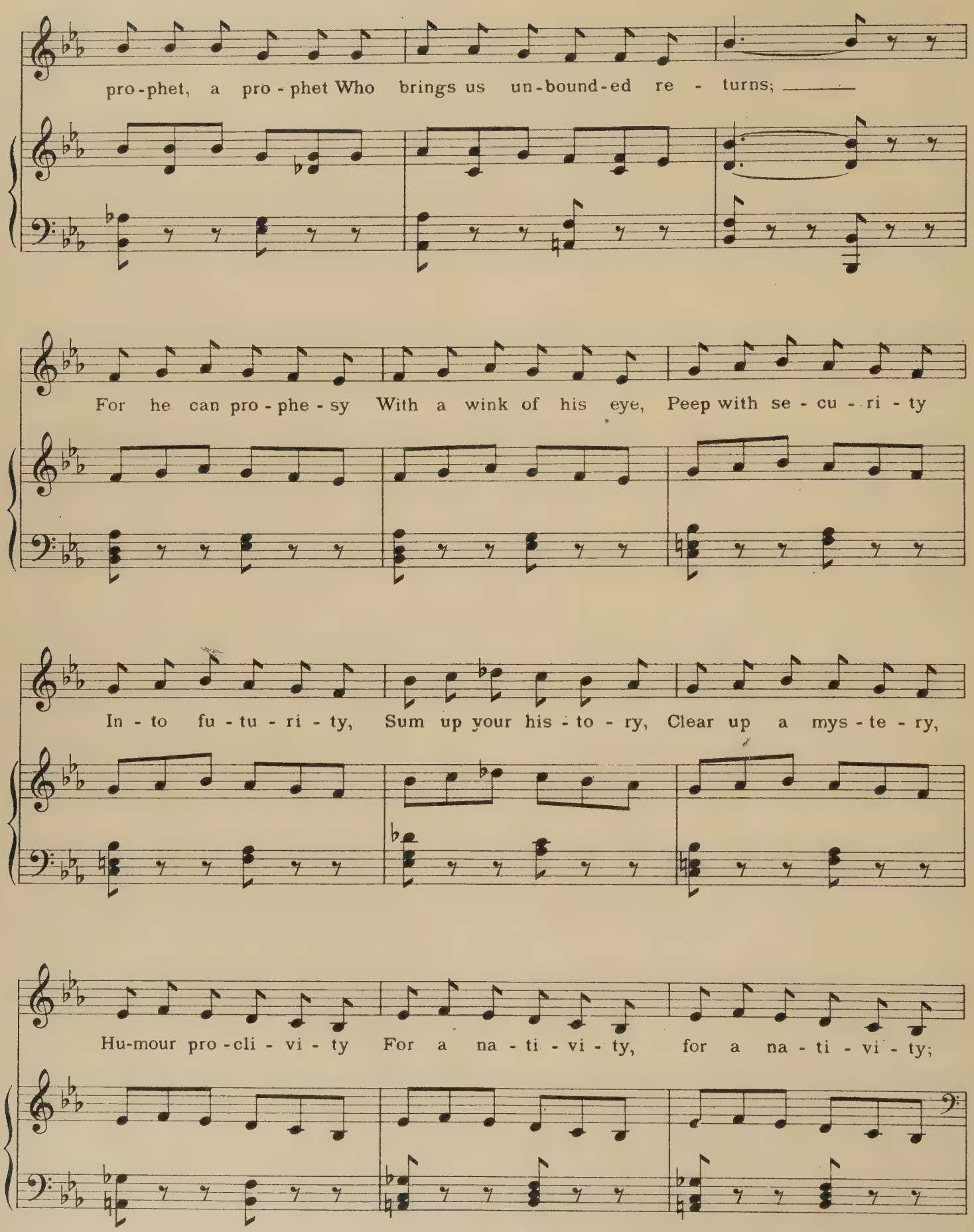
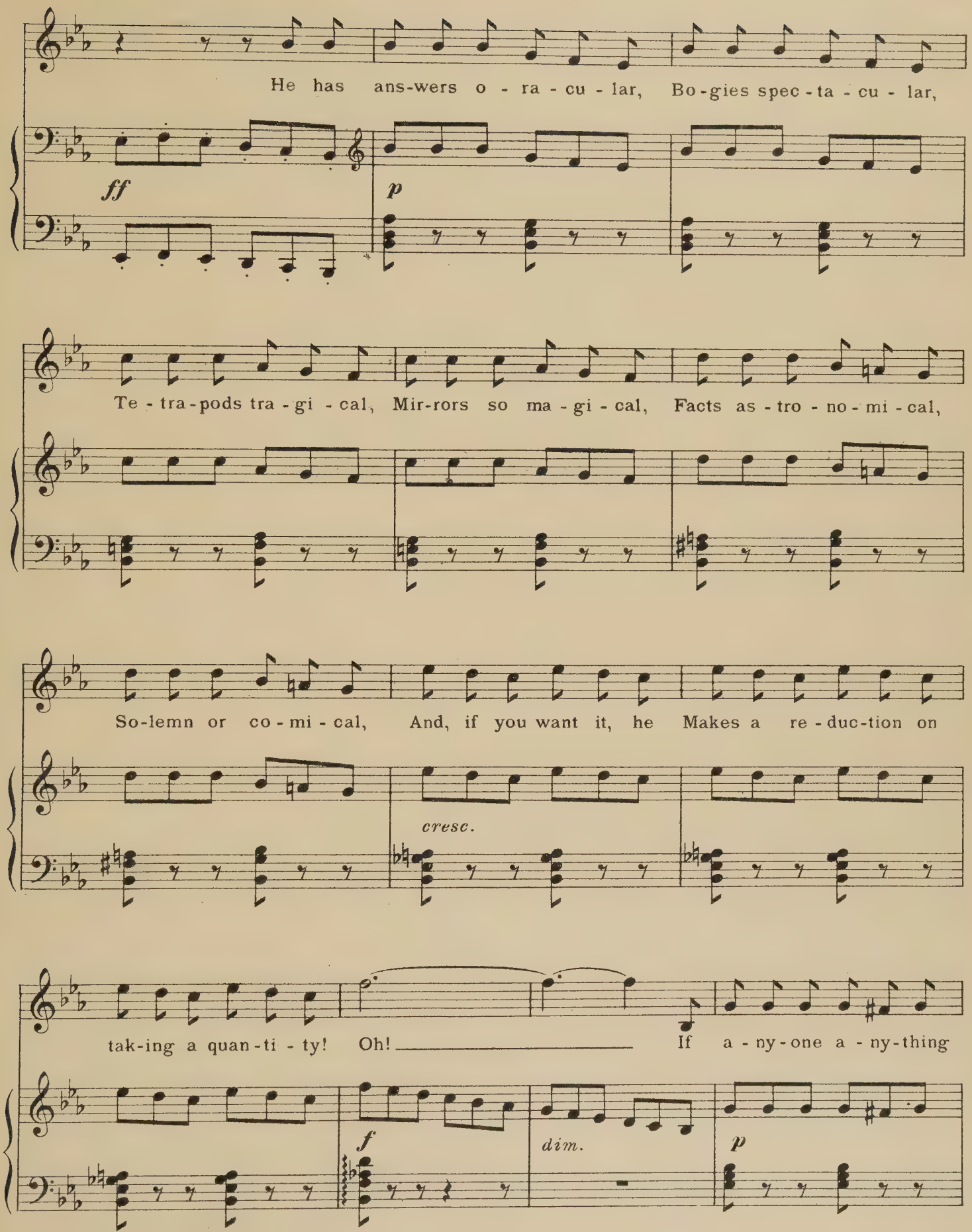
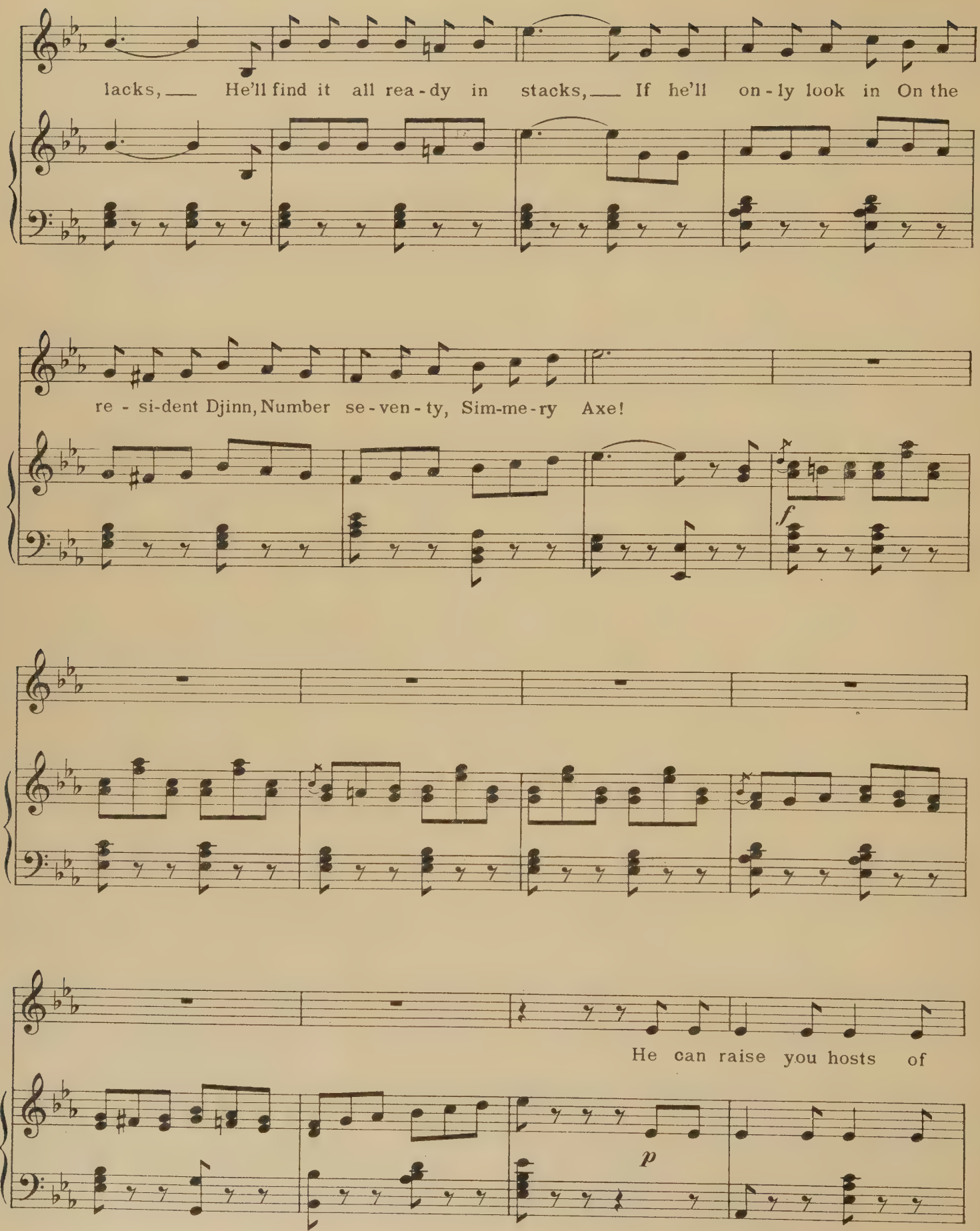
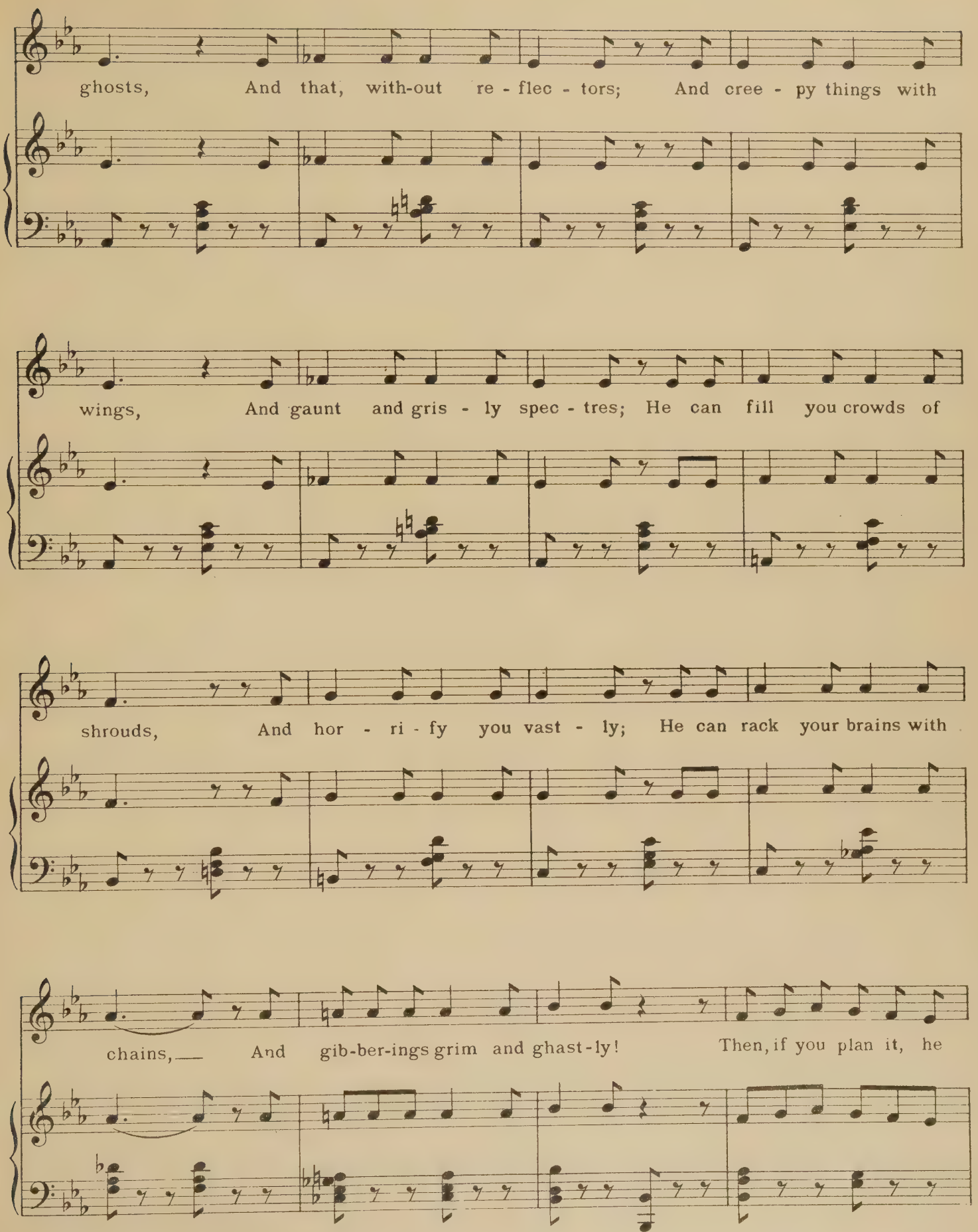

name is John Well-ing-ton Wells, I'm a deal-er in mag-ic and spells, In
bless-ings and curs-es, And ev-er-filled pur-ses, In pro-phe-cies, witch-es, and
knells. If you want a proud foe to "make tracks," If you'd melt a rich un-cle in
wax. You've but to look in On the re-sid-ent Djinn, Num-ber

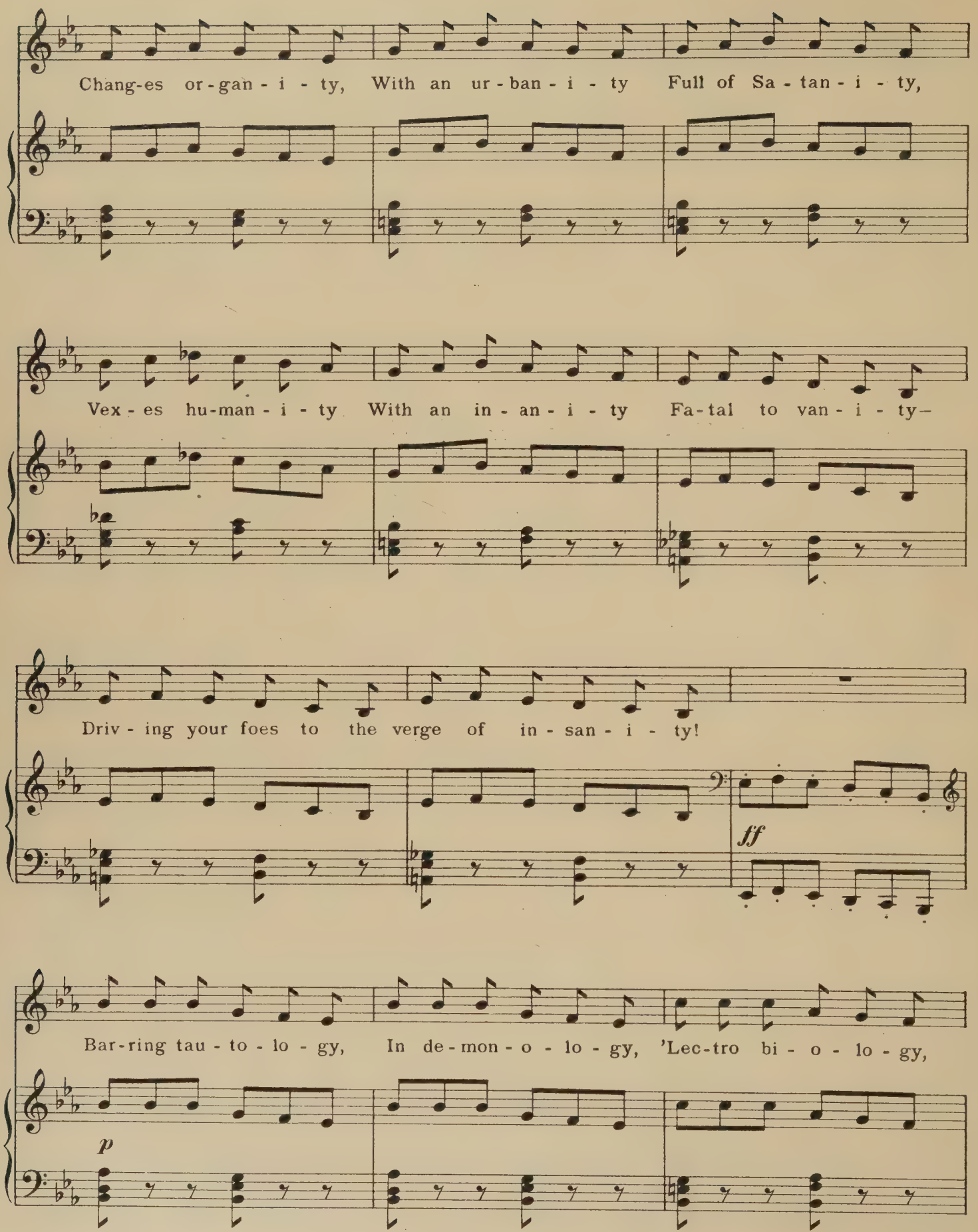

sev-en-ty, Sim-me-ry Axe. We've a first-rate as-sort-ment of magic; And for
rais-ing a posthumous shade, With ef-fects that are com-ic or tragic, There's
no cheaper house in the trade. Love-phil-tre, we've quantities of it! And for
know-ledge if a-ny one burns, We're keep-ing a ve-ry small

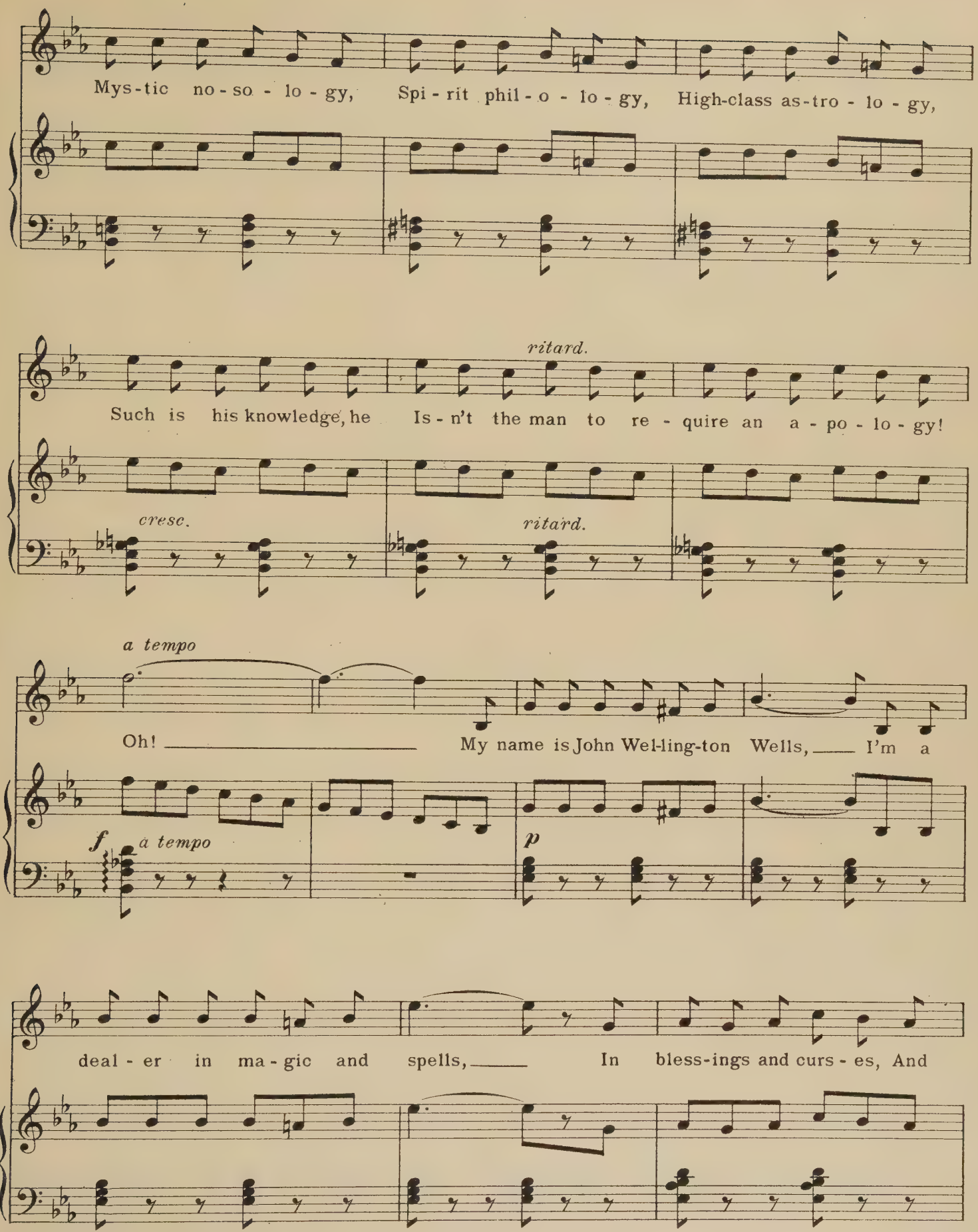

pro-phet, a pro-phet Who brings us un-bound-ed re - turns;
For he can pro-phe-sy With a wink of his eye, Peep with se-cu-ri-ty
In-to fu-tu-ri-ty, Sum up your his-to-ry, Clear up a mys-te-ry,
Hu-mour pro-cli-vi-ty For a na-ti-vi-ty, for a na-ti-vi-ty;

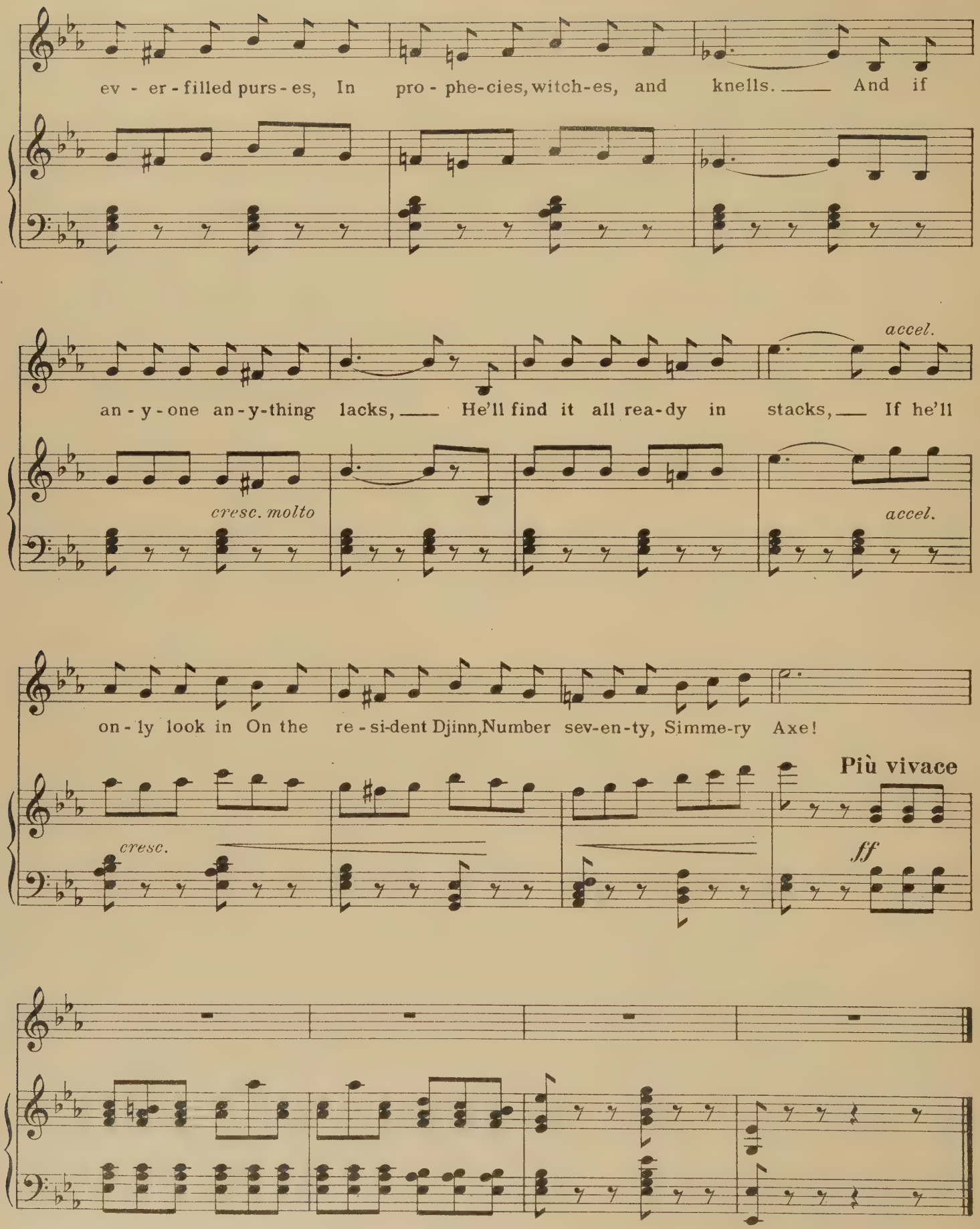

He has ans-wers o - ra - cu - lar, Bo-gies spec-ta - cu - lar,
ff
p
Te - tra-pods tra - gi - cal, Mir-rors so ma - gi - cal, Facts as - tro - no - mi - cal,
So-lemn or co - mi - cal, And, if you want it, he Makes a re - duc-tion on
cresc.
tak-ing a quan-ti - ty! Oh! If a - ny-one a - ny-thing
f
dim.
p


lacks, He'll find it all rea-dy in stacks, If he'll on-ly look in On the
re - si-dent Djinn, Number se-ven-ty, Sim-me-ry Axe!
f
He can raise you hosts of
p


ghosts, And that, with-out re - flec - tors; And cree - py things with
wings, And gaunt and gris - ly spec - tres; He can fill you crowds of
shrouds, And hor - ri - fy you vast - ly; He can rack your brains with
chains, — And gib-ber-ings grim and ghast-ly! Then, if you plan it, he


Chang-es or-gan-i-ty, With an ur-ban-i-ty Full of Sa-tan-i-ty,
Vex-es hu-man-i-ty With an in-an-i-ty Fa-tal to van-i-ty—
Driv-ing your foes to the verge of in-san-i-ty!
ff
Bar-ring tau-to-lo-gy, In de-mon-o-lo-gy, 'Lec-tro bi-o-lo-gy,
p


Mys-tic no-so-lo-gy, Spi-rit phil-o-lo-gy, High-class as-tro-lo-gy,
ritard.
Such is his knowledge, he Is-n't the man to re-quire an a-po-lo-gy!
cresc.
ritard.
a tempo
Oh! My name is John Wel-ling-ton Wells, I'm a
f
a tempo
p
deal-er in ma-gic and spells, In bless-ings and curs-es, And


ev - er - filled purs - es, In pro - phe-cies, witch-es, and knells. And if
accel.
an - y - one an - y-thing lacks, He'll find it all rea-dy in stacks, If he'll
cresc. molto
accel.
on - ly look in On the re - si-dent Djinn, Number sev-en-ty, Simme-ry Axe!
Più vivace
cresc.
ff

The complete Vocal Score of "THE SORCERER" (*Price 7/- net*),
and the separate Songs and Arrangements, may be obtained from all Music Dealers

THE SORCERER

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS

THE STORY: ACT II.

MR. WELLS'S love-philtre is working well. The day has passed and at the hour of midnight those who have partaken of the potion are still insensible. The Sorcerer, accompanied by Alexis and Aline, comes to survey the sleeping forms, for at the hour of twelve the first phase of the enchantment will pass and the awakening sleepers will promptly fall in love with the first member of the opposite sex they happen to see.

As the trio gaze upon their victims Alexis and Aline notice that their respective parents are missing. On mentioning the matter to Mr. Wells, that admirable individual is able to assure them that out of consideration for their rank he has caused Sir Marmaduke, Lady Sangazure, and Dr. Daly to be put respectably to bed. Alexis, much impressed by this further evidence of the Sorcerer's infinite tact, is complimenting him upon it when one by one the sleepers regain consciousness. On the advice of Mr. Wells the three retire as their victims sit up, yawning and rubbing their eyes.

The power of the spell is now at its height, and without loss of time the bewildered rustics proceed to fall in love. Men and girls are equally affected, forgetting everything in the ardour of their wooing. Even Constance, in spite of the love she at one time felt for Dr. Daly, has lightheartedly transferred her affections to the deaf old Notary.

Alexis and Aline are delighted at the results they have achieved but Alexis is not yet fully satisfied. One thing remains to be done—Aline and he must drink of the philtre themselves in order that, as Alexis puts it, he may be assured of Aline's love for ever and ever. The girl very properly resents the suggestion that her love is not of the life-long variety and refuses to have anything to do with the philtre, whereupon Alexis, in a huff, interprets her decision as proof that whatever her feelings may be for him, she certainly does not love him.

DR. DALY: "Every maiden in the village is engaged to So-and-so!"

What might have developed into a serious quarrel is interrupted by Dr. Daly. The vicar is much puzzled by the intense enthusiasm for marriage which has suddenly sprung up in what has hitherto been a village "not addicted to marrying and giving in marriage." He tells Alexis that the villagers have just been to him in a body imploring him to join them in marriage with as little delay as possible. Even Sir Marmaduke, he adds, is affected, having but a few moments earlier hinted to him that he might shortly be changing his condition.

The vicar is a little wistful about it all and is fain to confess that in the last half-hour or so even he, confirmed old bachelor as he is, has felt an unusually strong yearning for companionship.

Alexis is delighted with Dr. Daly's news. His plan seems to have succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. He has little doubt but that his father's choice has fallen upon Aline's mother, the Lady Sangazure, and is both mystified and displeased when his noble sire appears with the worthy pew-opener, Mrs. Partlet on his arm. For the first time he begins to have doubts upon the wisdom of what he has done, but feeling it the wiser course to acquiesce in what he cannot prevent, offers his congratulations with the best grace he can muster.

Meantime, Mr. Wells has not gone altogether unscathed. Lady Sangazure, in search of someone to love, comes upon the wretched Sorcerer. Wells, greatly alarmed, advances every possible excuse that might put the lady off, but with only partial success until in desperation he announces that he is already engaged.

By this time Aline, repenting of her earlier decision has decided to partake of the philtre. She drinks some of the concoction but is unfortunate enough immediately afterwards to encounter Dr. Daly, with whom she falls madly in love.

When Alexis discovers how his betrothed has been taken from him he is furiously angry and decides that things have gone altogether too far. He hurriedly consults with Mr. Wells, who tells him that the spell can be removed provided that one or other of them is prepared to yield up his life to Ahrimanes. Mr. Wells feels that such a sacrifice on his part would not be fair to his firm, who are about to take stock. Alexis is willing to offer himself, but the weight of popular opinion being in favour of the disappearance of Wells, the Sorcerer gives way.

At once the spell is broken. All the recently united couples part and rejoin their old lovers. Sir Marmaduke takes Lady Sangazure and Dr. Daly, who has all along had a sneaking regard for Constance, at last rewards that patient girl's devotion. Everything having been set right in the happiest way, Mr. Wells disappears in a cloud of fire and brimstone, and the now happy villagers of Ploverleigh celebrate his departure with feasting and revelry.

THE SORCERER

Written by
W. S. GILBERT

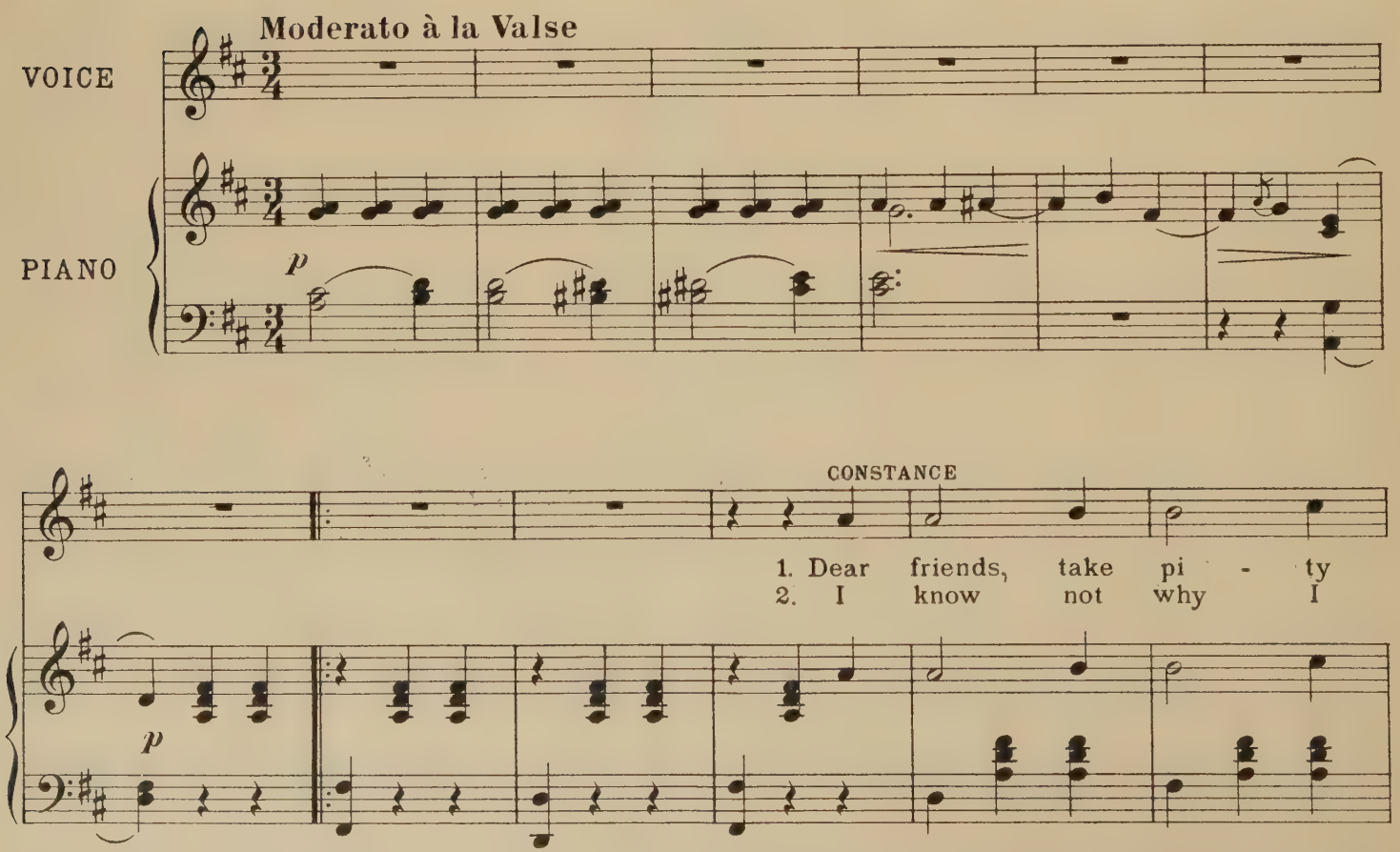
Composed by
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Act II

Scene:– *Exterior of Sir Marmaduke's Mansion by moonlight*

The love-philtre, like all products of the old established firm of J. W. Wells & Co., has proved extremely efficient. The villagers, young and old alike, have cast prudence to the winds and are engaged in the preliminaries to the most unlikely matrimonial alliances. Constance, whose love for Dr. Daly has hitherto been unswerving has suddenly, to her own amazement, found herself adoring the aged Notary.

DEAR FRIENDS, TAKE PITY ON MY LOT

Sung by CONSTANCE, NOTARY and CHORUS

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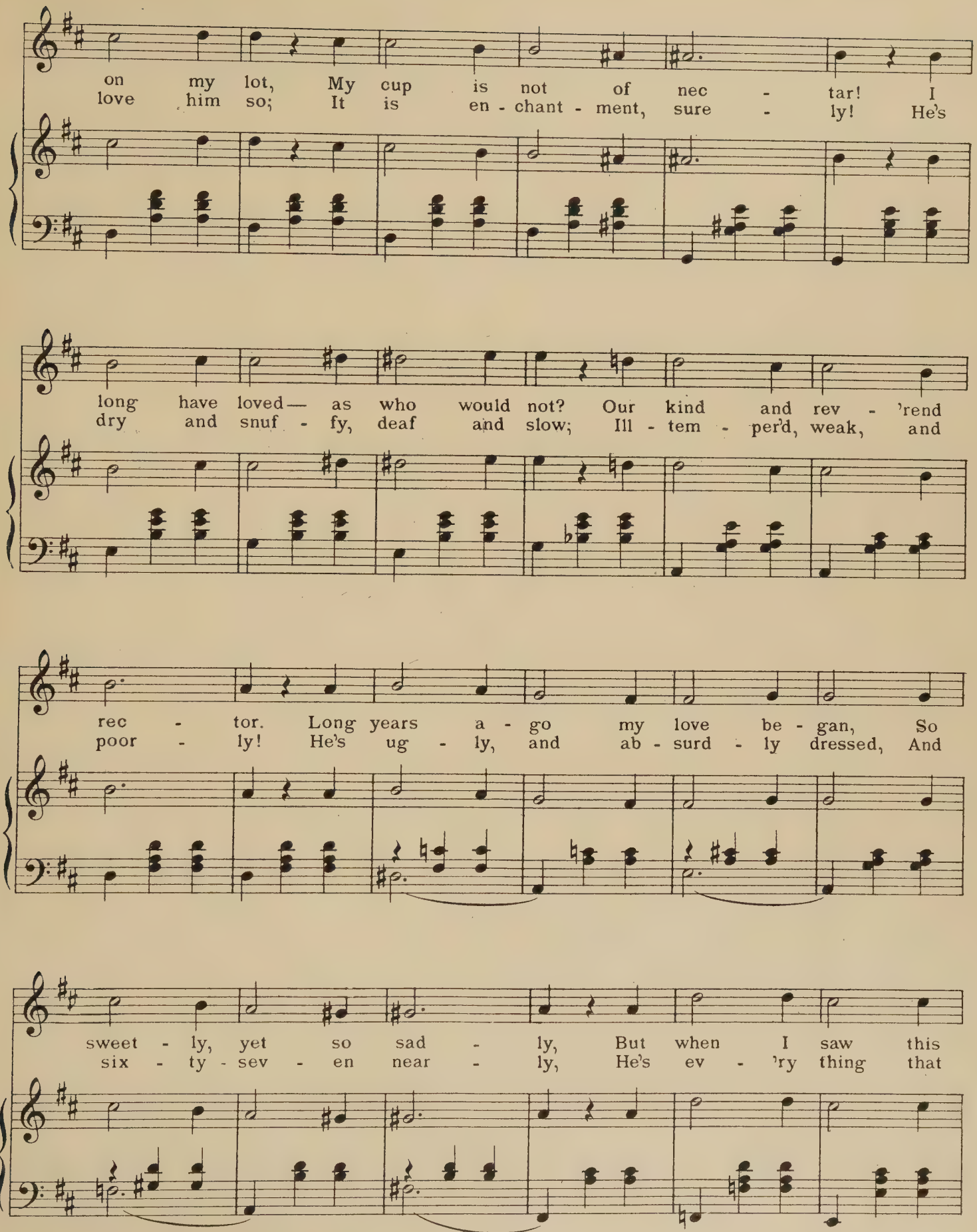
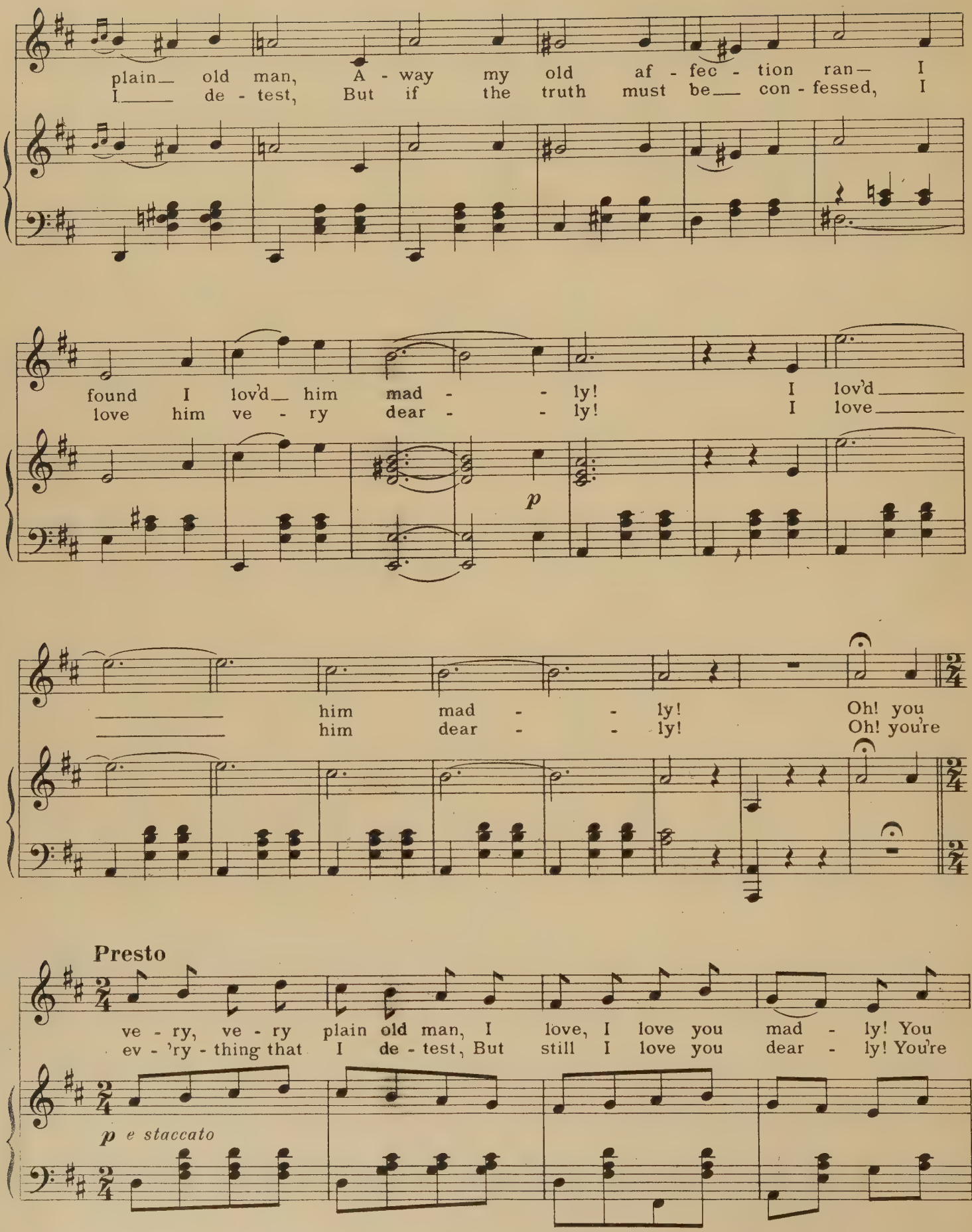
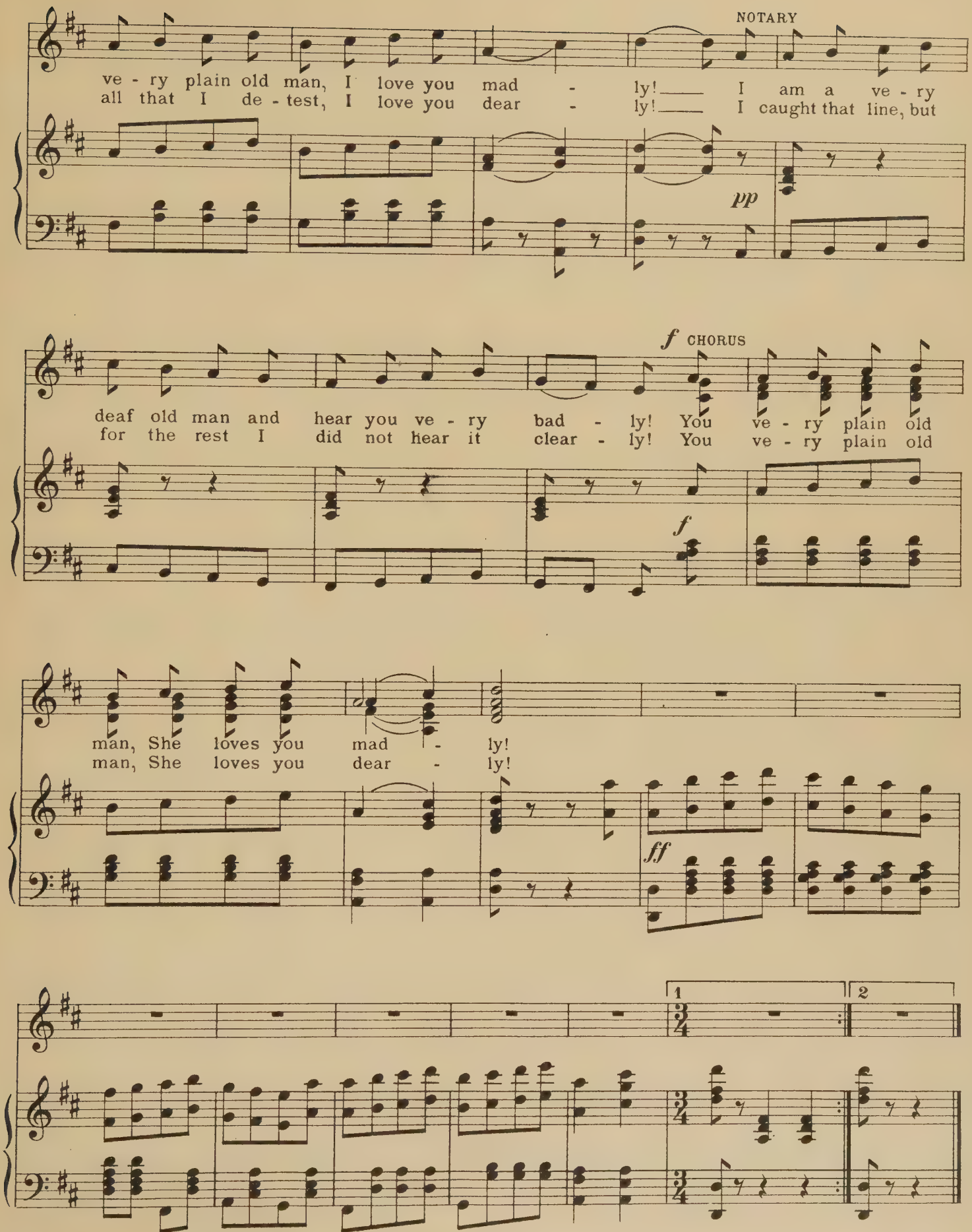

on my lot, My cup is not of nec - tar! I
love him so; It is en - chant - ment, sure - ly! He's
long have loved— as who would not? Our kind and rev - 'rend
dry and snuf - fy, deaf and slow; Ill - tem - per'd, weak, and
rec - tor. Long years a - go my love be - gan, So
poor - ly! He's ug - ly, and ab - surd - ly dressed, And
sweet - ly, yet so sad - ly, But when I saw this
six - ty - sev - en near - ly, He's ev - 'ry thing that


plain old man, A - way my old af - fec - tion ran— I
I de - test, But if the truth must be con - fessed, I
found I lov'd him mad - - ly! I lov'd
love him ve - ry dear - - ly! I love
p
him mad - - ly! Oh! you
him dear - - ly! Oh! you're
Presto
ve - ry, ve - ry plain old man, I love, I love you mad - ly! You
ev - 'ry - thing that I de - test, But still I love you dear - ly! You're
p e staccato


NOTARY
ve - ry plain old man, I love you mad - ly! I am a ve - ry
all that I de - test, I love you dear - ly! I caught that line, but
pp
f CHORUS
deaf old man and hear you ve - ry bad - ly! You ve - ry plain old
for the rest I did not hear it clear - ly! You ve - ry plain old
f
man, She loves you mad - ly!
man, She loves you dear - ly!
ff
1
2

Alexis is well satisfied with the result of his experiment. He can see nothing but good emerging from the many seemingly unsuitable unions that he has precipitated. One thing remains to fill his cup of happiness to overflowing and that is that Aline and he shall partake of the philtre themselves so that he may be assured of his beloved's affection forever. Aline considers that no love-philtre is required in her case and says so.

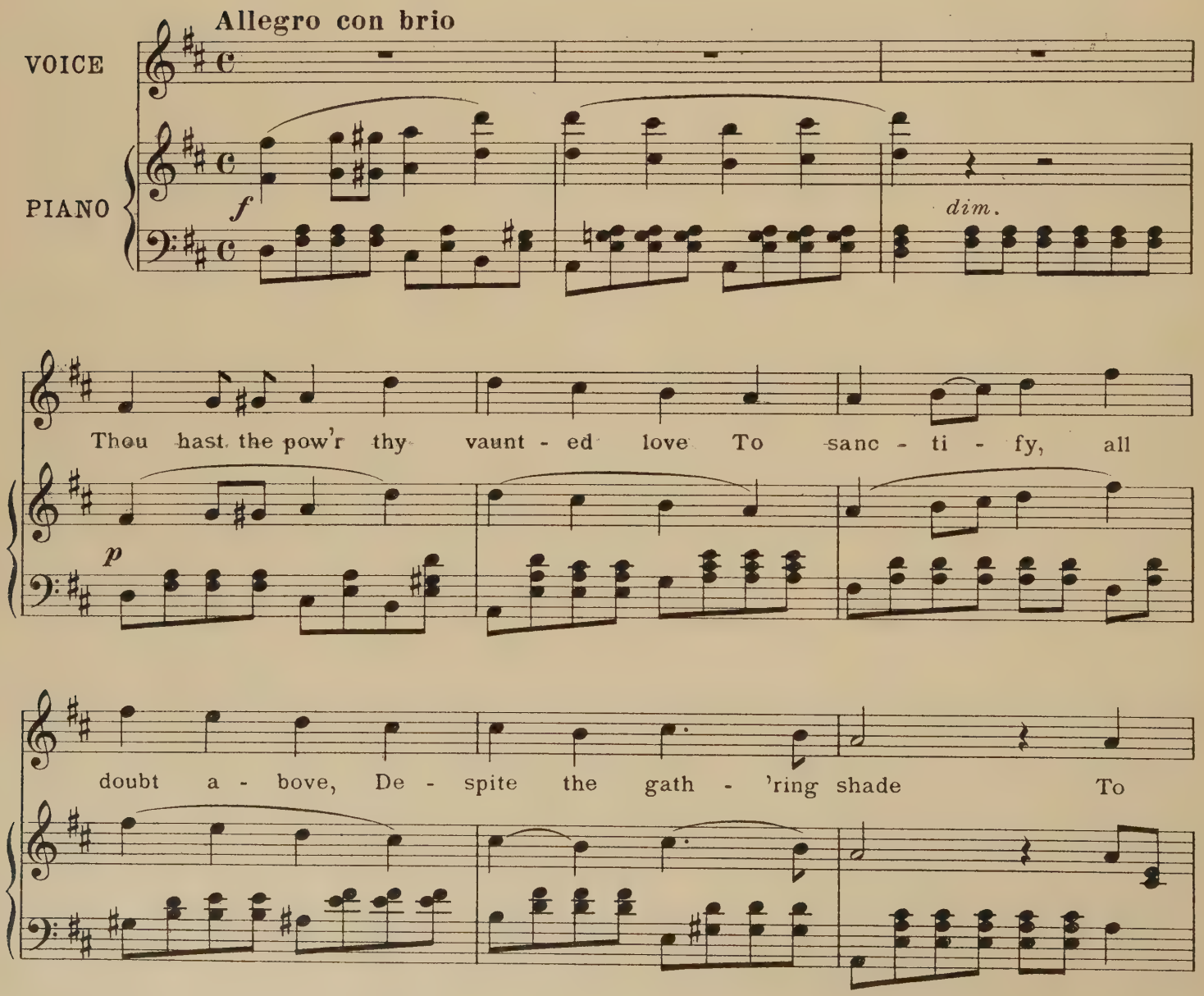
Alexis. Then you absolutely refuse?

Aline. I do. If you cannot trust me, you have no right to love me— no right to be loved *by* me.

Alexis. Enough, Aline, I shall know how to interpret this refusal.

IT IS NOT LOVE

Sung by ALEXIS


Allegro con brio
VOICE
PIANO
f
dim.
Thou hast the pow'r thy vaunt - ed love To sanc - ti - fy, all
p
doubt a - bove, De - spite the gath - 'ring shade To

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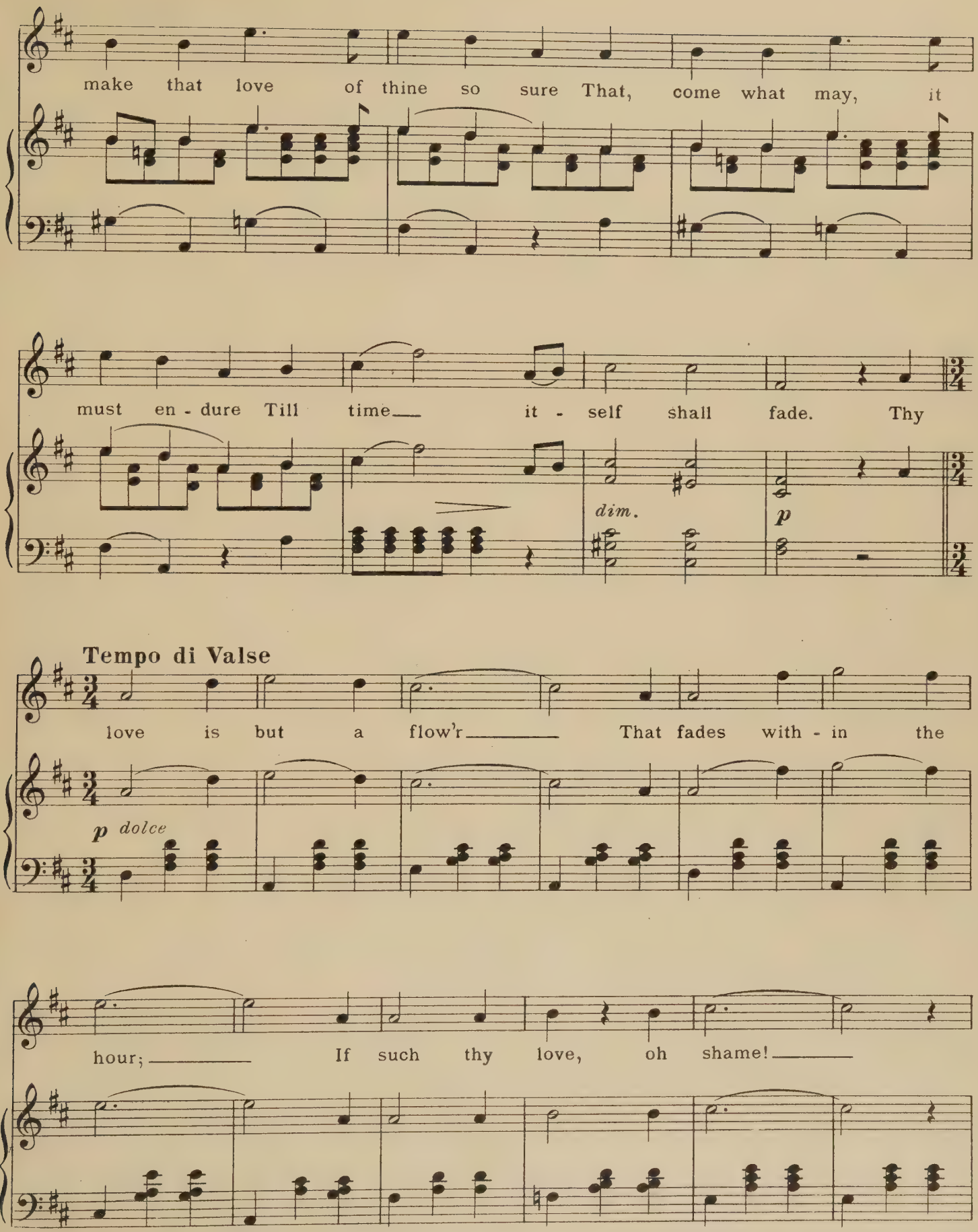
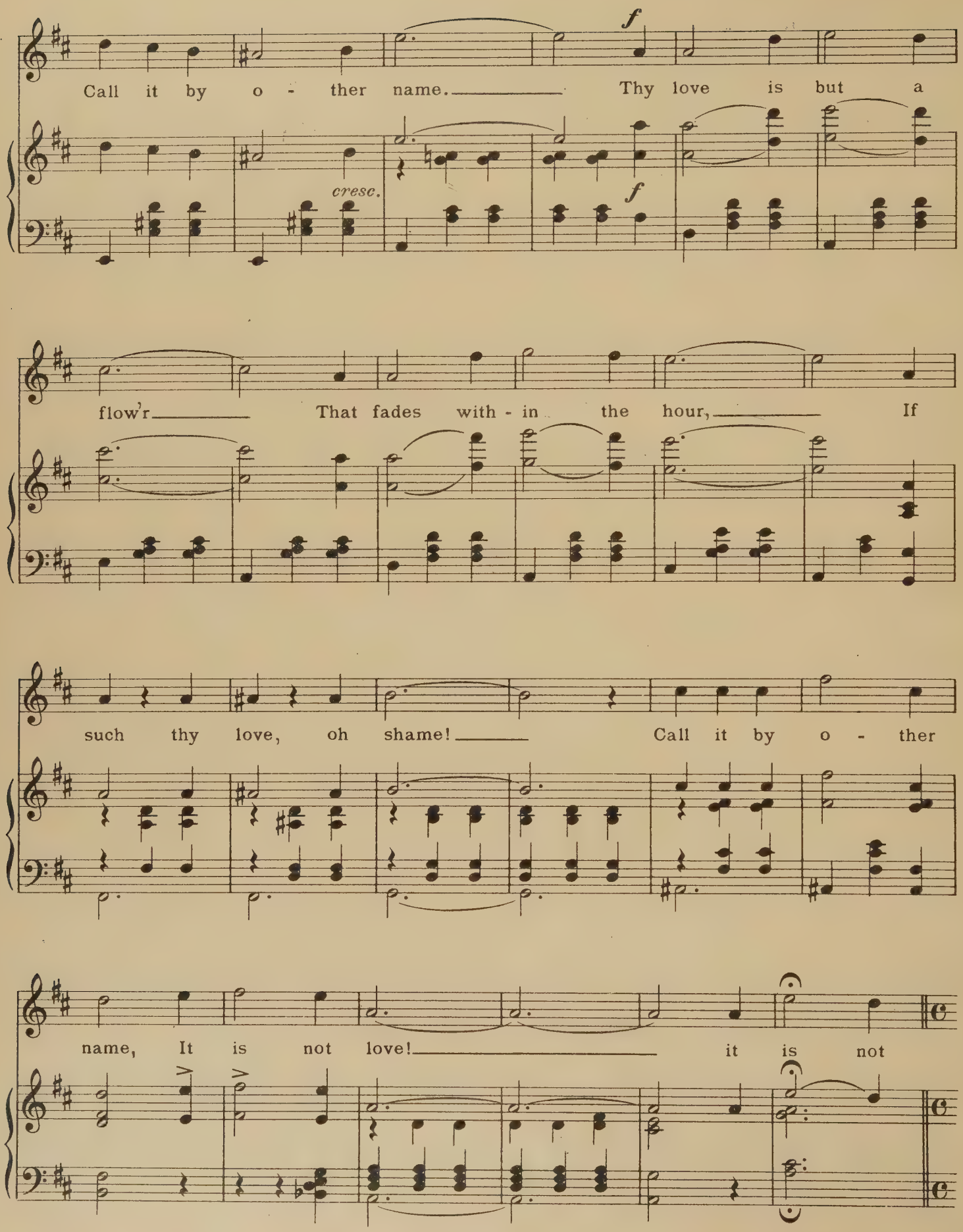
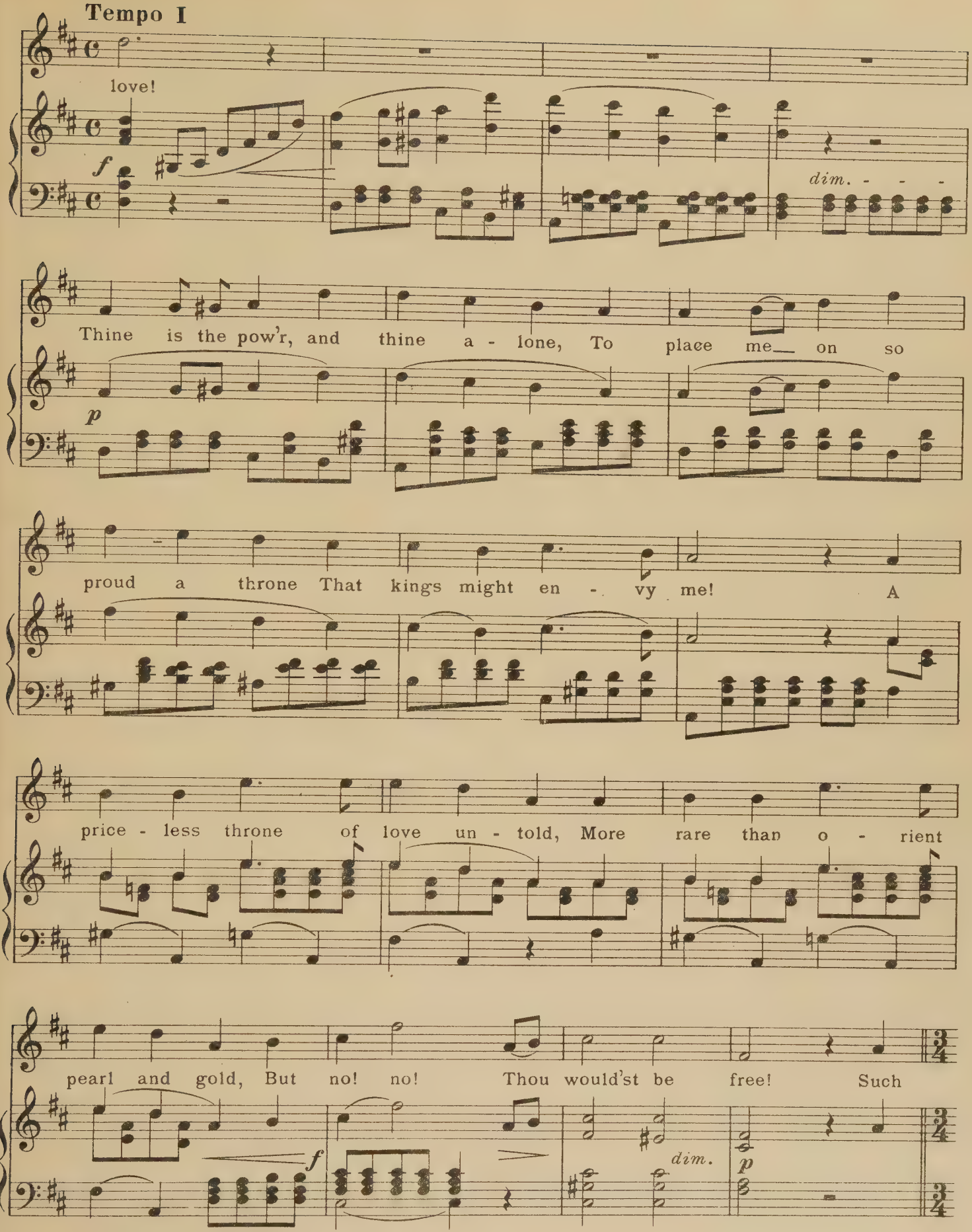
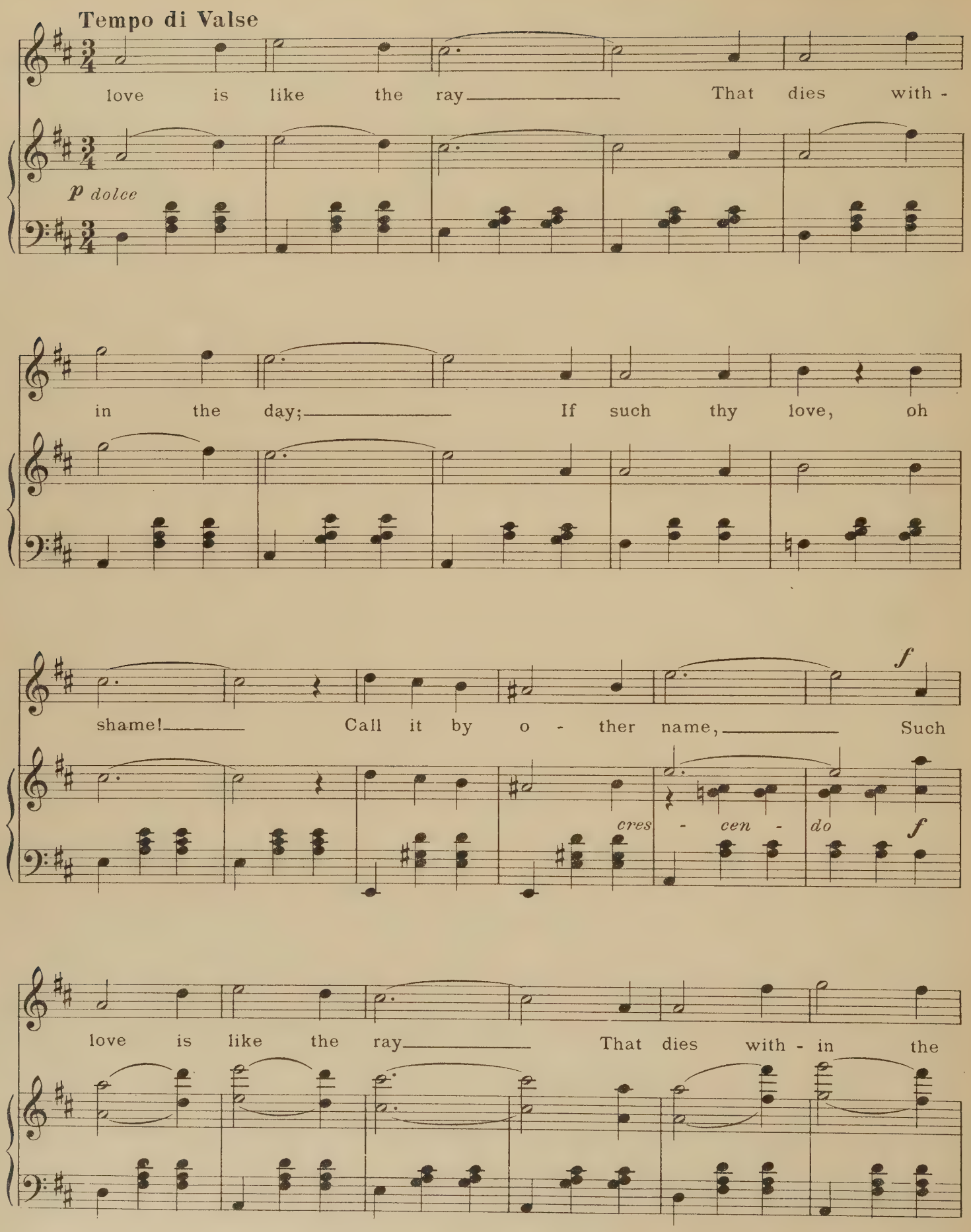
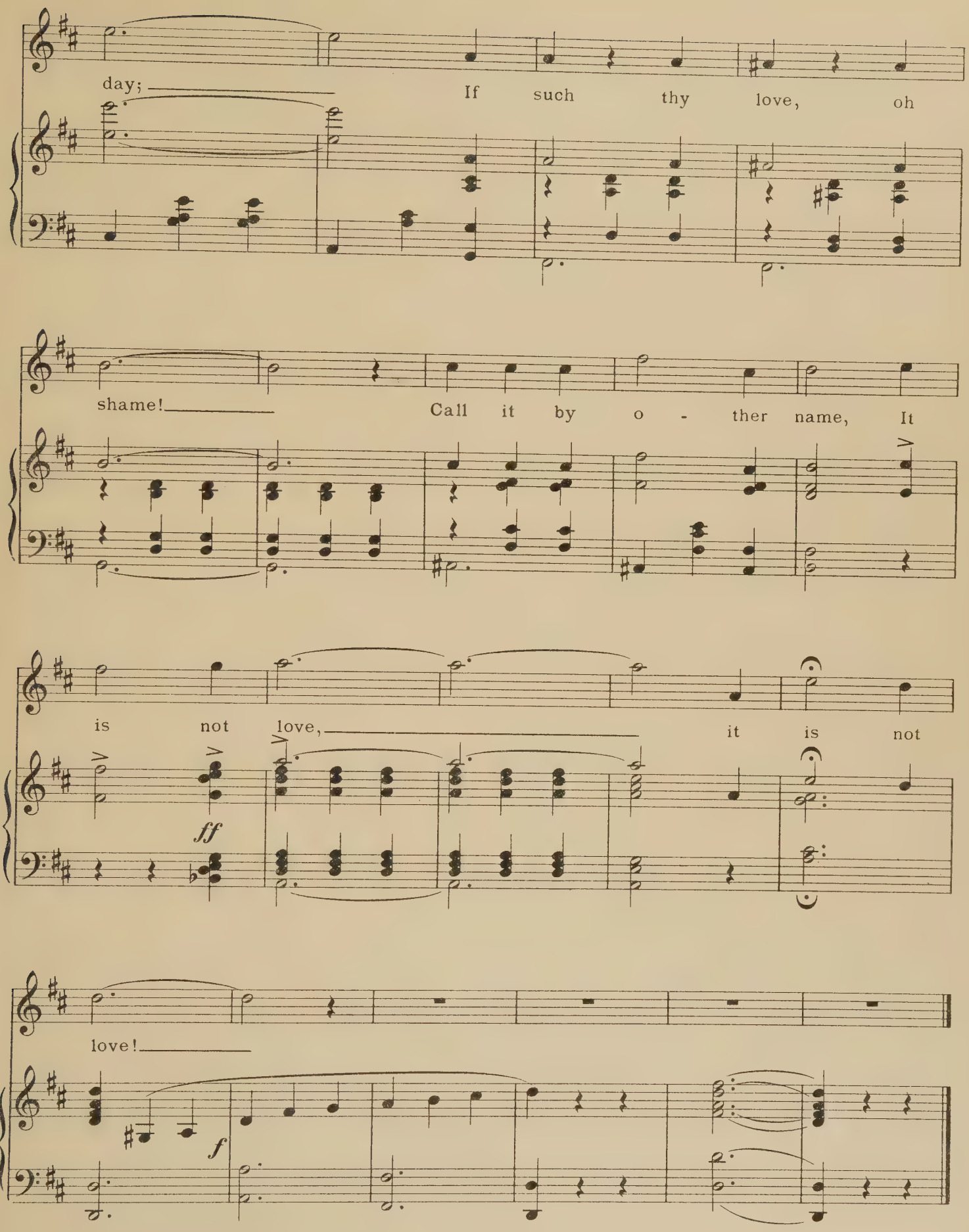

make that love of thine so sure That, come what may, it
must en - dure Till time it - self shall fade. Thy
dim.
p
Tempo di Valse
love is but a flow'r That fades with - in the
p dolce
hour; If such thy love, oh shame!


Call it by o - ther name. Thy love is but a
cresc.
f
f
flow'r That fades with - in the hour, If
such thy love, oh shame! Call it by o - ther
name, It is not love! it is not


Tempo I
love!
f
dim.
Thine is the pow'r, and thine a - lone, To place me on so
p
proud a throne That kings might en - vy me! A
price - less throne of love un - told, More rare than o - rient
pearl and gold, But no! no! Thou would'st be free! Such
f
dim.
p

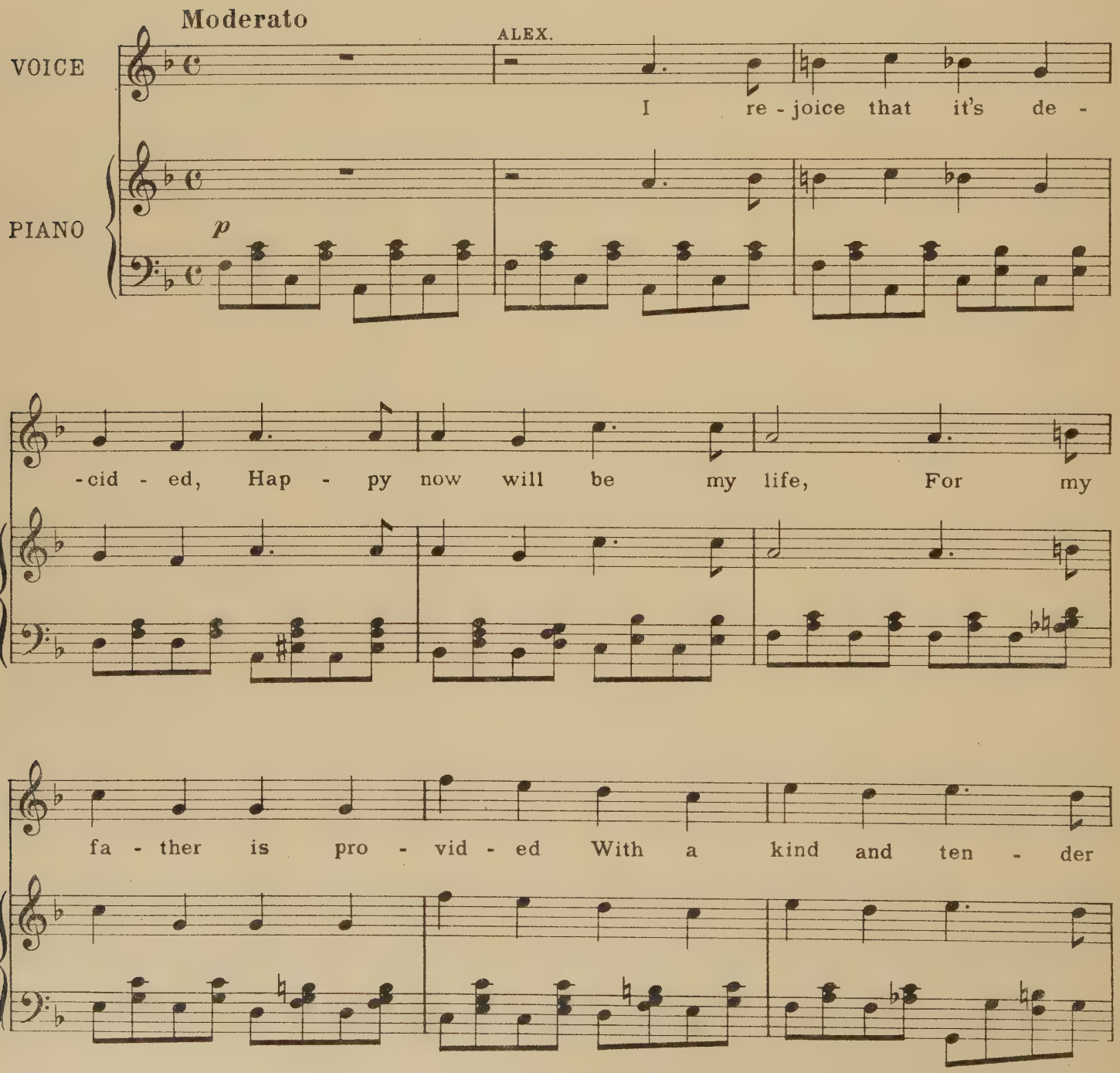

Tempo di Valse
love is like the ray That dies with -
p dolce
in the day; If such thy love, oh
shame! Call it by o - ther name, Such
f
cres - cen - do
f
love is like the ray That dies with - in the


day;
If such thy love, oh
shame!
Call it by o - ther name, It
is not love,
it is not
ff
love!
f

As the minutes pass Alexis begins to find out that his plans are not working quite so well as he had hoped. He is horrified to find that his aristocratic father, under the influence of the spell, proposes to marry the pew opener, Mrs. Partlet. Confronted with this distasteful situation, for which he realises that he is largely responsible, Alexis decides that perhaps he had better make the best of things and simulate the joy he cannot feel.

I REJOICE THAT IT'S DECIDED

Sung by ALINE, Mrs. PARTLET, ALEXIS, Dr. DALY, and Sir MARMADUKE


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
ALEX.
p
I re - joice that it's de -
-cid - ed, Hap - py now will be my life, For my
fa - ther is pro - vid - ed With a kind and ten - der

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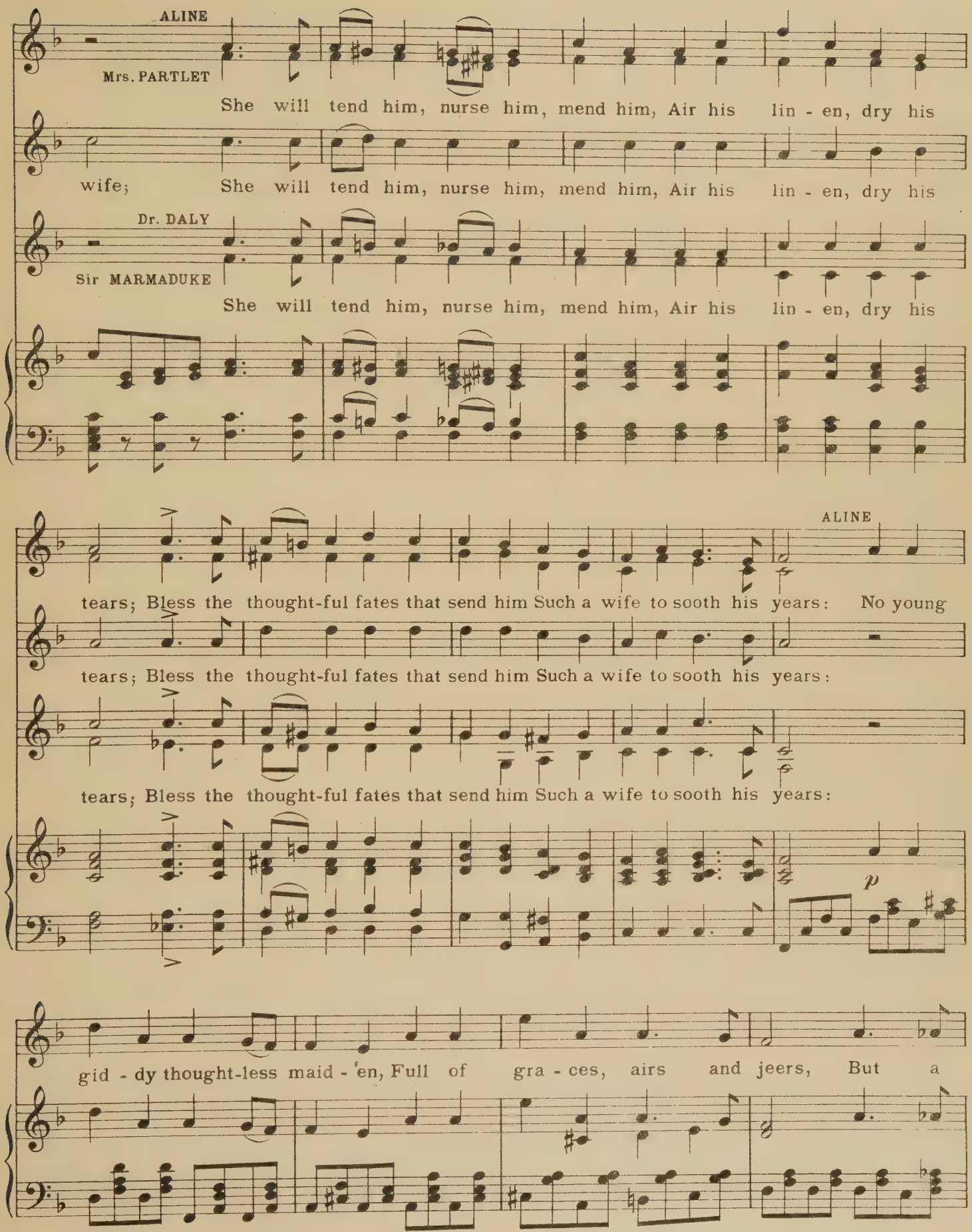
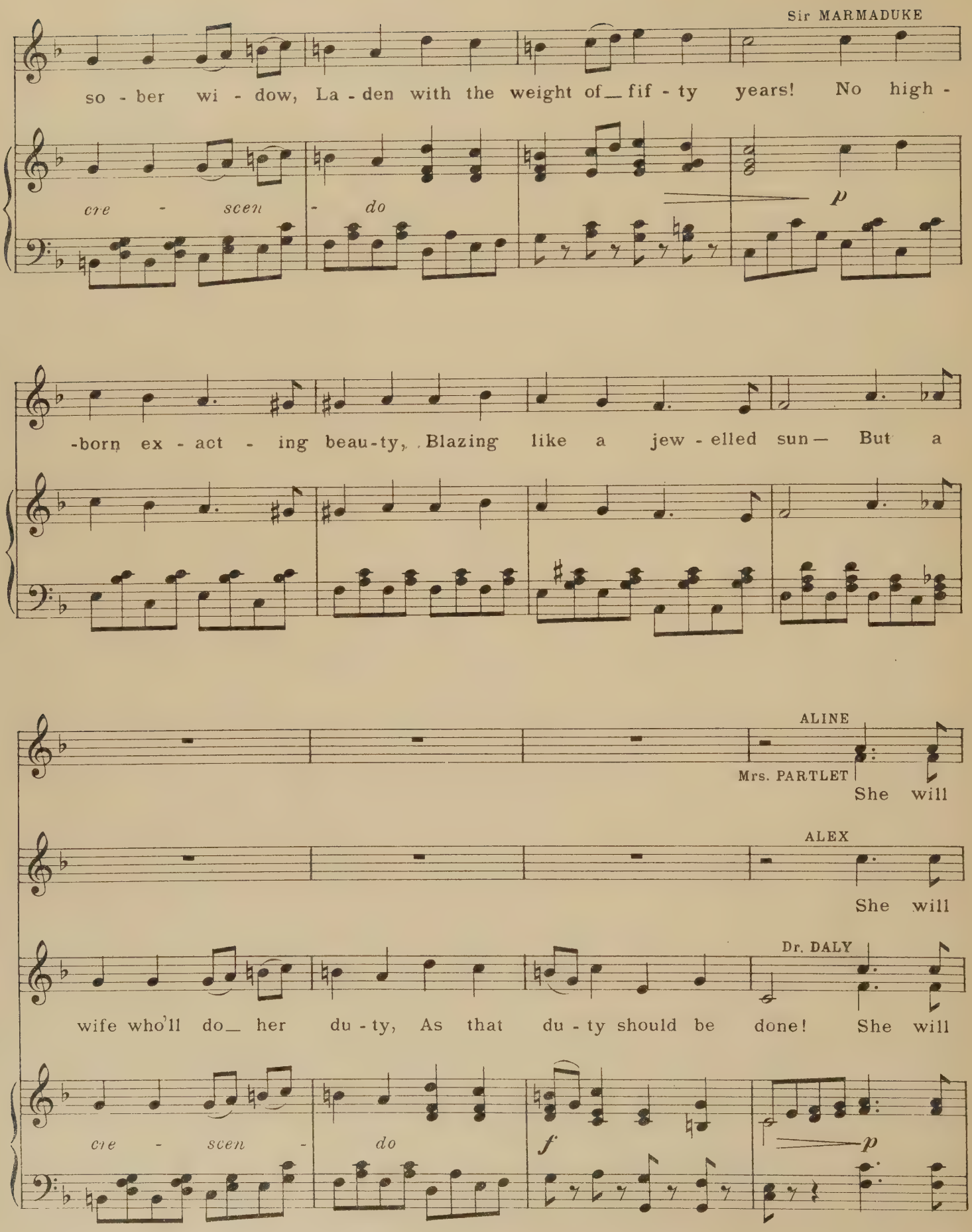
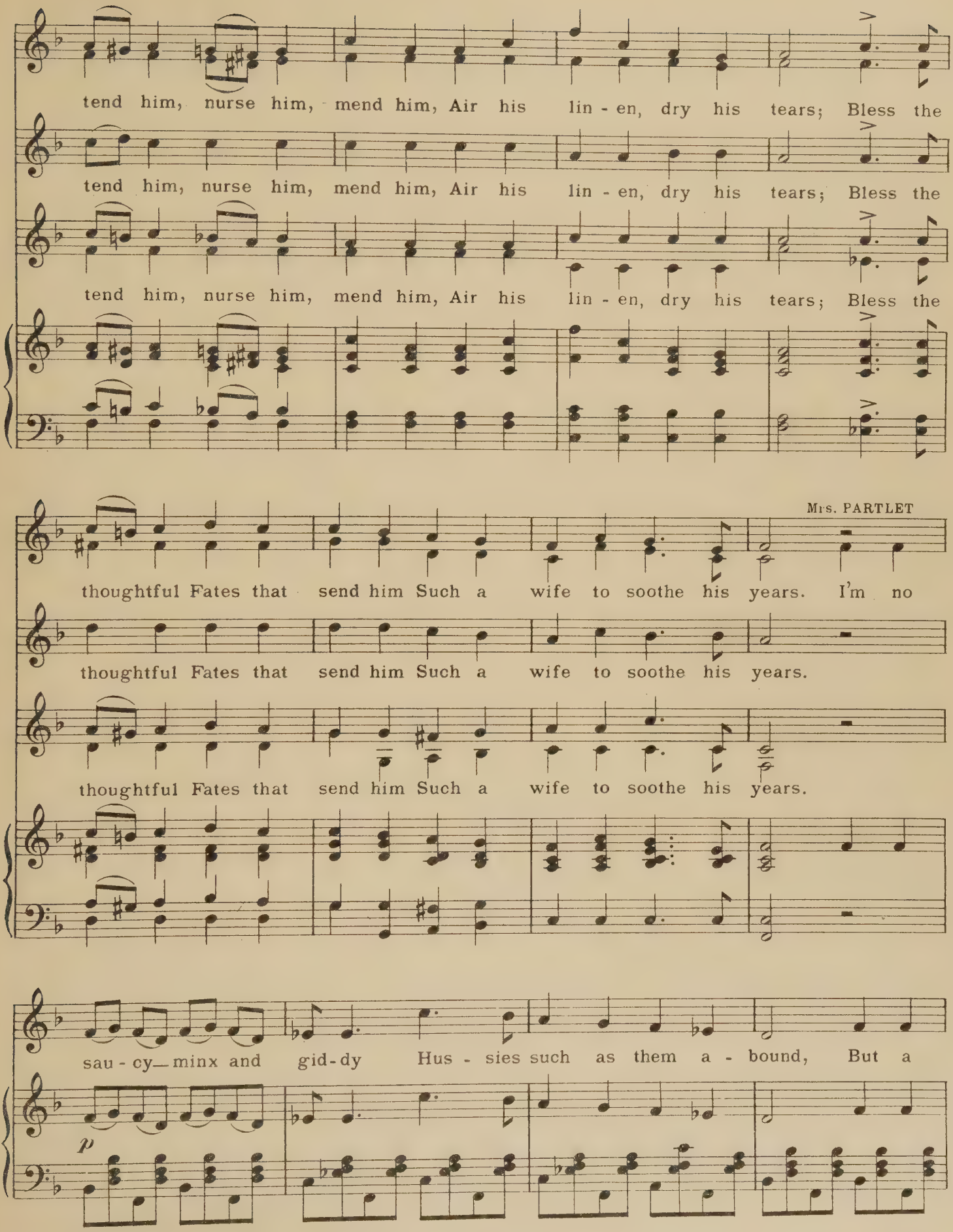
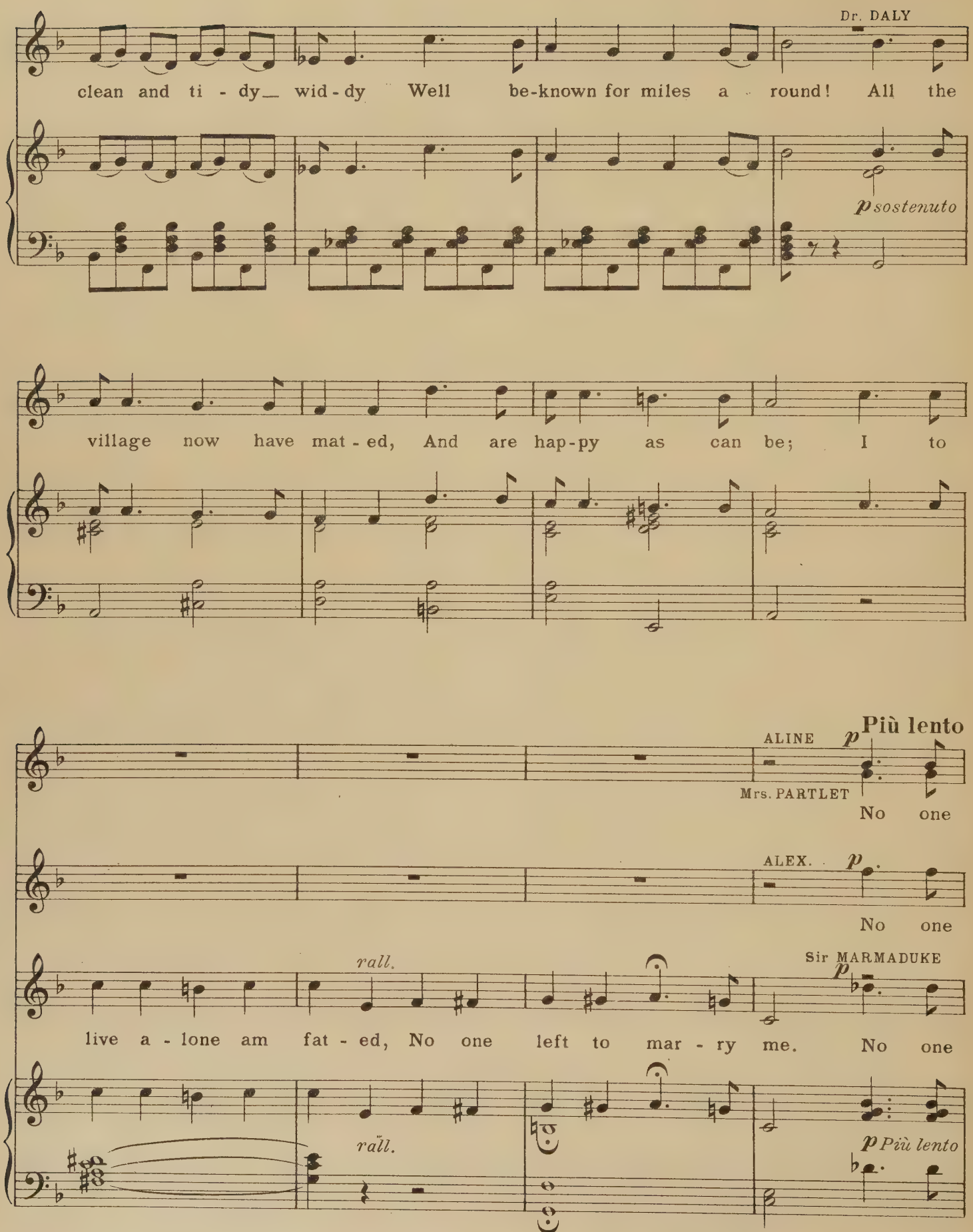
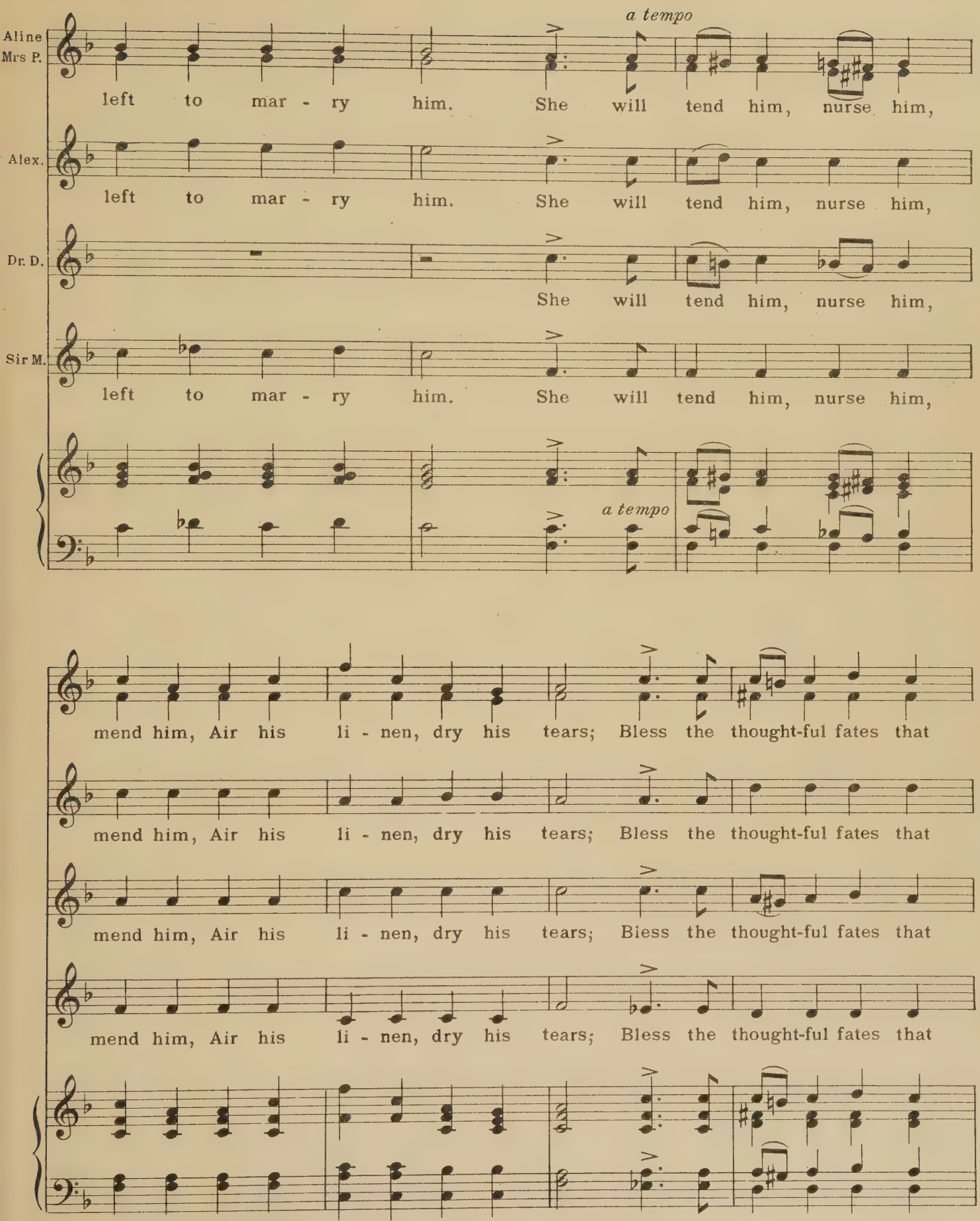
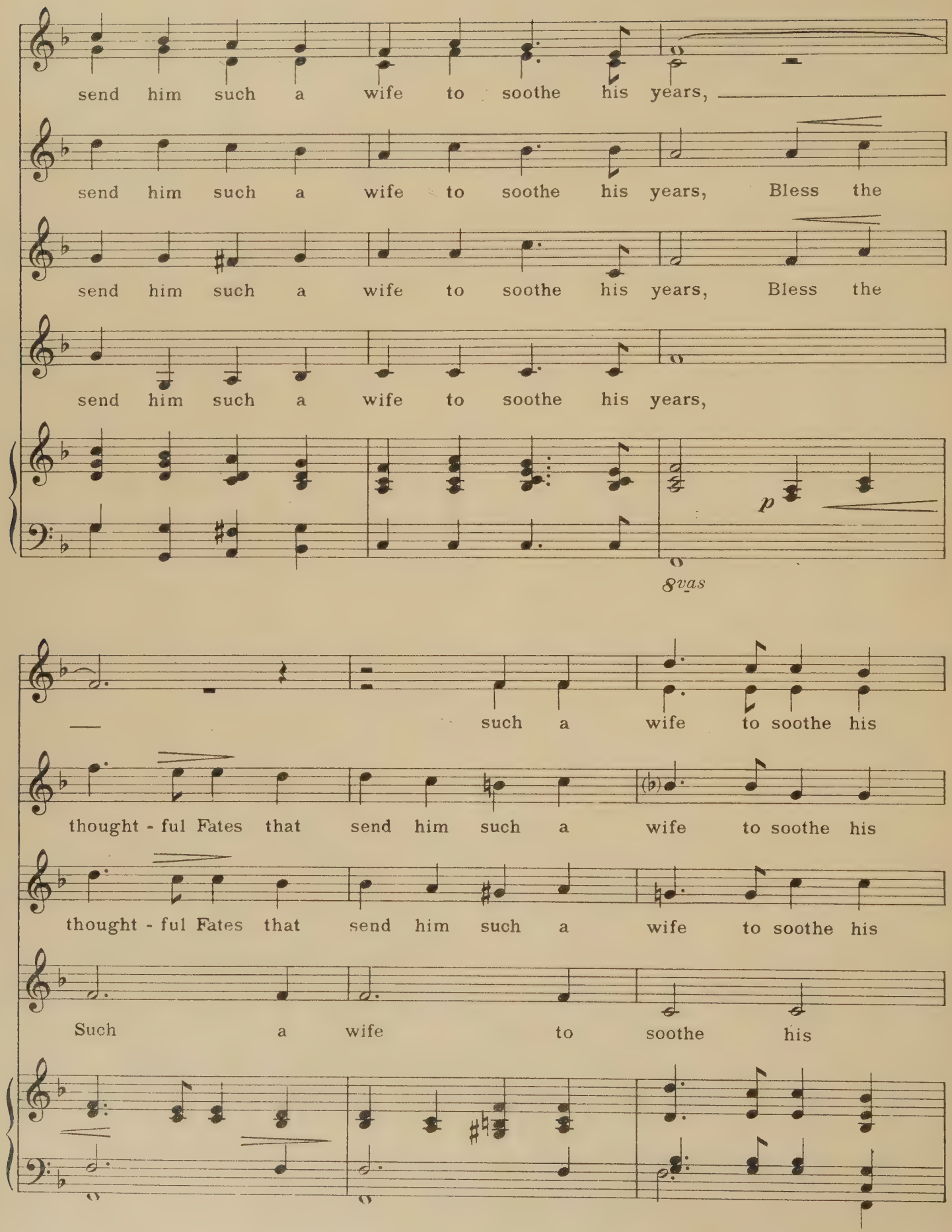

ALINE
Mrs. PARTLET
She will tend him, nurse him, mend him, Air his lin - en, dry his
wife; She will tend him, nurse him, mend him, Air his lin - en, dry his
Dr. DALY
Sir MARMADUKE
She will tend him, nurse him, mend him, Air his lin - en, dry his
ALINE
tears; Bless the thought-ful fates that send him Such a wife to sooth his years: No young
tears; Bless the thought-ful fates that send him Such a wife to sooth his years:
tears; Bless the thought-ful fates that send him Such a wife to sooth his years:
p
gid - dy thought-less maid - en, Full of gra - ces, airs and jeers, But a

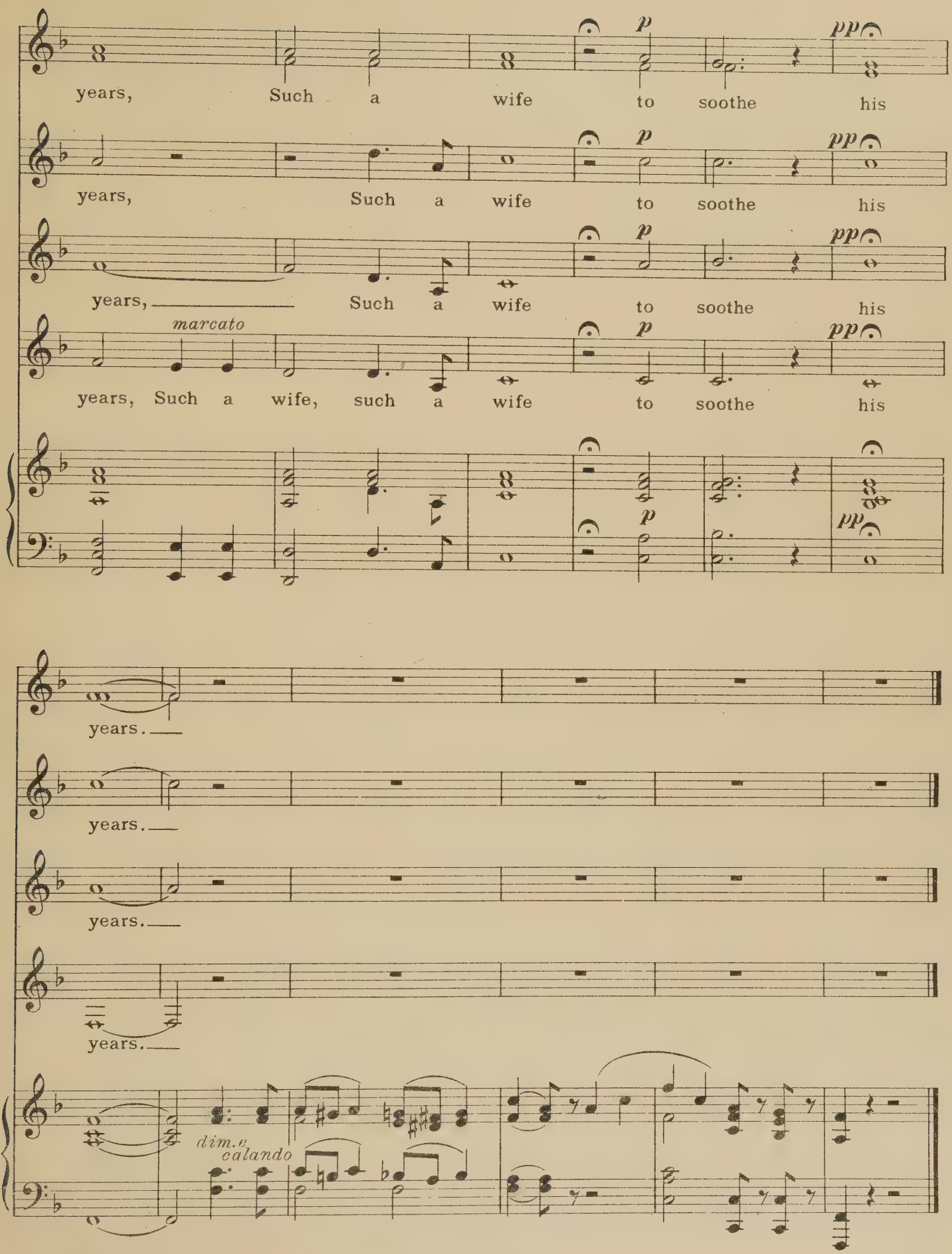

Sir MARMADUKE
so - ber wi - dow, La - den with the weight of_ fif - ty years! No high -
cre - scen - do
p
-born ex - act - ing beau-ty, Blazing like a jew - elled sun— But a
ALINE
Mrs. PARTLET
She will
ALEX
She will
Dr. DALY
wife who'll do_ her du - ty, As that du - ty should be done! She will
cre - scen - do
f
p


tend him, nurse him, mend him, Air his lin - en, dry his tears; Bless the
tend him, nurse him, mend him, Air his lin - en, dry his tears; Bless the
tend him, nurse him, mend him, Air his lin - en, dry his tears; Bless the
Mrs. PARTLET
thoughtful Fates that send him Such a wife to soothe his years. I'm no
thoughtful Fates that send him Such a wife to soothe his years.
thoughtful Fates that send him Such a wife to soothe his years.
sau - cy— minx and gid-dy Hus - sies such as them a - bound, But a
p


Dr. DALY
clean and ti - dy_ wid - dy Well be-known for miles a - round! All the
p sostenuto
village now have mat - ed, And are hap-py as can be; I to
Più lento
ALINE
p
Mrs. PARTLET
No one
ALEX.
p
No one
rall.
Sir MARMADUKE
p
live a - lone am fat - ed, No one left to mar - ry me. No one
rall.
p Più lento


Aline
Mrs P.
Alex.
Dr. D.
Sir M.
a tempo
left to mar - ry him. She will tend him, nurse him,
left to mar - ry him. She will tend him, nurse him,
She will tend him, nurse him,
left to mar - ry him. She will tend him, nurse him,
a tempo
mend him, Air his li - nen, dry his tears; Bless the thought-ful fates that
mend him, Air his li - nen, dry his tears; Bless the thought-ful fates that
mend him, Air his li - nen, dry his tears; Bless the thought-ful fates that
mend him, Air his li - nen, dry his tears; Bless the thought-ful fates that

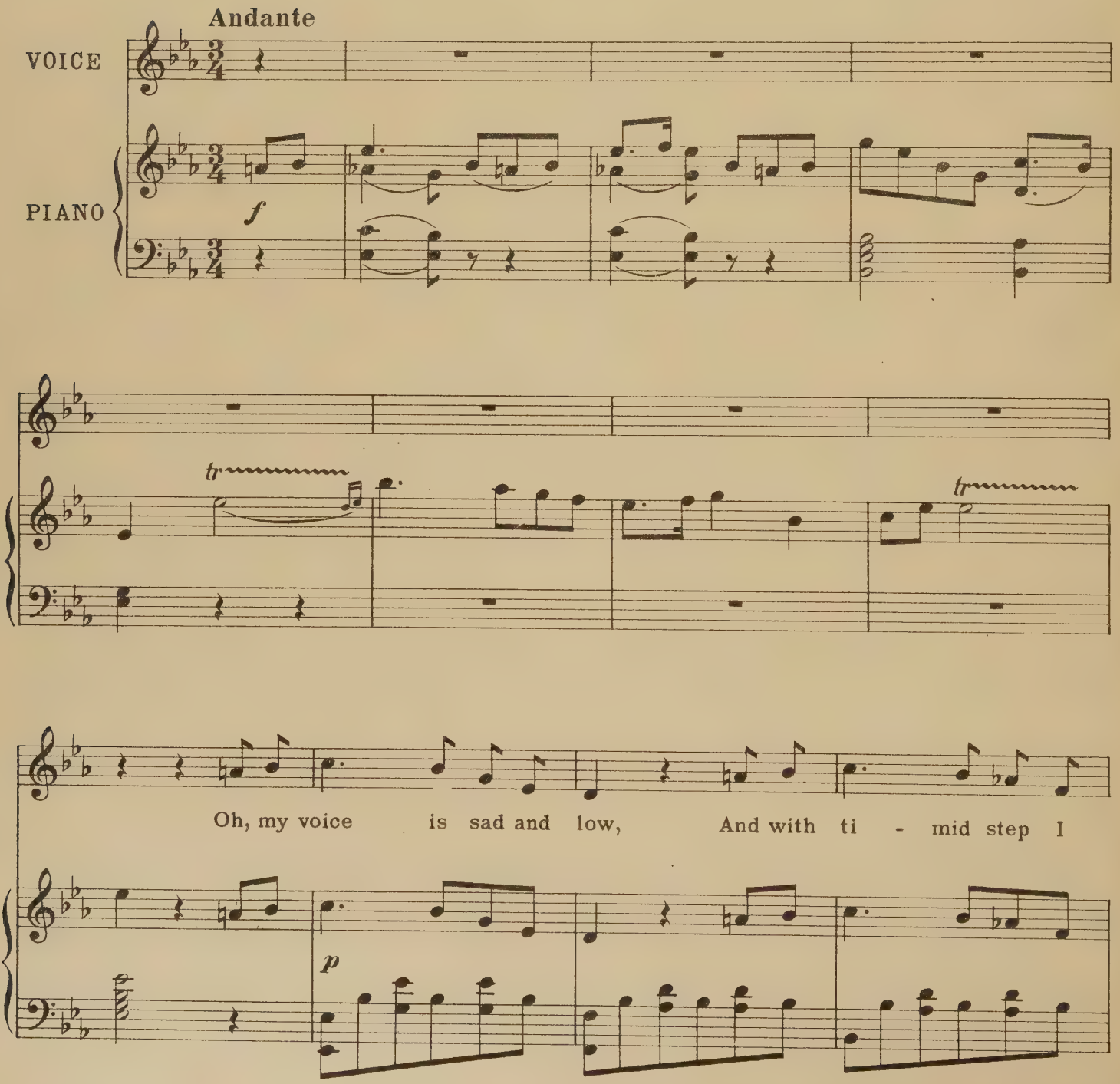

send him such a wife to soothe his years,
send him such a wife to soothe his years, Bless the
send him such a wife to soothe his years, Bless the
send him such a wife to soothe his years,
p
8vas
such a wife to soothe his
thought - ful Fates that send him such a wife to soothe his
thought - ful Fates that send him such a wife to soothe his
Such a wife to soothe his


years, Such a wife to soothe his
p
pp
years, Such a wife to soothe his
years, Such a wife to soothe his
marcato
years, Such a wife, such a wife to soothe his
years.
years.
years.
years.
dim.e
calando

Aline, having thought things over, decides to please Alexis by drinking some of the philtre. She chooses a moment when her fiancé is absent and, having partaken of the potion, is hurrying off to seek Alexis when she meets Dr. Daly. The Vicar is playing a flageolet and although he is but a lonely old man, the spell works so quickly upon Aline that she falls hopelessly in love with him.

ENGAGED TO SO-AND-SO

Sung by Dr. DALY



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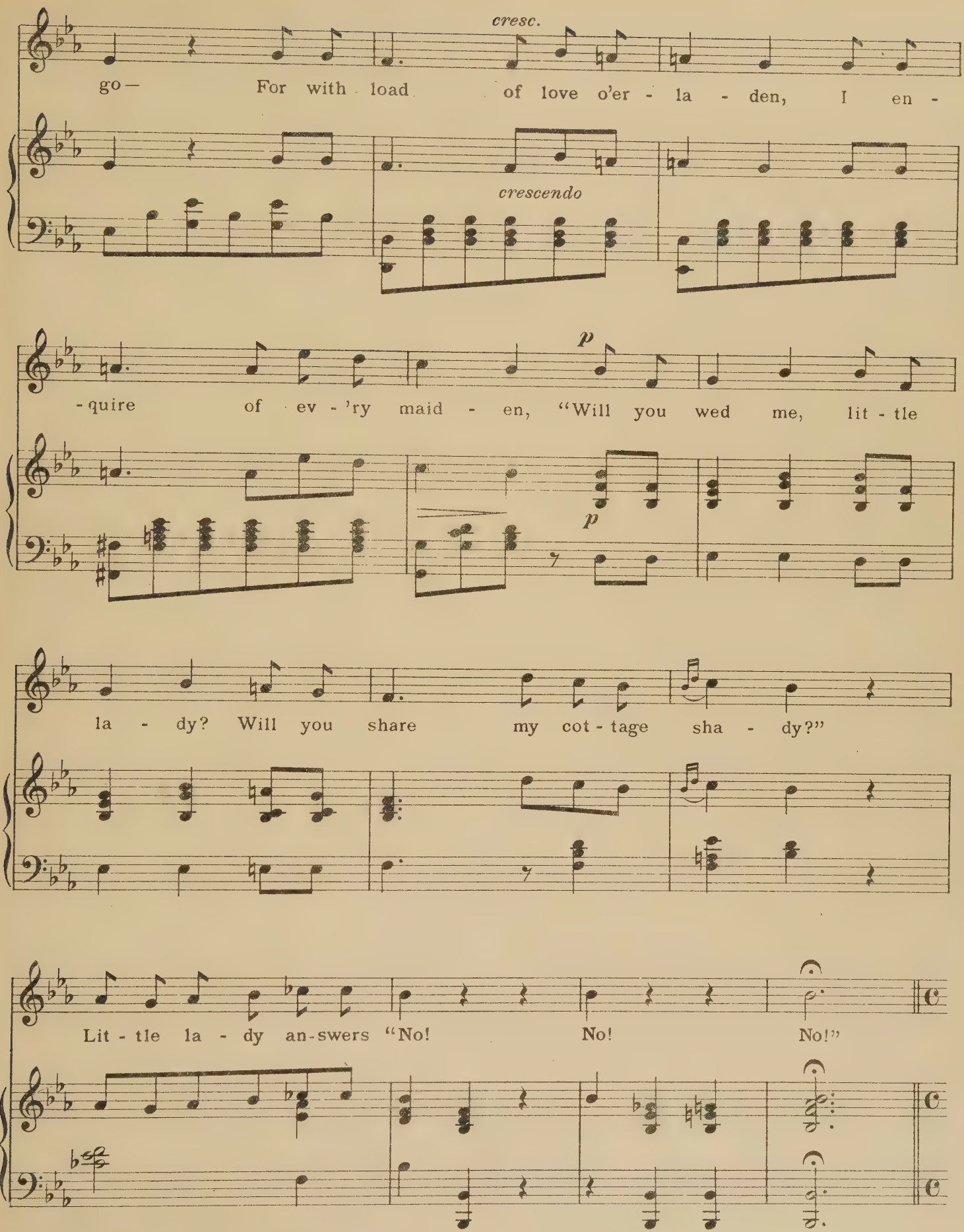
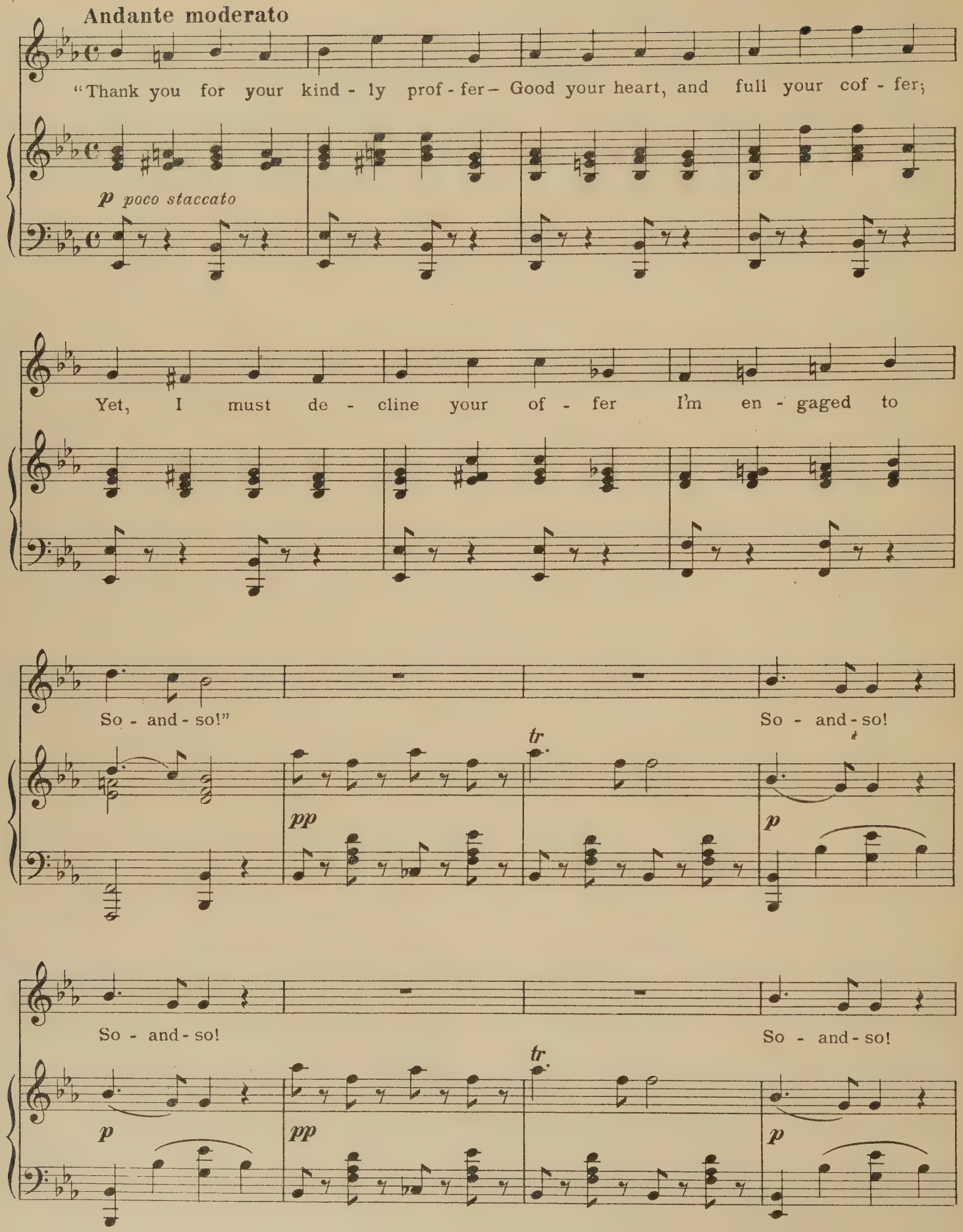
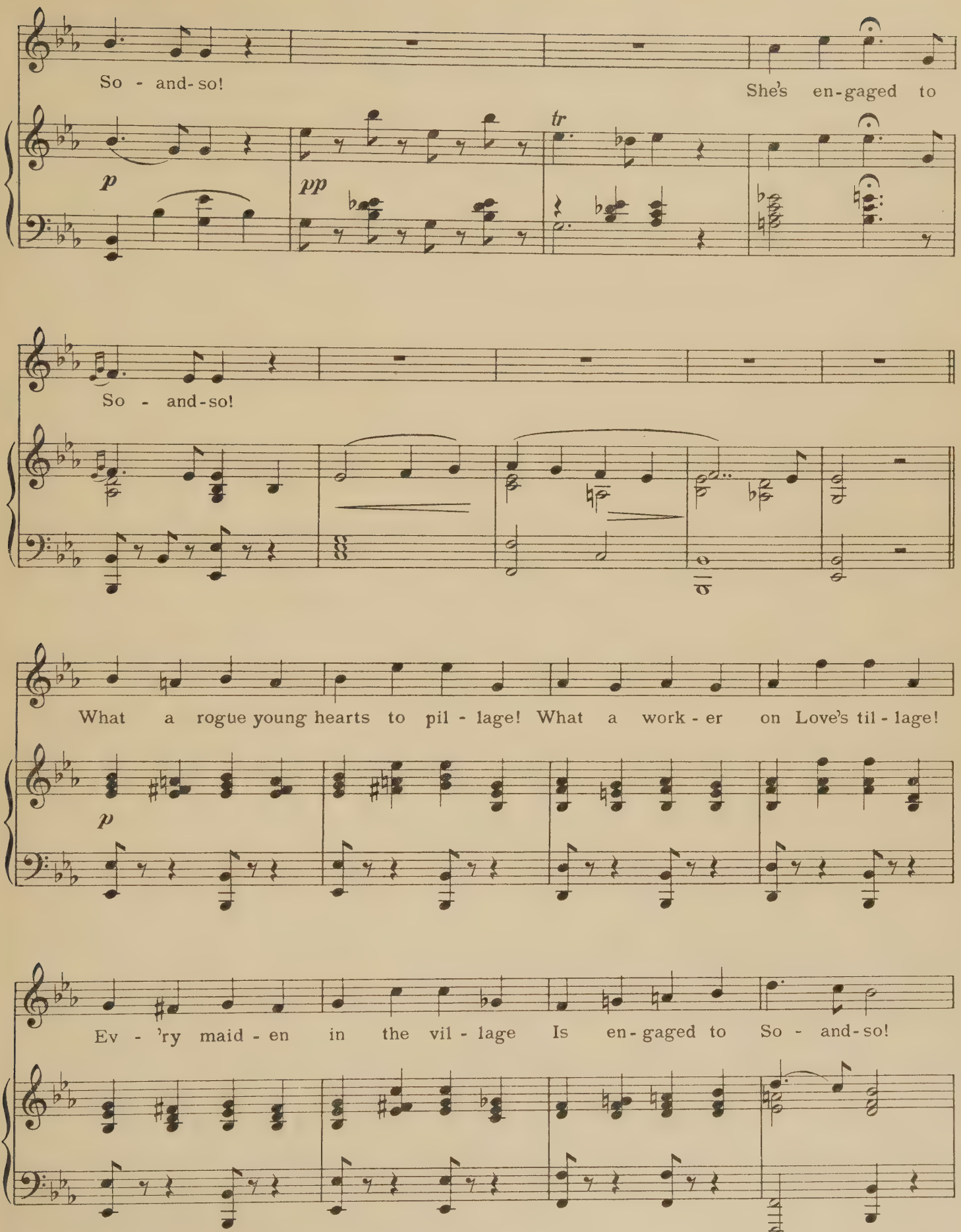
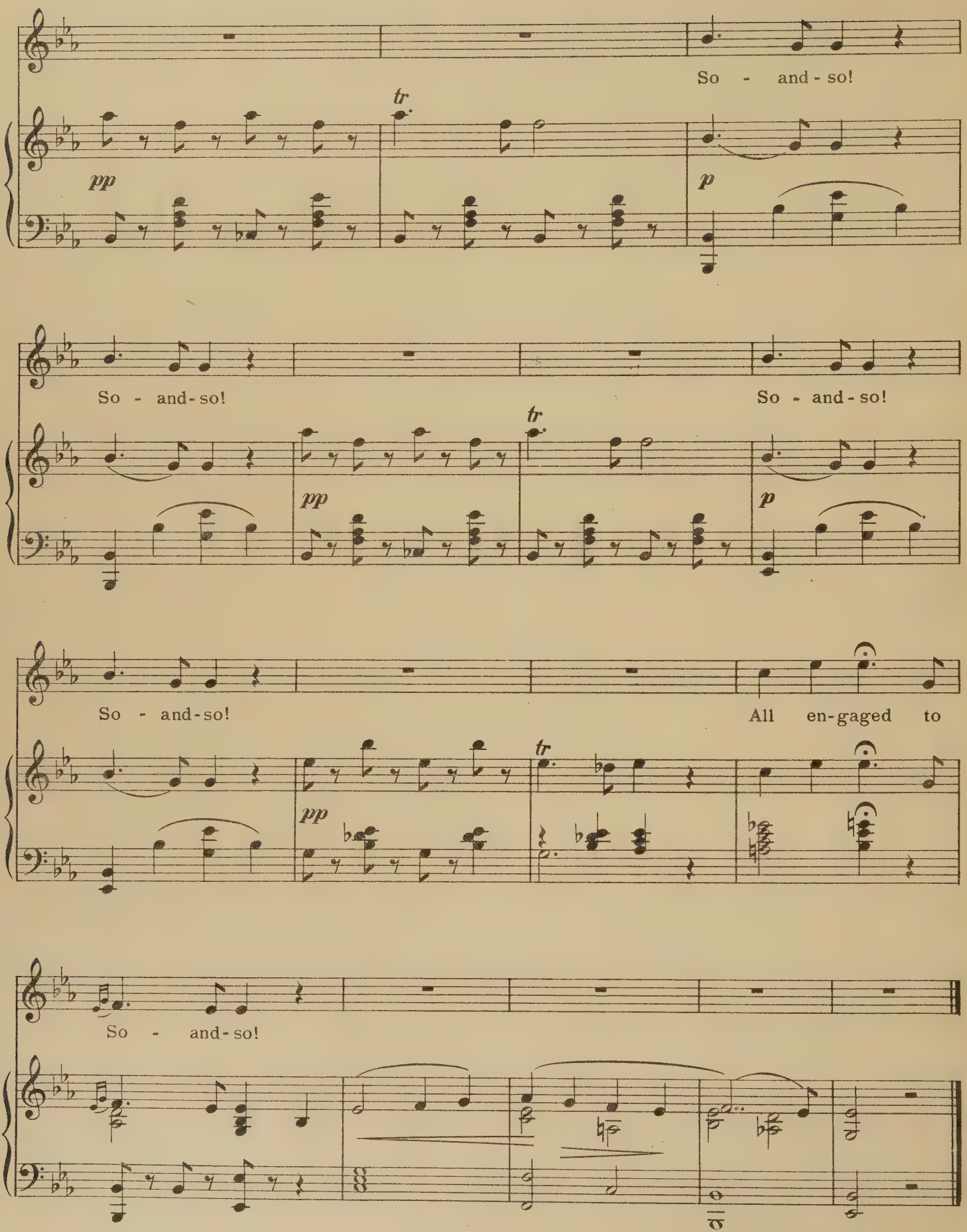

cresc.
go— For with load of love o'er - la - den, I en -
crescendo
-quire of ev - 'ry maid - en, "Will you wed me, lit - tle
p
p
la - dy? Will you share my cot - tage sha - dy?"
Lit - tle la - dy an-swers "No! No! No!"


Andante moderato
"Thank you for your kind - ly prof - fer— Good your heart, and full your cof - fer;
p poco staccato
Yet, I must de - cline your of - fer I'm en - gaged to
So - and - so!"
So - and - so!
tr
pp
p
So - and - so!
So - and - so!
tr
p
pp
p


So - and-so!
She's en-gaged to
p
pp
tr
So - and-so!
What a rogue young hearts to pil - lage! What a work - er on Love's til - lage!
p
Ev - 'ry maid - en in the vil - lage Is en-gaged to So - and-so!

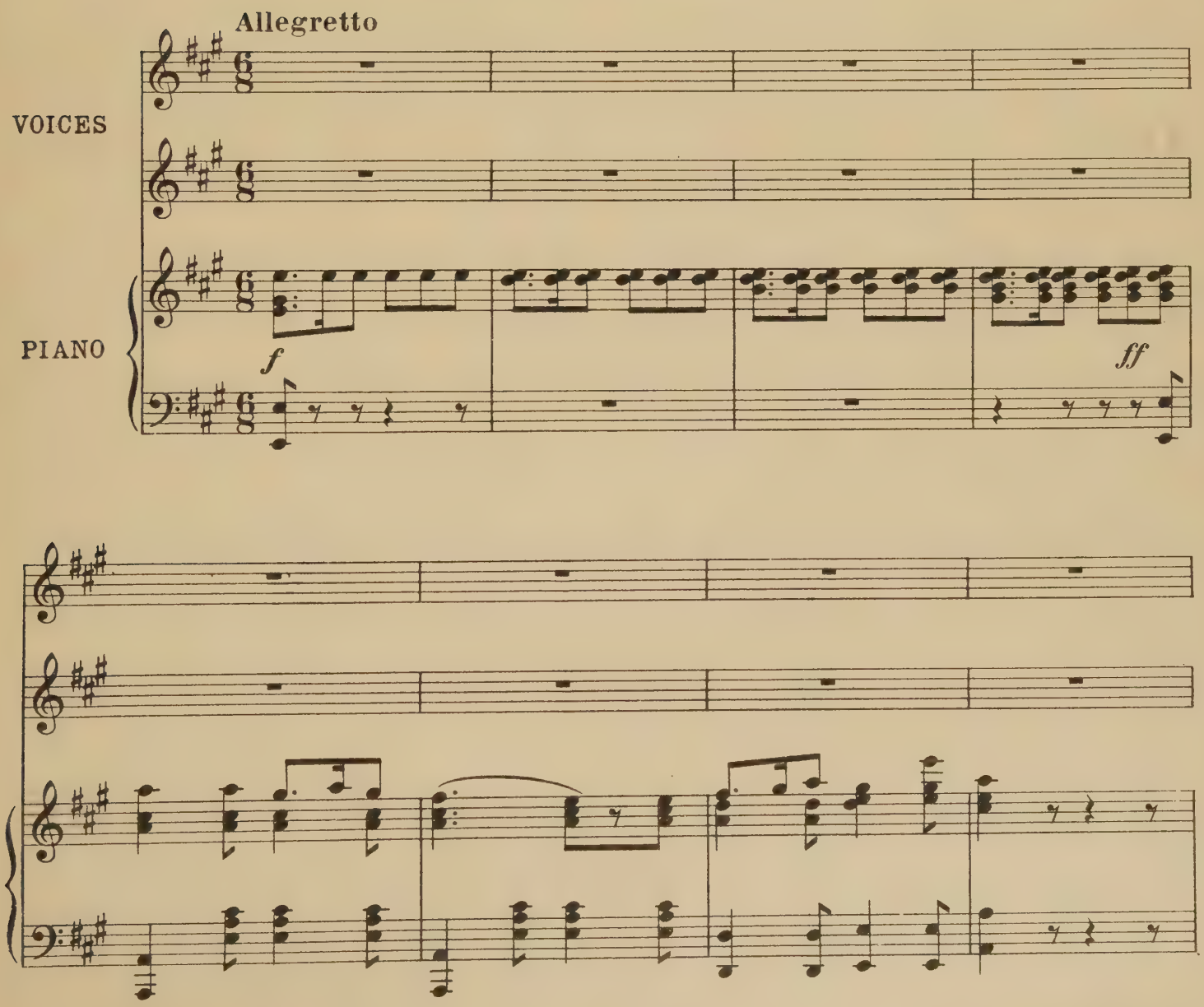

So - and - so!
tr
pp
p
So - and - so!
So - and - so!
tr
pp
p
So - and - so!
All en-gaged to
tr
pp
So - and - so!

When Alexis learns that the love-philtre has resulted in his Aline transferring her affections to Dr. Daly, he is furious and upbraids the unfortunate girl for her perfidy. So upset is he that Mr. Wells suggests that the situation can be restored provided that either Alexis or he will forfeit his life. For his own part Mr Wells is not anxious to make the sacrifice, particularly as his firm are due to take stock on the following week and he feels that he ought to be there. Alexis is prepared to die, but the general opinion being that as Mr Wells has been mainly responsible for all the trouble, Mr. Wells should pay the penalty. The sorcerer submits and presently disappears amid fire and brimstone. The powers of darkness thus appeased, the spell is lifted amid scenes of great rejoicing.

Sir Marmaduke. Come to my mansion, all of you! At least
We'll crown our rapture with another feast!

NOW TO THE BANQUET WE PRESS

Finale. GENERAL ENSEMBLE



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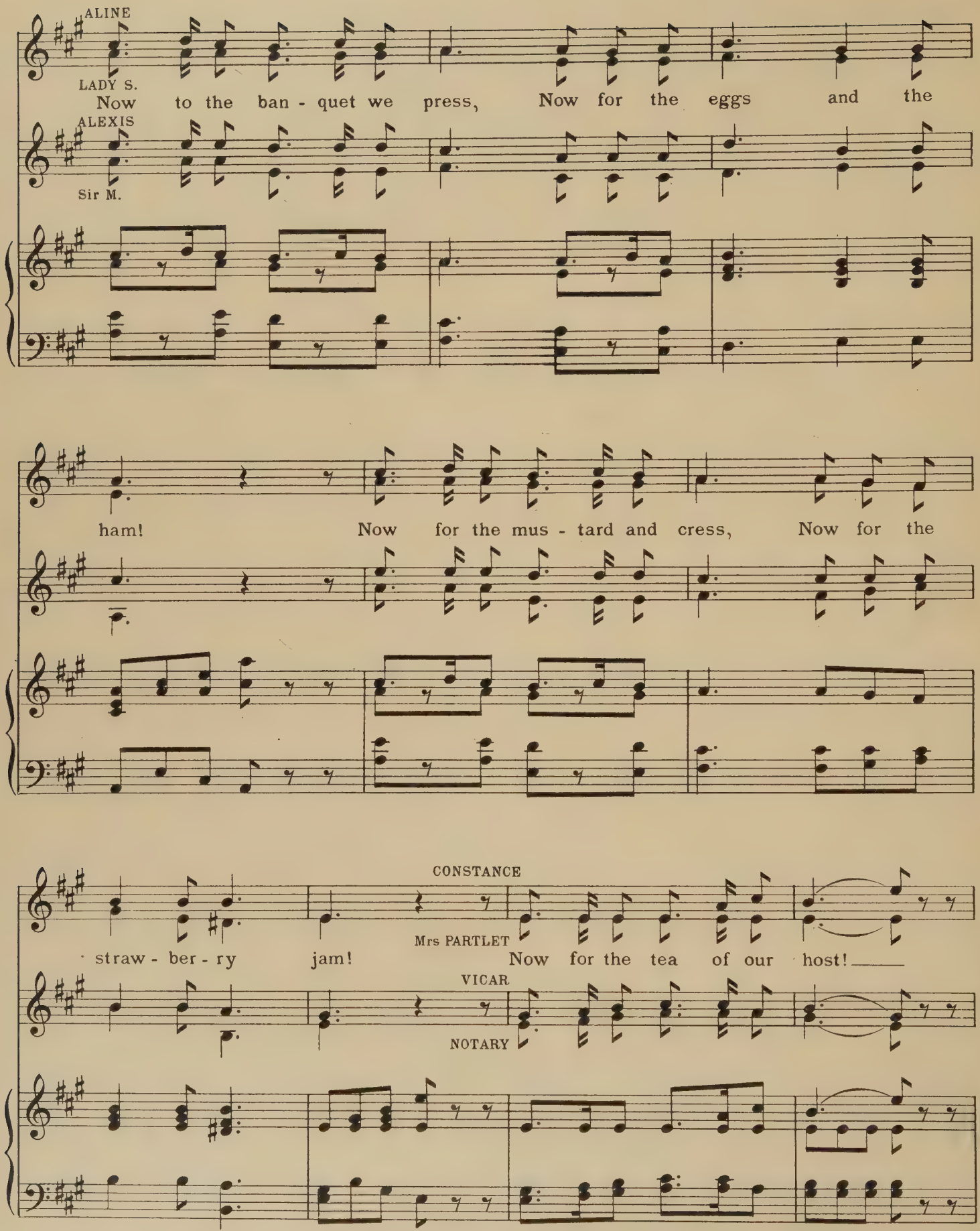
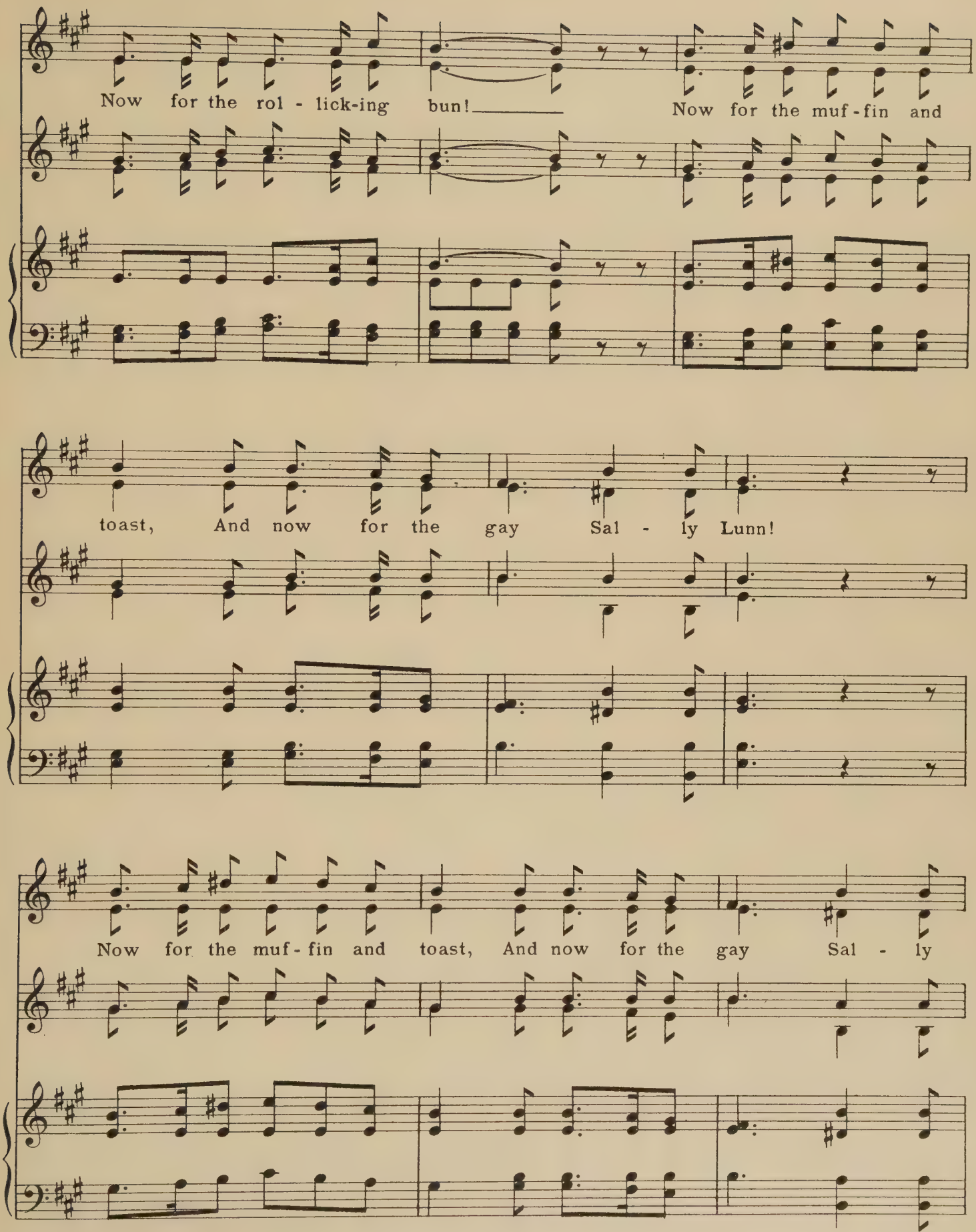
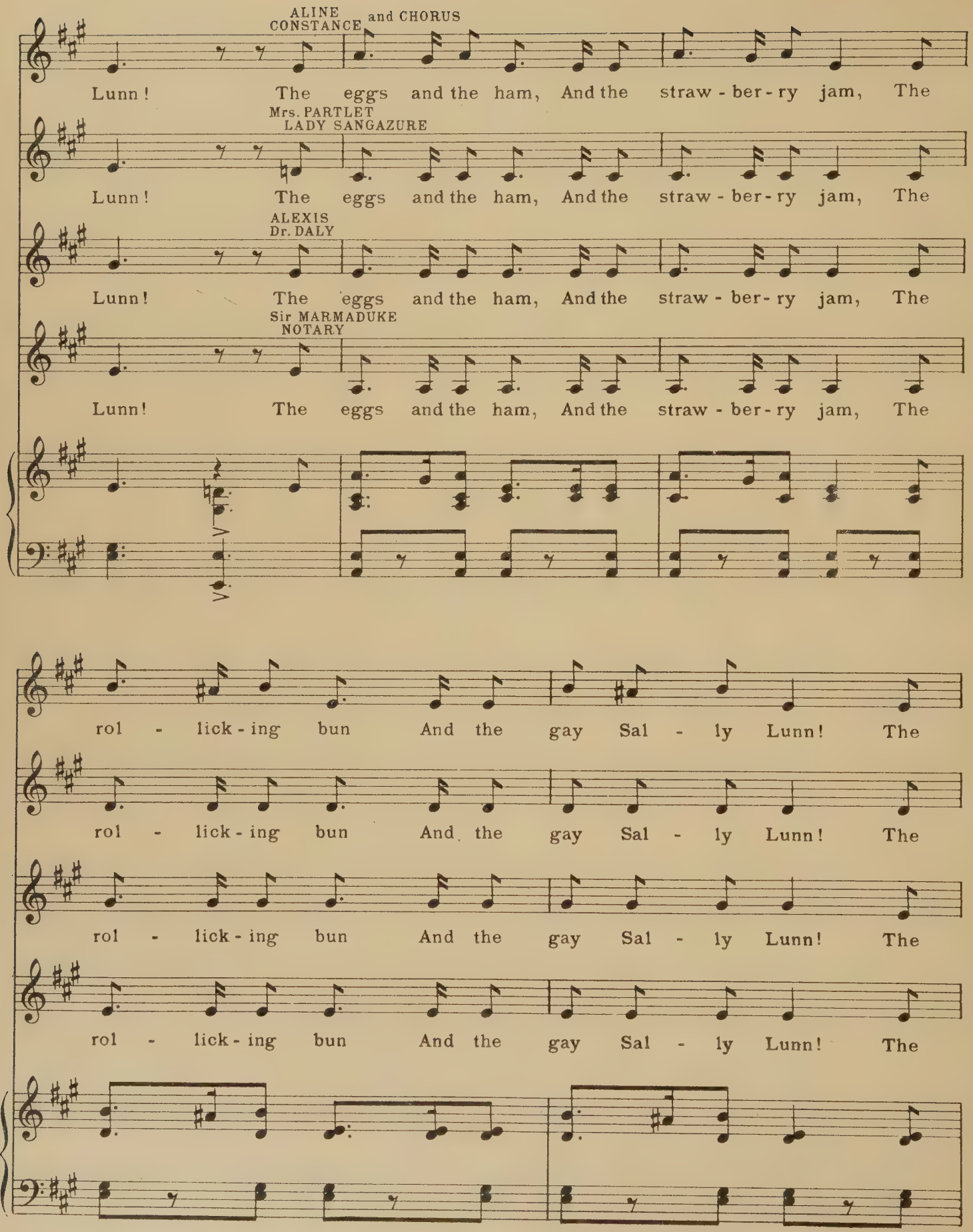
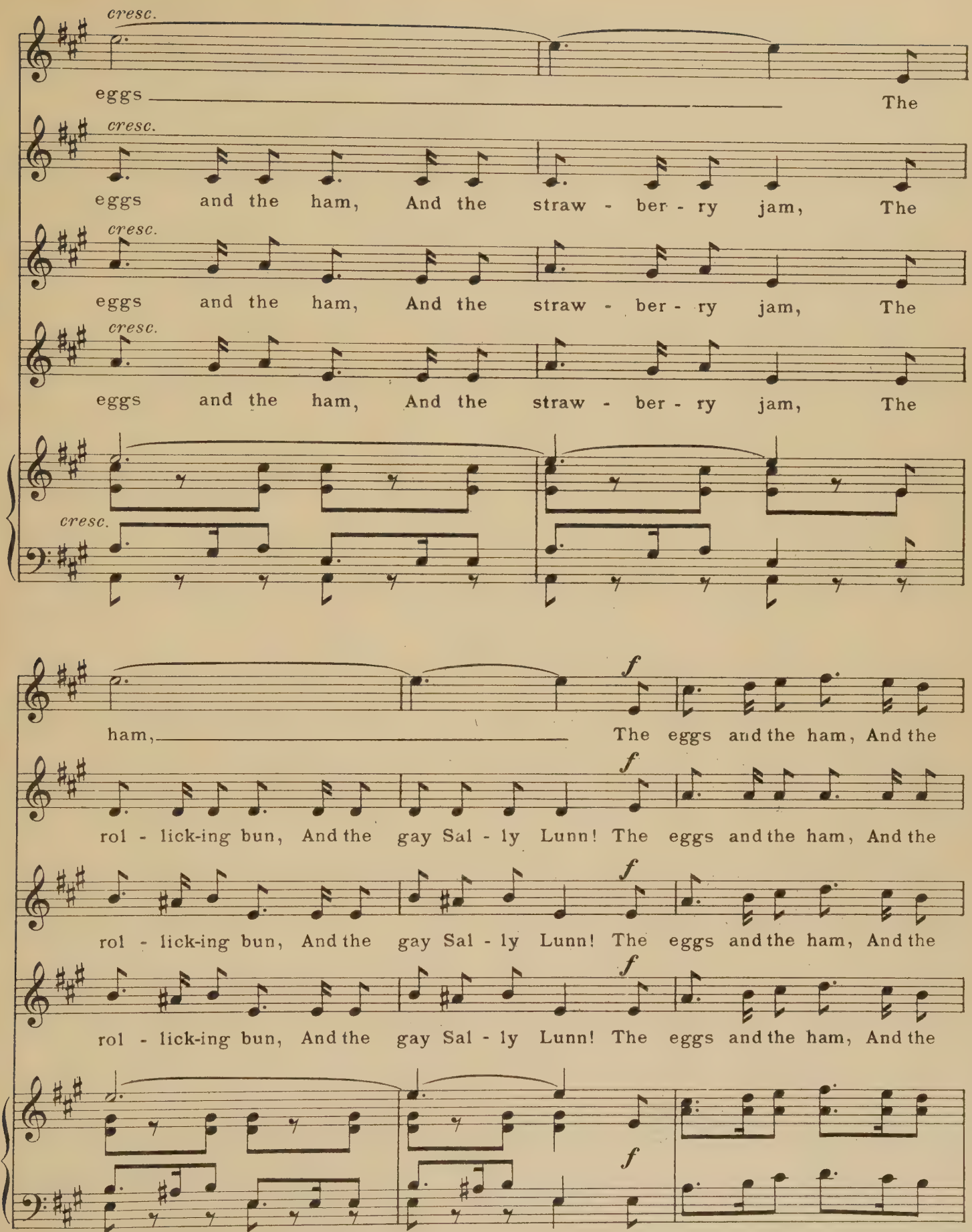
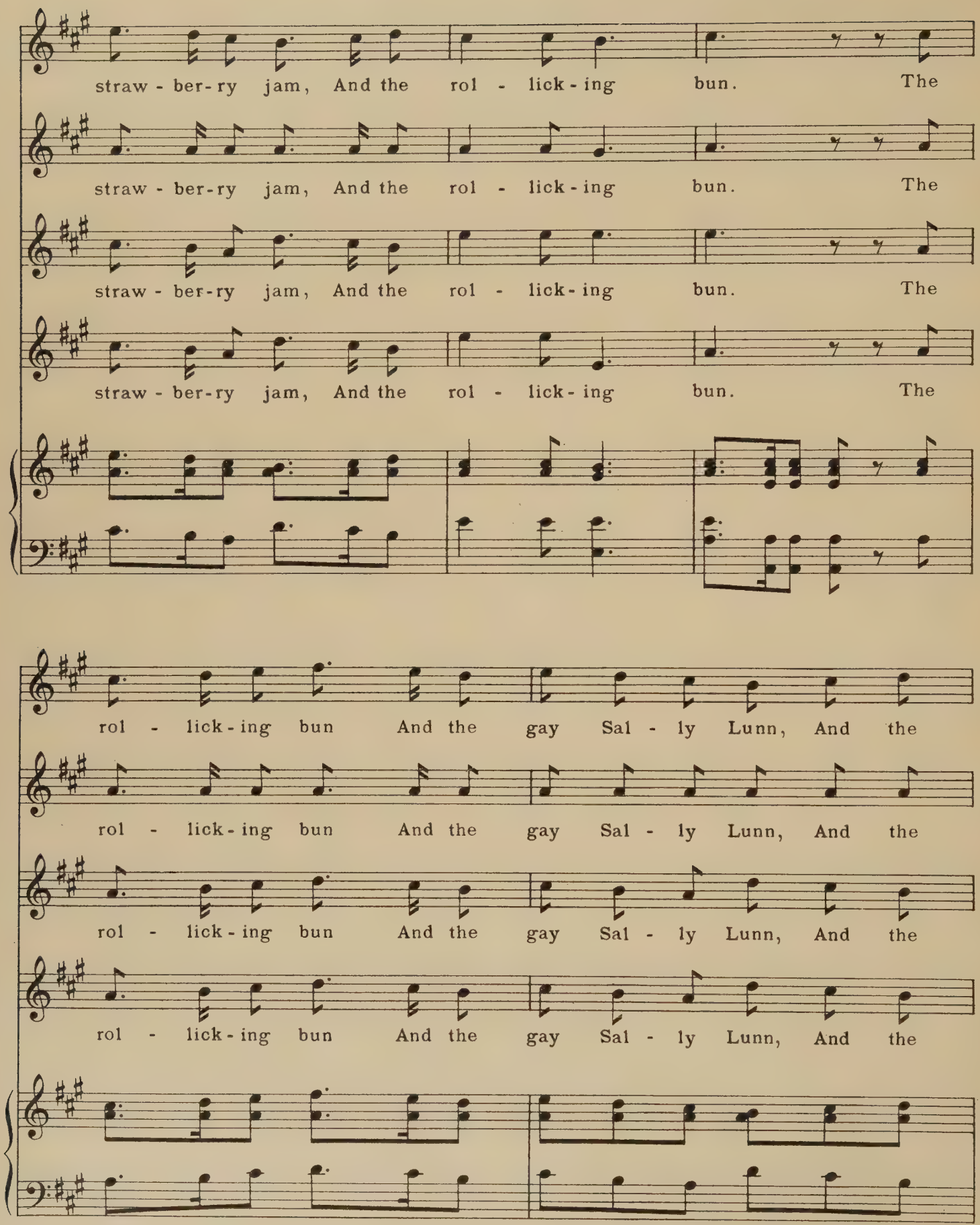
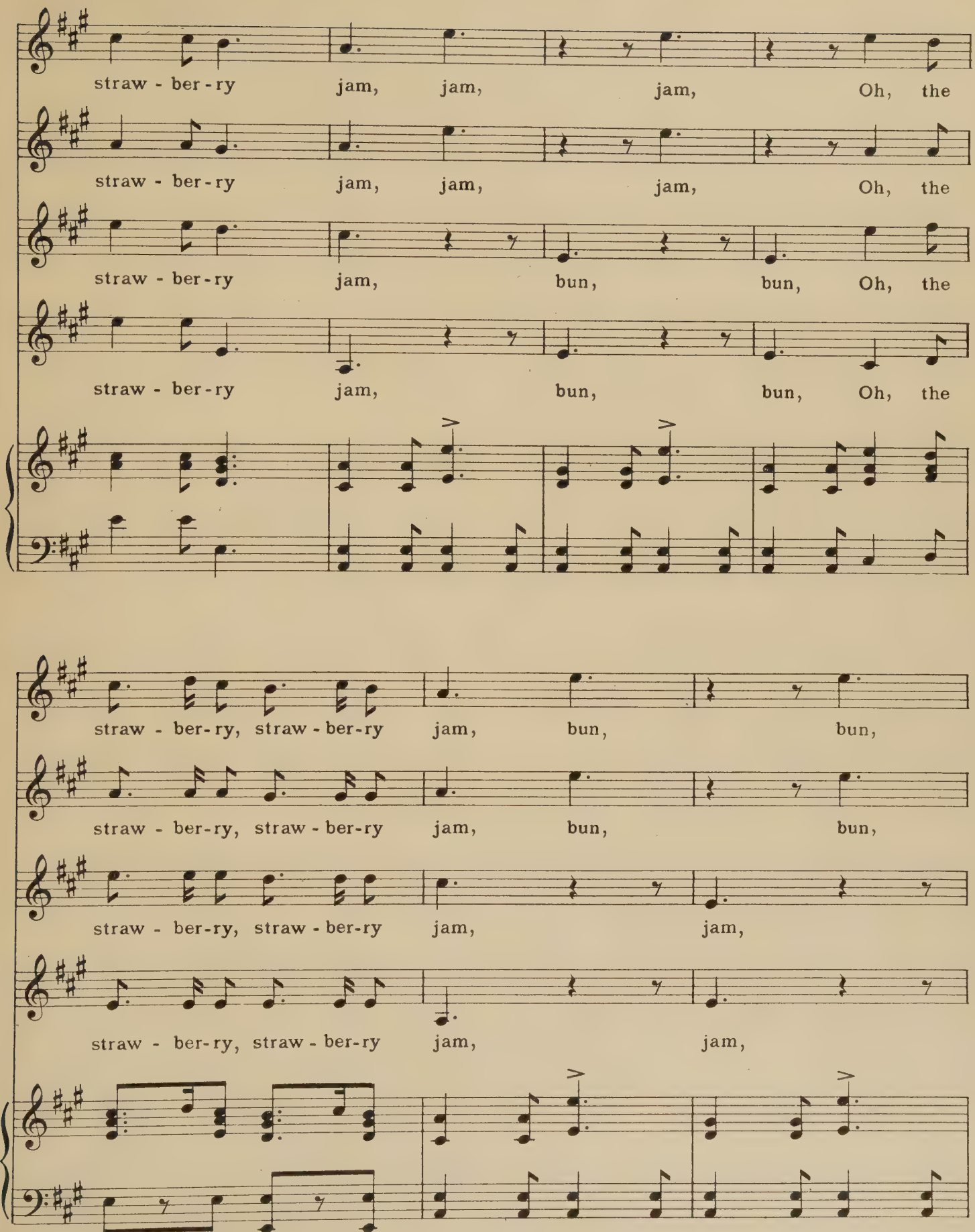

ALINE
LADY S.
Now to the ban - quet we press, Now for the eggs and the
ALEXIS
Sir M.
ham! Now for the mus - tard and cress, Now for the
CONSTANCE
straw - ber - ry jam!
Mrs PARTLET
Now for the tea of our host!
VICAR
NOTARY

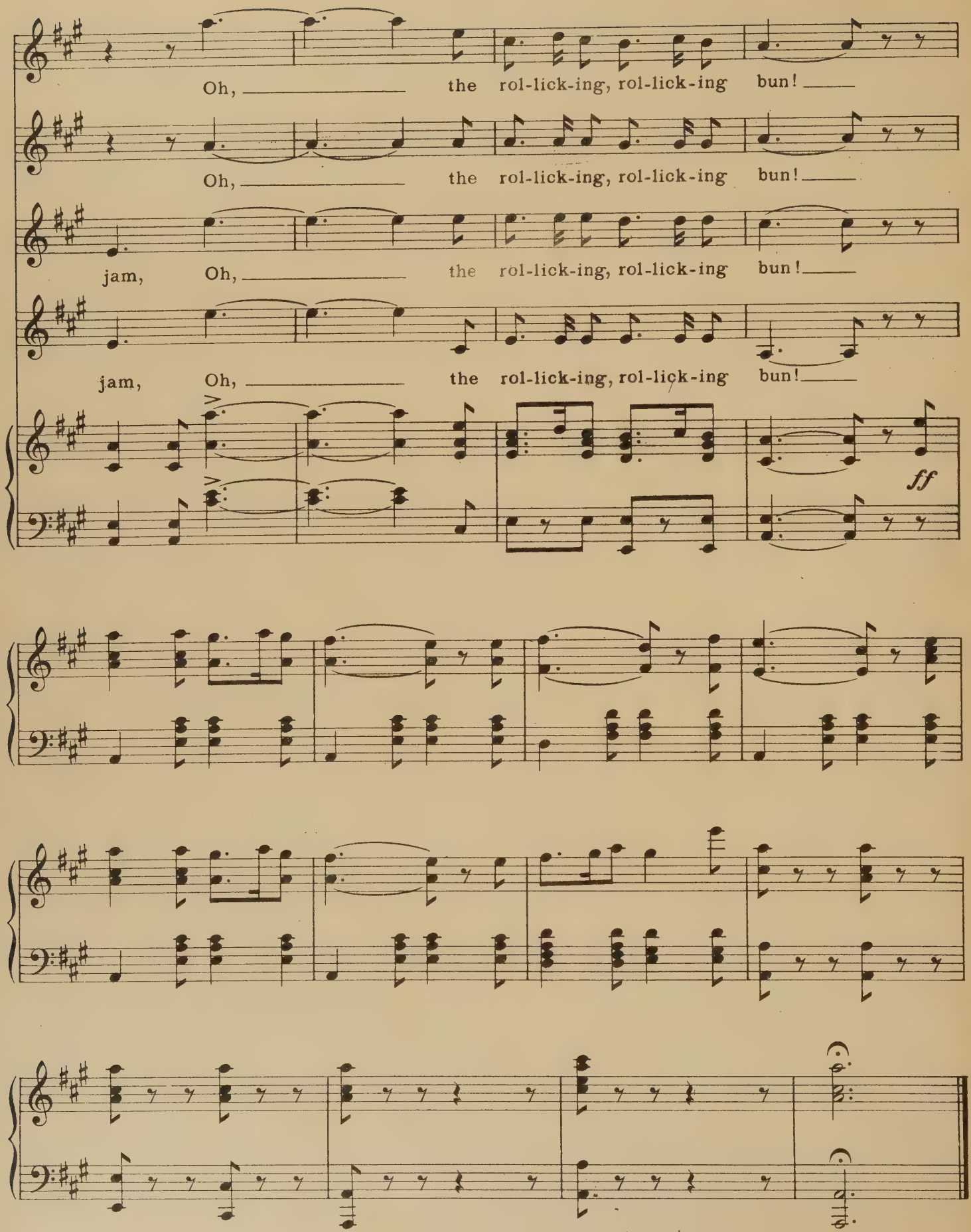

Now for the rol - lick-ing bun!
Now for the muf - fin and
toast, And now for the gay Sal - ly Lunn!
Now for the muf - fin and toast, And now for the gay Sal - ly


ALINE
CONSTANCE and CHORUS
Lunn! The eggs and the ham, And the straw - ber - ry jam, The
Mrs. PARTLET
LADY SANGAZURE
Lunn! The eggs and the ham, And the straw - ber - ry jam, The
ALEXIS
Dr. DALY
Lunn! The eggs and the ham, And the straw - ber - ry jam, The
Sir MARMADUKE
NOTARY
Lunn! The eggs and the ham, And the straw - ber - ry jam, The
V
V
rol - lick - ing bun And the gay Sal - ly Lunn! The
rol - lick - ing bun And the gay Sal - ly Lunn! The
rol - lick - ing bun And the gay Sal - ly Lunn! The
rol - lick - ing bun And the gay Sal - ly Lunn! The


cresc.
eggs
The
cresc.
eggs and the ham, And the straw - ber - ry jam, The
cresc.
eggs and the ham, And the straw - ber - ry jam, The
cresc.
eggs and the ham, And the straw - ber - ry jam, The
cresc.
f
ham,
The eggs and the ham, And the
f
rol - lick-ing bun, And the gay Sal - ly Lunn! The eggs and the ham, And the
f
rol - lick-ing bun, And the gay Sal - ly Lunn! The eggs and the ham, And the
f
rol - lick-ing bun, And the gay Sal - ly Lunn! The eggs and the ham, And the
f


straw - ber-ry jam, And the rol - lick-ing bun. The
straw - ber-ry jam, And the rol - lick-ing bun. The
straw - ber-ry jam, And the rol - lick-ing bun. The
straw - ber-ry jam, And the rol - lick-ing bun. The
rol - lick-ing bun And the gay Sal - ly Lunn, And the
rol - lick-ing bun And the gay Sal - ly Lunn, And the
rol - lick-ing bun And the gay Sal - ly Lunn, And the
rol - lick-ing bun And the gay Sal - ly Lunn, And the


straw - ber - ry jam, jam, jam, Oh, the
straw - ber - ry jam, jam, jam, Oh, the
straw - ber - ry jam, bun, bun, Oh, the
straw - ber - ry jam, bun, bun, Oh, the
straw - ber - ry, straw - ber - ry jam, bun, bun,
straw - ber - ry, straw - ber - ry jam, bun, bun,
straw - ber - ry, straw - ber - ry jam, jam,
straw - ber - ry, straw - ber - ry jam, jam,


Oh, the rol-lick-ing, rol-lick-ing bun!
Oh, the rol-lick-ing, rol-lick-ing bun!
jam, Oh, the rol-lick-ing, rol-lick-ing bun!
jam, Oh, the rol-lick-ing, rol-lick-ing bun!
ff

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